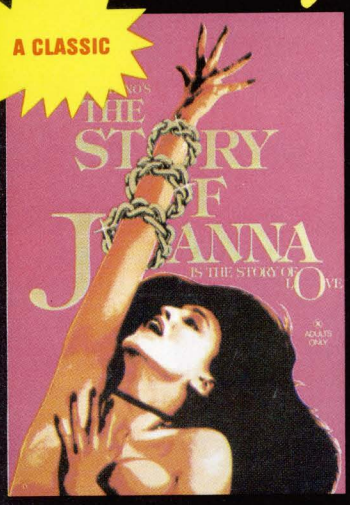
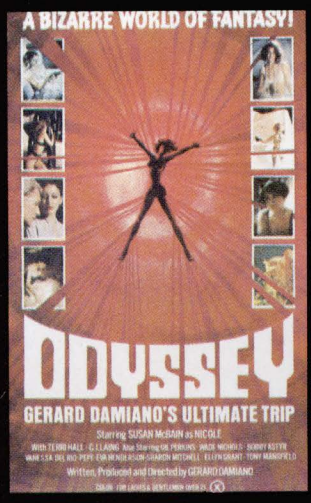
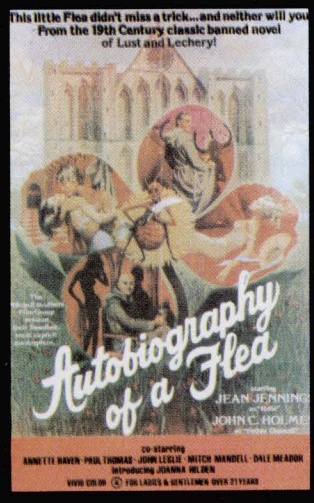
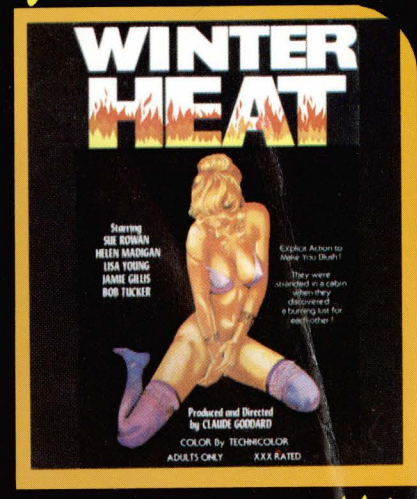

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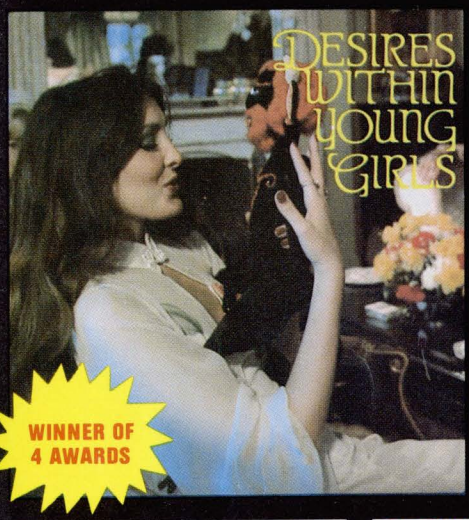
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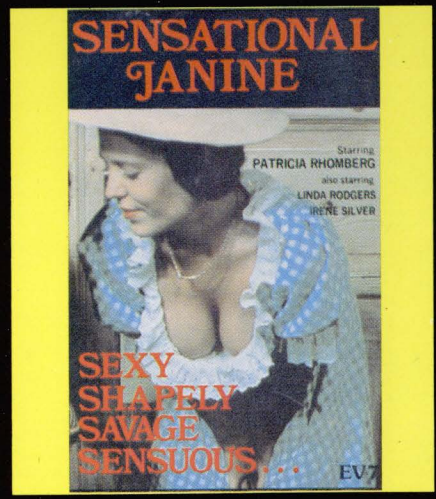


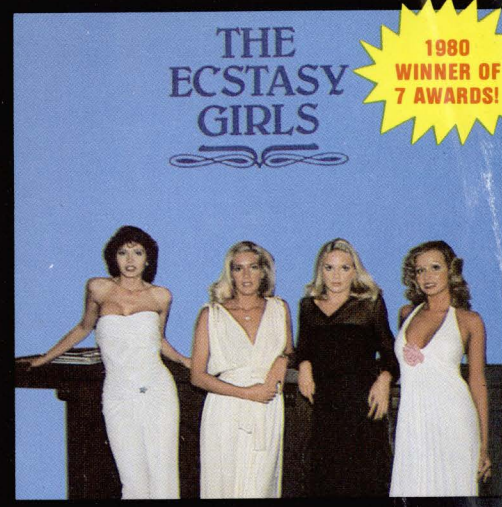


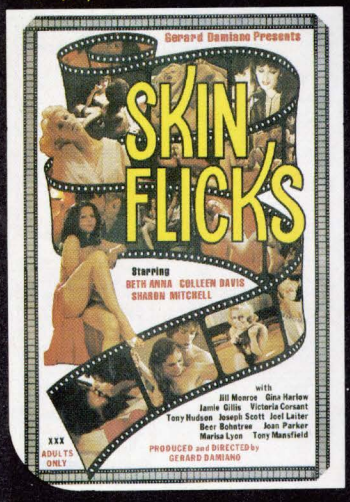


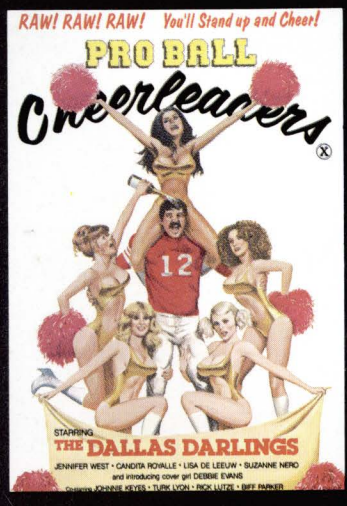


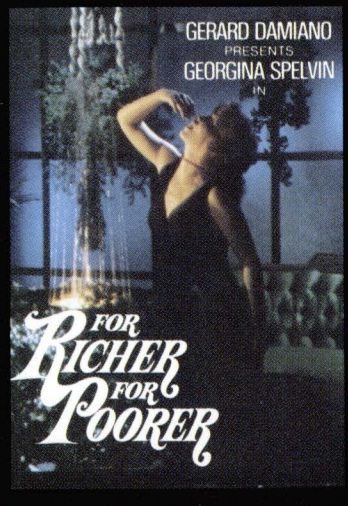


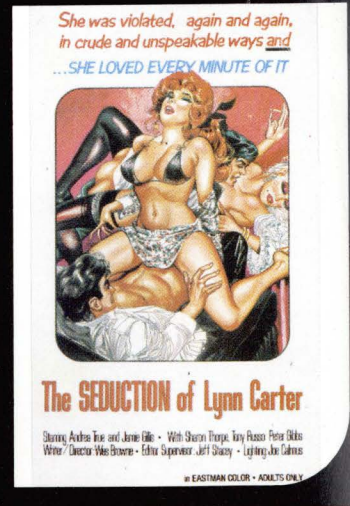


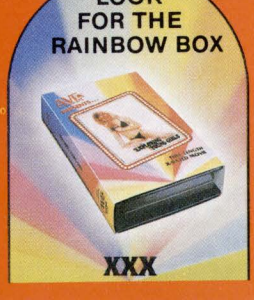












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5
PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

9
FEEDBACK

13
WORLD NEWS ROUNDUP

15
ADVISE & CONSENT

17
BITS & PIECES

27
X-RATED REVIEWS

33
SEX PLAY
Friction Diction: Turning On by Talking
by Genia Fogelson

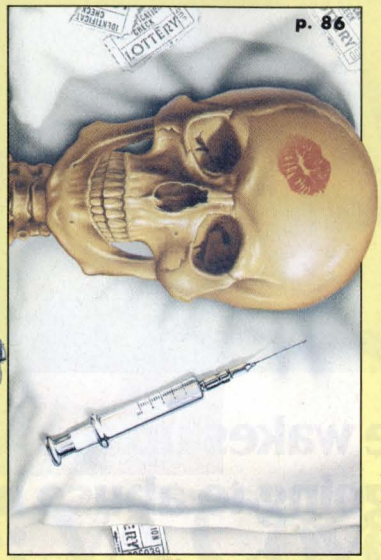
36
THE DRAFT
Marching Into Conflict?
Report by Michael Bane

42
PROGRAMMED FOR PASSION
Photography by Matti Klatt

51
ANTIQUE PORN
A Loving Look at the Way They Were

56
RICHARD KIENAST
Small-Town Sheriff Versus the Feds
Profile by Bruce Henderson











60
TANYA: THE ANIMAL WITHIN
Centerfold
Photography by Clive McLean

72
HUSTLER HUMOR

76
ROXANNE AND JILL: HOT TO TROT
Photography by Suze Randall

86
INTENSIVE LOVING CARE
Fiction by J. Bradford Olesker

90
PAM: PRIVATE PERFORMANCE
Photography by Peter Bartok

103
BEAVER HUNT
Open Season

111
KINKY KORNER
Secret Habits
by the Reverend D. H. O'Leary

113
HONEY
Ma Bell's Wrong Number
by Bruce Helford and Tom Garst

117
MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK
Dead-Letter Blues

MAY 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 11



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council

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We need your help. Write:

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

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HUSTLER MAY 1981 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 11

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Agent Orange: VA Cover-up

I thought Vietnam was simply a cancerous splotch on our nation's history. But I was wrong. A ghost from that obscenity half-a-world away is returning to haunt us and our future generations. And to compound their past blunders, the Department of Defense and the Veterans Administration have been conspiring in an incredible post-Vietnam cover-up that makes Watergate look like child's play.

We know, all too painfully, that the 44 million pounds of Agent Orange we dumped on Vietnam did more than kill trees hiding the enemy. This deadly chemical defoliant also infected the more than 2.4 million American young men and women exposed to it. Vietnam vets are suffering from blood and skin diseases, cancer, liver ailments and other disorders. More and more of their offspring are suffering from birth defects. And what are the big boys in Washington doing to help these tragic victims? Not a damn thing! Of the more than 30,000 claims filed with the VA for medical benefits, only two have been approved. Even then, the claims were *only* approved for chloracne, a sometimes-fatal ailment caused by the chemical in Agent Orange.

Naturally, the Veterans Administration wants to cover up this sad state of affairs. A classified VA memo dated October 12, 1979, said this about one Agent Orange victim: "The veteran would appear to have no immediate ill effects, but he would produce deformed children." Since there are few immediate ill effects from the chemical—like arms or legs dropping off—the VA policy in the past has been simply to drug any veteran who complains of various proven side effects.

Fortunately, in the midst of all this madness, some reasonable people are forcing the issue. Class-action suits have been filed in three cities—Los Angeles, Chicago and New York—demanding some very basic actions on the part of the Veterans Administration. First, they want this bureaucratic jungle to notify all Vietnam combat veterans and their children that they are "at risk of genetic and bodily damage." Further, they demand a detailed medical examination of any combat veteran who complains of skin, nervous or alcoholic problems that might indicate lethal exposure to Agent Orange.

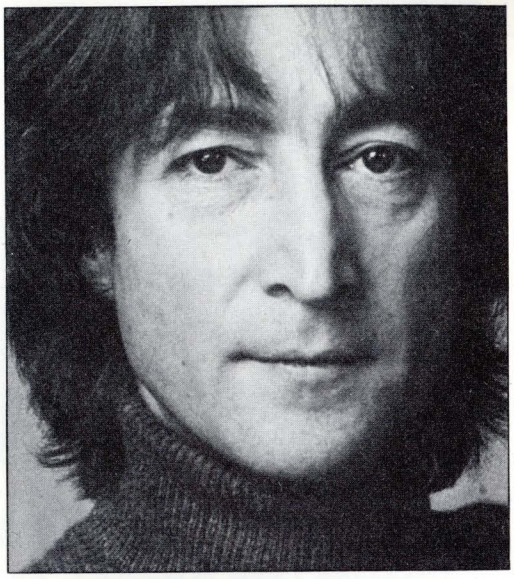
My hopes and prayers go to the attorneys brave enough to drag this vile mess into the courts, taking on the combined legal arsenal of government and Big Business. But most of all, my prayers go to the countless men and women exposed to and damaged by this deadly chemical, as well as to the silent terror they face while wondering if they will bear healthy offspring.

Attorneys for some of the 2.4 million veterans requested me to ask any HUSTLER reader who might have been exposed to Agent Orange during the years 1962 to 1971 and who is suffering from any unexplained ailment to fill out a Form 95, available through any General Services Administration office. In addition, it is advisable to contact a lawyer and to file a disability claim. I am doing this gladly, because I firmly believe if we the people allowed this harmful chemical to be used, then we the people should own up to responsibility for it. And part of owning up to that responsibility involves having our government help out the victims, instead of sweeping them under the carpet.

Larry Flynt

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

VIOLENCE IS OBSCENE...



JOHN LENNON 1940-1980

THE HUMAN BODY IS NOT!



A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

SHOW & TELL

To build a quality house, you get the best carpenters, electricians, plumbers and roofers your money can buy. Putting together a quality magazine is much the same: You call on those professional writers and artists who've proven their worth with the finest publications throughout the country. That's just what we do here at HUSTLER every month. But it's never been more apparent than in the May issue.

One of our longest and proudest affiliations is with top journalist **MICHAEL BANE**, who has provided a probing and incisive examination of the nation's military capability in **THE DRAFT: MARCHING INTO CONFLICT?** Illustrated by **TIM HUHN**, Bane's timely article offers reasons for the utter failure of the all-volunteer Army, and explains why the answer to part of America's defense problem may—or may not—be a peacetime draft. Bane, the former editor of *Country Music* magazine, has reported for *Rolling Stone, Village Voice, Signature, Ambassador* and *Genesis*, as well as for HUSTLER and CHIC. He's also written two books about music, both to be published this year. *White Man Singing the Blues* (Viking Press) deals with the influence of black musicians on the pop mainstream, while *Who's Who in Rock* (Facts on File Publications) is the rock-lover's complete encyclopedic guide.

Another kind of defense—the defense of Constitutional rights—figures prominently in this month's penetrating profile, **RICHARD KIENAST: SMALL-TOWN SHERIFF VERSUS THE FEDS.** A "new breed" lawman who doesn't carry a gun, Kienast has become a Rocky Mountain folk hero by standing up to the abusive tactics of federal drug agents. To tell his unique story we called on **BRUCE HENDERSON**, an investigative journalist from Southern California, whose account of skyjacker D. B. Cooper's exploits appeared in HUSTLER last August. Henderson's articles have been published in such leading magazines as *Esquire, Oui, New York, TV Guide, New West* and *Los Angeles.* The companion artwork is by HUSTLER regular **PAT DUNN**, who illustrated our March fiction, *The Magic Box.*



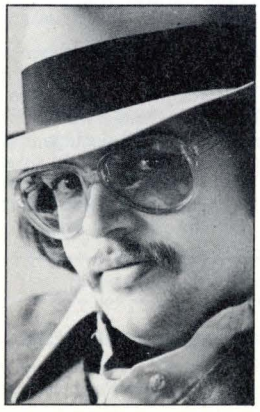
Cover by Mark Rice

This month's fiction, entitled **INTENSIVE LOVING CARE**, is an exciting tale of hot-blooded lust and cold-blooded schemes set in the coronary unit of a Chicago hospital. The story was penned by **J. BRADFORD OLESKER**, Editorial Director of the Larry Flynt Publications—HUSTLER, CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION. Olesker last appeared in our pages in January, with an excerpt from his novel *Beyond Forever* (NAL/Signet Books). **ROGER BERGENDORFF**—who rendered the art for April's yarn, *Trouble in 3 West*—supplied the stunning illustration.

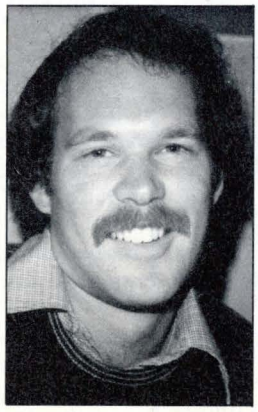
One bawdy thrill even liberated lovers overlook in the bedroom is "talking dirty"—the use of sexual language that is deliciously, unashamedly explicit. In this month's *Sex Play*, **GENIA FOGELSON** examines society's traditional hang-up about **FRICTION DICTION: TURNING ON BY TALKING**, and tells how conquering it can lead to new heights in lovemaking. The holder of a master's degree in French literature from New York University, Fogelson has written for *Velvet, Eros, Adam, Players,* the *Midnight Globe* and *Baptist Home Life.* Last year her detective novel *Jewel: Undercover Cop* and biography of singer Harry Belafonte (entitled *Belafonte*) were published by Holloway House. The accompanying artwork is by **RICH MAHON**. Besides doing work for Paper Moon Graphics, he has provided illustrations for *Oui, Playgirl* and *Revue* magazines, as well as for a recently published book of celebrity portraits, *Fame* (Harmony Books).

If you've ever been curious about the kind of erotica that turned your grandparents on, look no farther than our special feature, **ANTIQUE PORN**. This collection of rare photos and postcards dating from the Victorian era proves our forebears were stimulated by much more than an occasional "glimpse of stocking."

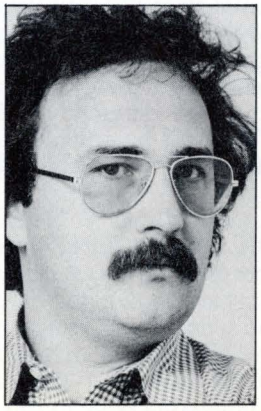
With the help of the above-mentioned master craftsmen, we've built a May issue we're particularly proud of. To enjoy it, just kick your shoes off and come on in.



Michael Bane



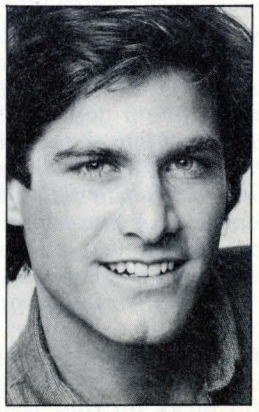
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Bruce Henderson



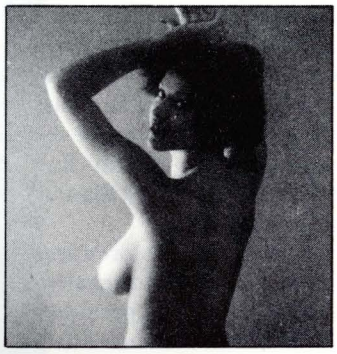
Genia Fogelson



Rich Mahon

Get Any Girl Within 5 Minutes or YOU PAY NOTHING!





7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL
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It's incredible, but true! 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL gives you 7 simple principles any man can learn in just ONE HOUR! And you can put 'psychic mind control' to work for you immediately! These 7 principles guide you step by step until YOU find yourself meeting loads of women . . . the ones you only dreamed of being with before. And they will want *you* . . . they will laugh at *your* jokes . . . *you* will turn them on. And you will be confident you can do it EVERY TIME!

It Works Within 5 Minutes!

Knowing you will have such success with beautiful women will change your entire life. Really, it doesn't matter how well or how poorly you've done with women in the past. In fact, it doesn't even matter why. Once you have read, re-read and practiced the 7 STEPS (only one hour's work) you can look for the most outrageous dream girl possible—and she'll be yours WITHIN 5 MINUTES!

Sound impossible? Here is just one of the testimonials to the power of 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL from J.M. in Madison, Conn:

"I'm not what you would call handsome, but I'm not ugly either. And I have a good sense of humor. But somehow, I was never able to get that date I really wanted or to score with the REALLY beautiful women who turned me on. Maybe I was shy, or just awkward, I'm not sure, but I could never just walk up to that kind of woman. I'd dream about it, but I never really knew what would work. Finally, I gave up trying. I just wasn't the type of guy who picks up that really dynamite piece of ass."

"Was I wrong! Your 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL has given me powers I never knew I could have with women. I don't worry about dates anymore. If I don't have one, I know I can get one at a moment's notice. Now, I'm surrounded by beautiful women all the time."

"What's even more amazing is I hardly ever worry about sex anymore. I know I'm going to get MORE than my share and it would amaze you if you knew how many really sexy ladies ask ME to sleep with THEM now!"

"Honestly, it would be hard for me to thank you enough. I'm having a ball—and most of that is thanks to you!"

Turn Women Into Putty

There is no reason why the results enjoyed by J.M. can't be YOURS! And it's so simple. Doctors know we use only 10% of our brainpower. 90% of our mental strength lies untapped. Now I can't show you how to use all of your mental strength—but I *can* show you how to harness just that extra bit . . . to get that "edge" and use it to turn women into putty. You will approach women differently than ever before. You will be confident of success with ANY WOMAN YOU DESIRE!

Just read these 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL a few times and give it a try. After your first few conquests it will come naturally to you. And women will think you've always had this gift. Sometimes when you use the powers of 'psychic mind control' you won't have to say a thing. She will feel it, be moved by it, and SHE will approach YOU as if your thoughts were her desires.

My 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL does not fool around. It gets right to the point, giving you a very direct method for getting the girls you've always wanted . . . no matter where they are, no matter when. Give 7 STEPS a try. Live out your fantasies NOW, while your friends beg you for the secret!

GUARANTEE . . . PLUS!

Keep 7 STEPS TO PSYCHIC MIND CONTROL for a full two weeks and if it takes you more than one hour to master it or 5 MINUTES to get any girl you want, just return the entire method for a full refund PLUS an additional 15¢ to cover the cost of your stamp! I KNOW you will be delighted or I couldn't make you such an offer. So order now! Take the first step today and start scoring tomorrow!

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Sirs: It's hard to believe, but since I have a FULL MONEYBACK GUARANTEE *Plus* if your *7 Steps To Psychic Mind Control* doesn't get me ANY girl within 5 minutes, I have enclosed my $10 plus $1 postage and handling ($11 total. NY residents add sales tax). Rush my order in a plain wrapper to: (Code #277)

Name_____

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STATE_____ Zip_____

Amber: Lately, my husband's hands have been good for one thing—clutching HUSTLER's March issue! Boy, would he like your model *Amber*'s delicate touch (top photo). I never thought I'd be competing with a paper doll. I'd have him sign this letter, but there would be drool all over the page.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Hot Humor: The depiction of firefighters in the cartoon on page 101 of your February issue was tasteless and totally uncalled for (center). As a volunteer fireman, I know that when a firefighter answers an alarm, the last thing he thinks about is roasting hot dogs and drinking beer. Firemen are very compassionate people. I'll bet if John Billette, the cartoonist, ever needs the fire department, he sure won't be thinking about a wienie roast.

—James R. Biemesdorfer
Monongah, West Virginia

This letter is in reference to the Kohl cartoon in the February issue, depicting a seal beating up a human baby. It was absolutely perfect and really put the situation in perspective! Save the seals!

—Cheryl Glasser
Monroeville, Pennsylvania

I am one of HUSTLER's biggest fans, but there is one problem. Most of your cartoons depict blacks as if they were trash. Your portrayal of Jews, as in February's cartoon of toy rabbis being pursued by a toy troop of Nazis, is not much better in its racial stereotyping. I don't mind your trying to have some fun, but please lighten up on humor that targets certain races.

—Michael Glenn
Washington, D.C.

If you take the time to count, you will notice HUSTLER does not feature a disproportionate number of any race in its cartoons. To be able to laugh at a stereotype is to realize the ridiculousness of it.

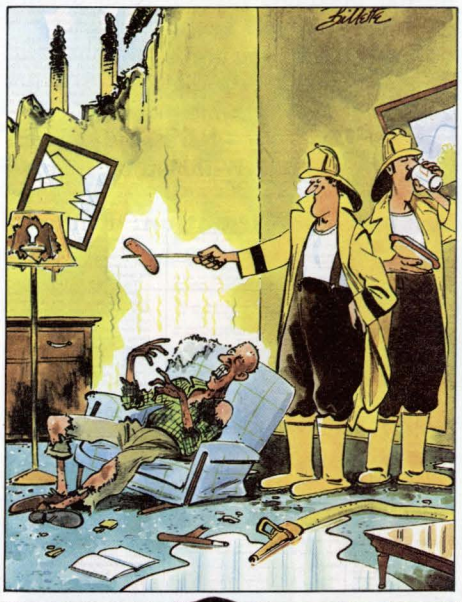
I am a black man who really loves HUSTLER. In regard to complaints that some of your humor is racist, I would like to say that if a joke is funny, it should be laughed at and not criticized as prejudicial.

—Herman Christopher Jones
Warren, Arkansas

Favorite Spreads: *Vanessa: Spanish Fly* in your March issue was one red-hot mama (bottom photo). I wouldn't mind getting caught in the dark loveliness of her "fly trap." Who says there's no such thing as an aphrodisiac?

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request







I am making a scrapbook of shaved pussies, and I plan to include the excellent one of the girl from *Dream Lover* in your February issue. I wish Matti Klatt, the photographer, had taken a closer shot of her ass and the cute biscuit between her legs. Please include more good juice shots of that fat, beefy pussy in future issues of HUSTLER.

—Daryl Lorenzo
Indianapolis, Indiana

I thought the *Dream Lover* photospread in the February HUSTLER was a sorry sight. The girl was really beautiful and had everything going for her, but how low could she go—putting her head in a toilet? —W. L.
New Iberia, Louisiana

Candy: Sweet Valentine, a February photo-spread, is the most beautiful model I have ever seen in HUSTLER. They say, "Candy is dandy, but sex won't rot your teeth," but I would eat Candy any day and wouldn't care if all my teeth fell out. Please give us another shot of her to satisfy our sweet tooths. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Larry Flynt must be scared of black pussy. I've been checking out HUSTLER since 1975, and I've rarely seen a photospread of a black woman. Grace Jones, who appeared in the December 1980 HUSTLER, is not a black woman in my opinion. She's a freak.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Publisher's Statement: I am a criminal-justice major at the University of Evansville and a fan of HUSTLER. February's *Publisher's Statement,* "The Supreme Court: Still Out of Touch," especially raised my eyebrow.

The case discussed, in which the Court refused to hear the appealed case of a divorced mother whose children had been taken away because she was living with a man, was tragic. Apparently, the U.S. Supreme Court couldn't do beans about it for two reasons: There weren't any screw-ups in the first trial, and the Court didn't believe that any of her Constitutionally guaranteed rights had been violated.

I would agree that the justices should not impose their own morality on private citizens, but we must remember

that they are appointed for life—and their decisions show it. How could anyone who is senile pass judgments on morality? —John P. Owens
Evansville, Indiana

Feature Feedback: Regarding *Rape!—A Victim's Chilling Nightmare,* by Suzanne Felzen (HUSTLER, March): What a fuckin' way to waste a lot of good space. If I were ever raped, I'd have a little more sense than to fantasize about the rapist's dick, especially if he was a kid and had thrown away his weapon. I would not call Felzen's incident rape. If I were HUSTLER, I would suggest she write for other publications, such as *Family Circle* and *Woman's Day.* —B. Lewandowski
Buffalo, New York

Thank you for Suzanne Felzen's provocative article about her chilling experience with rape (HUSTLER, March). We went through so many emotions while reading it that we cried and got damned angry. We're fed up with a male-dominated system that encourages such rapist animals and allows them to go unpunished. Women should seize the vote and grab their rightful 53% of the power. Then we will see a sharp turnabout from our present legal machismo crap. Thank you, Suzanne, for your courage. Good luck, and we love you. —Joseph Steven Gettus and Beth Floro
Pacifica, California

You Are Being Poisoned!—Deadly Chemicals Are Everywhere, by Ben Pesta (HUSTLER, February), has my vote for article of the year. The writer stated that according to the government, 75% to 90% of all cancer is caused by environmental factors. As someone whose father is dying of cancer, I can attest to the tragedy of this situation. The issue was only about the fourth HUSTLER I have bought, but from now on, count me in as a lifetime subscriber. —R. S. M.
Pomona, California

Miscalculation: As a flying freak and student pilot, I very much enjoyed your February fiction, *The Eyes of a Killer,* by Leigh Vance. Roger Bergendorff's illustration was excellent, but I'm not sure if he was playing a joke on us or doesn't know shit about a gyrocompass. Please inform him that the north cardinal point on a directional gyro is at 360° (0°), not at 325° as shown in his picture.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Asshole Confirmation: Kudos to HUSTLER for selecting Ernest van den Haag as your February "Asshole of the Month." This intellectual snob claims the First Amendment protects only those words that are "vehicles for ideas." Well, he should know that HUSTLER has been the vehicle for some of the most significant ideas of our time. These include the idea that sexual repression leads to psychological and social ills and the idea that full sexual liberation, far from being incompatible with genuine reverence for human life and love, is actually required for it. Anyone who attempts to suppress these ideas while posing as a friend of free speech, as van den Haag does, makes an ideal "Asshole." —M. D.
Chicago, Illinois

Girl Talk: I thought your *Sex Play* "Why Men Have Stronger Sex Drives" (HUSTLER, February) was a bunch of shit. I'm not a women's-libber, but I also believe women are by no means cheated sexually. As for the idea that only men want to fuck around, there's something your girlfriends aren't telling you.
—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

It's a shame there are still so many women out there who refuse to read "dirty magazines." I am a 27-year-old female, and let me tell you ladies, that "gross" magazine, HUSTLER, has exposed me to more real social and sexual issues than any women's magazine. Just continue to be as up front as you are, HUSTLER, and push the facts. —G. L.
Nashua, New Hampshire

Book Reviews: I am glad to see Theodore Sturgeon doing book reviews for HUSTLER. Every criticism is linear, fluid and hard-hitting. Sturgeon is one more gutsy writer who helps make HUSTLER part of my required monthly reading. —Denny Daley
Chicago, Illinois

Jaime Lyn Bauer: I recently received the shock of my life when I purchased your February issue and saw to my ecstasy soap-opera star Jaime Lyn Bauer in all her naked glory! Perfectly built from her auburn hair to the incredibly thick, auburn mass between her legs that looked as if it hadn't been properly penetrated in months! It was less than five minutes before I creamed in my shorts! —Linwood C. Roche
Norridgewock, Maine

What outstanding photos of Jaime Lyn Bauer in the February HUSTLER. Man, what a bombshell! Her nipples stick out so beautifully, and she has fantastic pubic hair. She made my cock



"Shhh . . . quiet, boys. Your dad's doing the bills."



HUSTLER is so provocative, so arousing, so entertaining—it's almost scary. Our tantalizing beauties, horrific exposés and monstrously funny humor are all guaranteed to send chills of pleasure up and down your spine. Don't grow hair on your palms while waiting for another magazine to bring out the *man* in you—clip out the coupon below and subscribe to HUSTLER now!

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stand straight up and come all over the place. —Tommy McDaniel, Jr.
Lake Worth, Florida

Crank Case: I found February's *Honey* cartoon strip, "Harlots on Wheels," which poked fun at the Ford Motor Company, disgusting. Furthermore, I totally disagree with your point of view. Why make it the target? What has the Ford Motor Company ever done to HUSTLER Magazine? —Terry Hinds
Applegate, Michigan

It was not our intention to single out any one automaker. The strip was meant to take a satiric look at the whole industry.

Beavers, Ahoy: We've been reading HUSTLER for a few years now, and have yet to see a female sailor in your *Beaver Hunt* section. Why not send out an SOS for some of those foxy Waves to show off their smiling beavers? We know they're out there. —M Division
USS *Nimitz*

Congratulations to Deloyce Rose on her appearance in March's *Beaver Hunt.* I knew there were good-looking women somewhere in my hometown. I'd like to see more down-home gals like Deloyce in the future. —John Hillman
Tulare, California

Why did you guys feature Dorothy Elizabeth Wheeler of Portland, Oregon, in February's *Beaver Hunt*? I don't get sick very easily, but that bitch turned my gut! I loved the rest of the girls in the section, but please, no more raunchy cunts like Dorothy. —Ed Young
Manchester, New Hampshire

Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder.

Wicked Ways? I am writing concerning the sins of your company. HUSTLER, God's judgment is upon you. It is not too late to stop your wicked work. God has a mansion of gold waiting for HUSTLER if only you would repent. —Calvin Booker
Norfolk, Virginia

I am sick and tired of hearing that HUSTLER is gross, that it mocks God and that it is sick. These people must have read the magazine in the first place to have criticized it, right? I ask you, who is the sick one? —Cindy Yancho
Bloomfield, New Jersey

Nameless Shame: I don't understand why HUSTLER bothers to print *Feedback* letters from people who comment on articles or pictures in the magazine, and then ask that their names and addresses be withheld. What are they ashamed of? I am not afraid of having my name associated with comments I care to make, just as I'm not ashamed of reading HUSTLER. —Morgan Dowdy
Toledo, Ohio

Feedback is a forum for the views of all our readers, and we respect their decision to remain anonymous for whatever reason.

Reason To Live: I enjoy HUSTLER very much, especially the pretty girls. People who are offended by your photospreads don't have to look, but they shouldn't try to deny the rest of us a little happiness in life. If they take pussy, hunting and fishing away from me, I have nothing left to live for. Keep showing those lovely pussies as long as they will let you. —Wayne Driskell
Shenandoah, Iowa

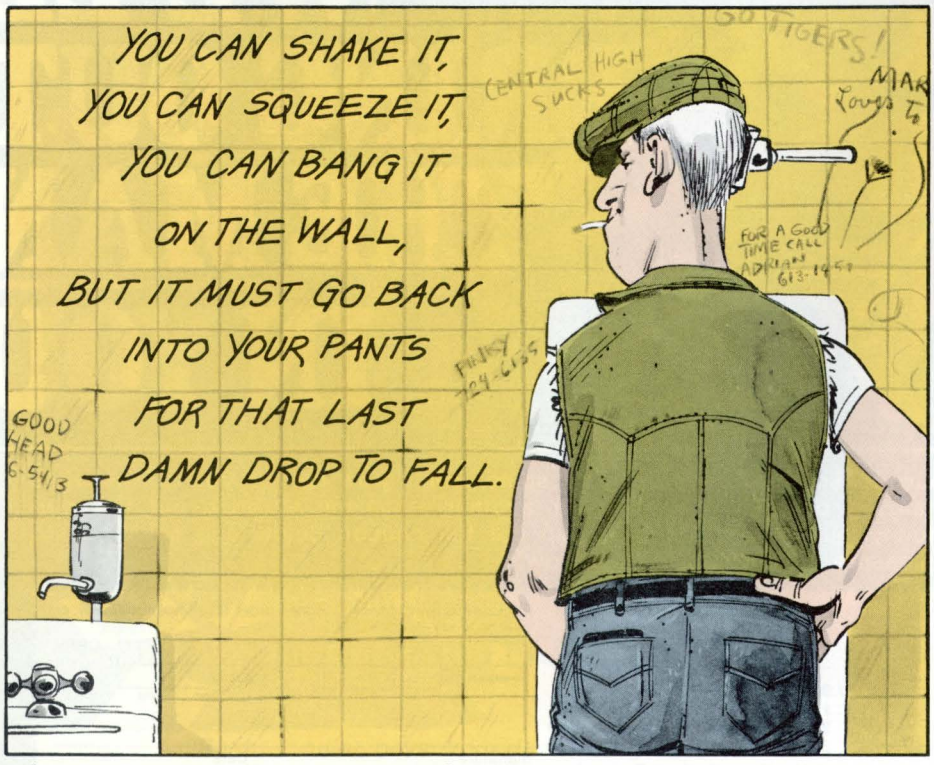
Sex Education: After looking through HUSTLER, I have discovered all that the youth of any day should *not* know about sex. I never believed such perversion could be available to the general public. Any adventurous girl would certainly have her curiosity, if nothing else, aroused by your magazine, and you could be responsible for a share of the homosexual population. I hope you will stop and think before you let your desire for money reward you with the ruined lives of millions of kids. —G. H. Talbot
Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada

While I am a sexually active 33-year-old male, I find myself more attracted to the editorial content of HUSTLER than the skin-spreads, although the photography is excellent. HUSTLER should be required reading in high-school sex-education classes because of your straightforward, informed and thorough coverage of sex—from its beauty to its disease aspects. —D. J. H.
Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, Canada

I found a copy of HUSTLER in a toilet I recently visited. Don't you ever give consideration to the millions of kids with tender young minds who take your magazine into secluded places to sneak a view? It's like a crime: A little crime at a young age leads to big crime later on—and sex is the same way. I think you have a problem. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

The only problem we have is following your reasoning. How do you relate criminal activity, which harms others, to an activity that is a harmless, pleasurable part of any healthy person's life? We have consistently maintained that HUSTLER is "adult material" and should not be studied by impressionable minors.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND $25 TO G.F., LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Hoping for zero population growth by the year 2000, doctors in the People's Republic of China are distributing a drug they claim is the most effective male contraceptive yet developed. The head of the Shanghai research team that developed the drug, called Gossipol, says it has proved 99.43% effective among the nearly 9,000 men who have used the contraceptive so far. Taken once a week after an initial series of 75 to 80 daily doses, Gossipol--extracted from cottonseed oil--reportedly makes men completely sterile with only mild side effects, and those are treatable with injections of Vitamin B6.

Pot enhances the sex lives of both men and women, though in different ways, a long-term study of chronic marijuana-users has determined. One hundred pot-users were surveyed over a ten-year period by researchers at the University of Kansas Medical School and at the Medical College of Wisconsin. The study revealed that most of the men felt marijuana increased the quality of their orgasms. On the other hand, a majority of the women said the weed made the "snuggling" aspect of sex more enjoyable. None of the subjects said pot affected his or her sex life negatively.

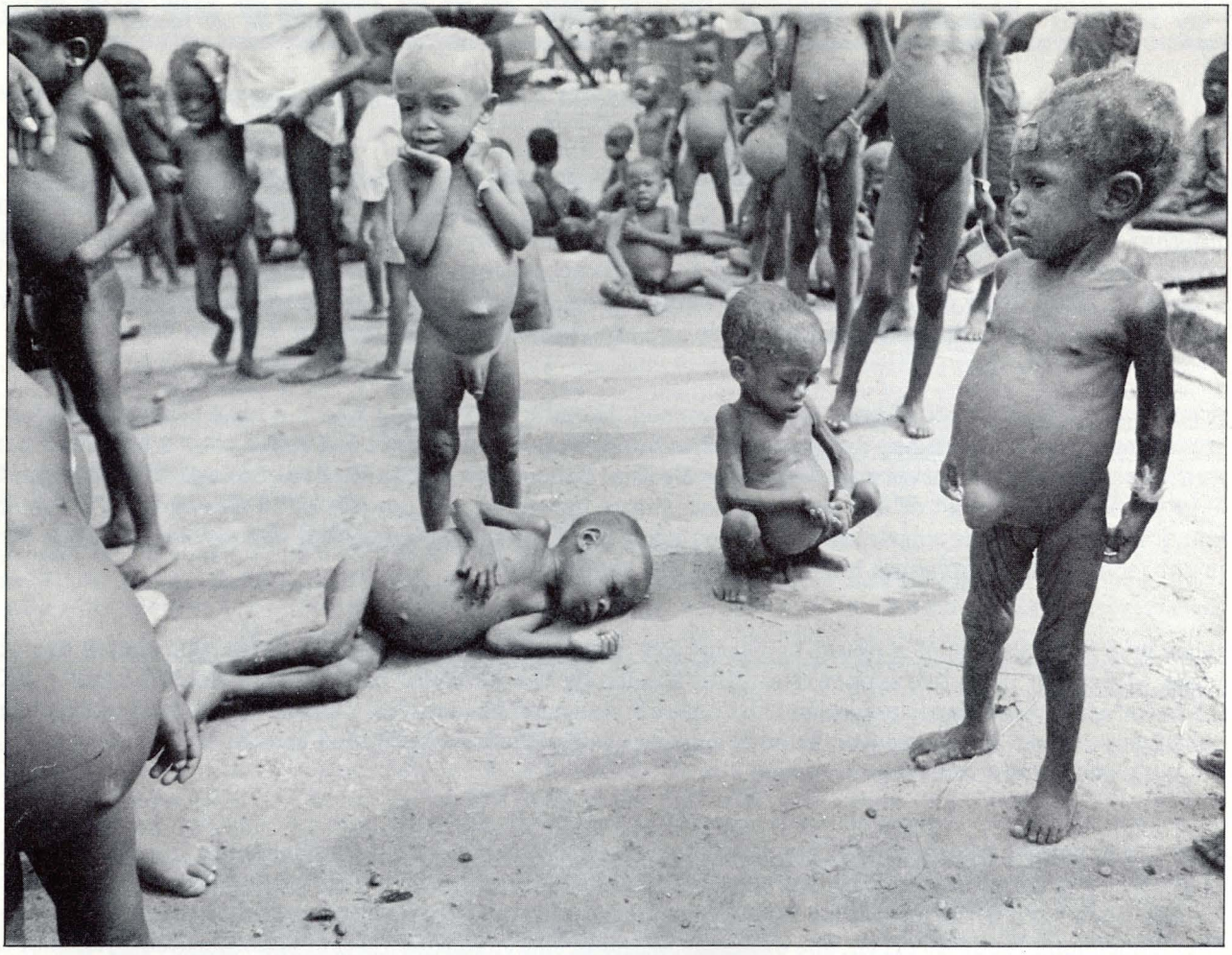
Women who actively resist a would-be rapist are less likely to be raped than those who simply cry or try to talk him out of it. In two separate studies funded by the National Institutes of Health, nearly 400 victims of attempted rapes revealed that assault was most successfully thwarted by women who kicked, pushed, scratched, screamed and tried to run away. The studies concluded that such resistance is advisable even if the attacker is armed.

Many of our sexual likes and dislikes are determined at the moment of birth, claims the founder of the Association for Birth Psychology. Psychologist Leslie Feher theorizes that many adults who practice bondage were born while entangled in their umbilical cords. Those who enjoy lengthy foreplay probably experienced long labor at birth, she explains, while premature ejaculation is associated with short labor. Feher adds that babies delivered by cesarean section missed out on "the essential process of birth" and thus have an overriding need for instant gratification.

British researchers report that women are most likely to commit violent crimes just before and during their menstrual periods. Fifty women imprisoned for offenses ranging from murder to child abuse were studied by Doctors Joy Dalton and Paul d'Orban. They found nearly half the women had committed their crimes during the four days before and the four days after the onset of menstruation. The researchers say this indicates that hormonal changes associated with their periods may trigger violent impulses in some women.

Joggers have been alerted to potential injuries like penile frostbite and irritation of the nipples. Now doctors are warning of another unique sports-related risk called "water-skier's enema." Writing in the "New England Journal of Medicine," three physicians reported this hazard occurs when skiers traveling at high speed lose control and land on the water in a sitting position with their legs spread apart. Typically, the victims suffer stomach cramps just before defecating large amounts of a blood-tinged fluid. "This urge to defecate must be respected," the doctors cautioned. "Boat-owners should carefully question anyone they suspect of having 'water-skier's enema' before allowing them back on the boat."

German doctors have devised a new operation that enables infertile men with blocked seminal tubes to father children. Dr. Alpay Kelami of the Steglitz Clinic of the Free University of Berlin says the procedure involves making a small incision in the man's groin. Through this, an artificial "reservoir" is attached to the epididymides, where sperm is stored. A tube connecting this "reservoir" to the body surface also is attached. Between three and four days later, Kelami explains, the collected sperm is removed and tested to make sure it's active enough and in sufficient quantity to fertilize a woman's egg. If it is, the sperm can be used for artificial insemination.



THE DIRT THEY'RE STANDING ON IS ALL THEY'LL HAVE TO EAT TODAY.

Starvation isn't a few days without dinner. It's a terrible, ugly, painful way to die. Children's bellies bloat grotesquely from months of hunger. When every drop of energy is sapped from their sickly bodies, they double over in pain and fall to the ground. They scratch for bugs to eat—even dirt. Then they die—thousands of them every day—in Asia, Africa, South America, all over the world.

You can do something about this tragedy. One person can make a difference. Send a contribution immediately to the relief agency of your choice. Or write to the Hunger Project, 1735 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California 94109, for further information on what you can do to stop hunger.

Make a commitment. Take a stand. Show that you care. And maybe you'll be the one who makes the difference between life and death for another human being.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Pubic Shave: Since the birth of our daughter two years ago, my wife has kept her pubic hair shaved. One night she informed me she had had the hair permanently removed. I might add that it makes her gorgeous body much more glamorous, and at the sight of her shaved cunt I get an instant erection. Lately, my wife has been bugging me to do the same thing. But I'm involved in many sports activities, and I'm afraid I'd be the laughingstock of the locker room. None of the other guys I know shave their pubic hair. What do you think I should do? —J. B.
Weston, Ontario, Canada

If you really feel the laughter of your buddies would be too much of an embarrassment for you, don't shave your pubic hair. If you want to try it, don't have the hair permanently removed right away. Shave it first and see how you like it. If it isn't a big turn-on, or if your buddies give you a hard time, don't worry. Pubic hair grows back pretty quickly. If you find you really like it, you can continue shaving, and consider having the hair removed permanently by electrolysis.

Porn Star? I am a 19-year-old male who loves sex so much that I'd like to make a living at it acting in porn films. I think I'm as good-looking and as well-hung as any of the studs I see in adult films today, but I don't know how to get started. Do you have any suggestions?
—G. H.
Vista, California

It isn't easy to get started on the road to porn stardom. Most adult-film producers are cautious about new talent, because productions can be busted if an "unknown" actor or actress turns out to be an undercover police officer. Therefore, producers are very careful about the performers they select and who recommends them.

However, there are two steps you can take. First, write to the Adult Film Association at Suite 400, 5504 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028. Say you are interested in running an advertisement in its monthly newsletter, which goes out to almost all adult-movie producers and directors. Also, you can take a class in X-rated acting. Dr. Laurence Schwab, an experienced actor himself, teaches the classes and helps arrange work for his students. He can be reached at 213-665-9967 in Los Angeles. If you would like to learn more about his porn-acting classes, read the Close-up item about him in the February issue of CHIC.

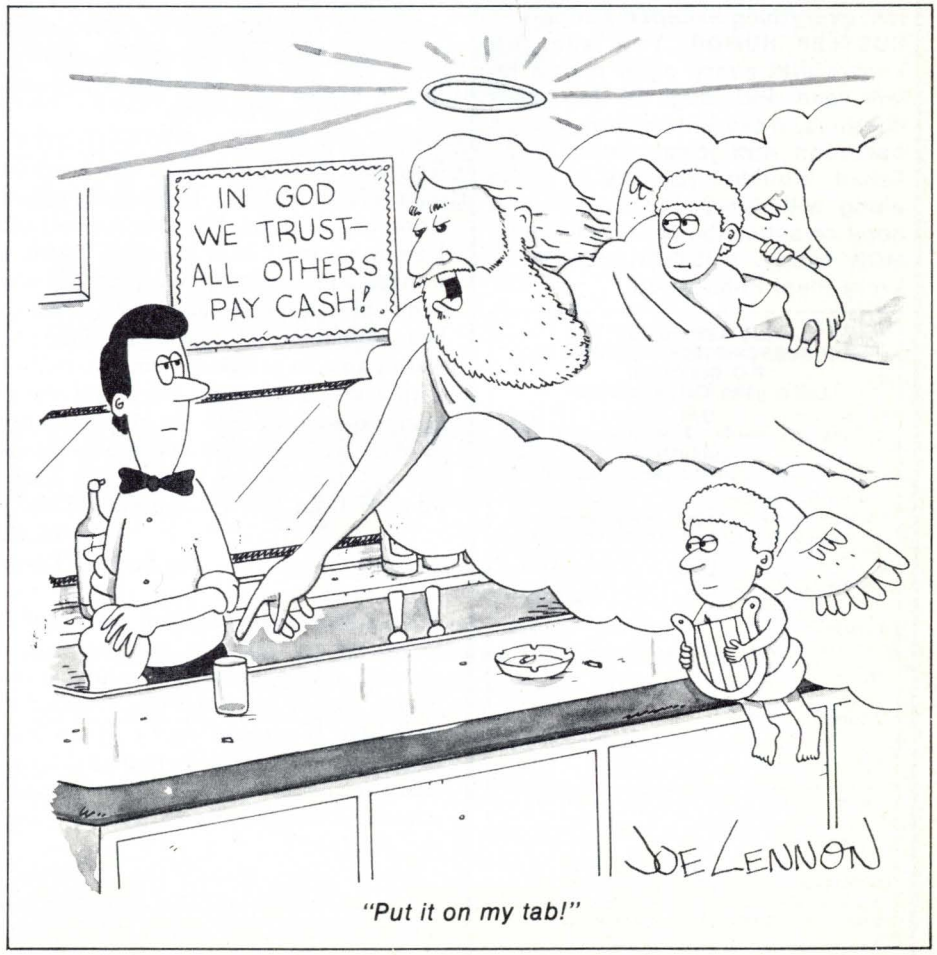
Ball Three! I am an 18-year-old guy in the U.S. Army. Last week in Physical Training, I experienced an unusual pain in my groin area. When I got back to the barracks, I was shocked to find that I had what seemed to be three balls. I went to the clinic the next day, and a doctor—who did a poor job of answering my questions—diagnosed my affliction as "varicocele." He told me there was nothing to worry about and just advised me to wear a jockstrap for support. Can you shed any light on this problem? It really has me worried.
—Private R. P.
Fort Knox, Kentucky

Varicocele are enlarged veins on the testicles and are frequently caused by strain. They are similar to varicose veins, which women often get on their legs. These enlarged veins are not an uncommon affliction, and they are not dangerous. However, varicocele can lower your sperm count, since they have a tendency to raise the temperature in your testicles. Even a slight increase in temperature can kill sperm.

See another doctor with whom you have a better rapport. You can find out whether or not it's a good time to have the veins removed surgically, or if they will diminish in size by themselves. The surgical procedure for removal is fairly simple.

Rape Myth? Is it a myth that most rapists suffer from impotence problems? Someone in my psychology class mentioned this, but I haven't been able to find a scientific study to back it up.
—G. D.
Seattle, Washington

In a study presented in the prestigious New England Journal of Medicine two researchers found that many rapists do have sexual-functioning problems. Out of 170 male rapists studied and 92 female rape victims, only one-fourth reported penetration and ejaculation. A high percentage of the rapists reported one of three sexual dysfunctions during the act of rape. These were: impotence (inability to become erect), premature ejaculation (coming almost at



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once) and retarded ejaculation (inability to ejaculate).

The researchers, however, also reported that practically none of the rapists told of having similar sexual problems in their non-assaultive sexual relations. Therefore, it seems the act of raping a woman can cause a man to have sexual problems he might not otherwise experience.

Bigger Cock: My penis measures only a little over five inches when erect. I want to order a penis-enlarger, but my girlfriend says they don't work. Is this true? Is there anything I can do to make my cock bigger? —D. L.
Portland, Oregon

Penis-enlarging devices are all practically the same. They are usually "jack-off" machines that "enlarge" your penis by giving you an erection. There has never been any medical evidence to support claims that such devices can increase the size of a flaccid cock.

The normal growth and size of a man's penis is controlled by a hormone (dihydrotestosterone), and the amount of this hormone in your body is determined by genetic factors. In other words, cock size is an inherited characteristic.

Many men worry about the size of their cocks, but most women will tell you that the size of a man's penis does not determine how good a lover he is. About 90% of all men have erect penises between five and seven inches in length. You are within the statistically average range; so stop worrying.

Gay and Terrified: I am a 20-year-old male who is terrified. I may be gay, and I don't want to be. What in the hell am I going to do? I hate myself so much. I want to make love to a woman, but I just can't seem to get an erection. I went to bed with four different whores and wasn't able to get hard. I am also in love with a girl now, and I am afraid she is going to want to have sex. If I can't get hard, it will probably end the relationship! Is there some kind of pill I can take? If I am gay, I'll commit suicide.
—W. D.
Big Spring, Texas

What exactly makes you think you're gay? Is it because you can't get erections with a woman? A lot of men experience times of impotence, and it is not necessarily caused by underlying homosexual desires. If you were gay, you would be sexually attracted to males, which you did not indicate. You are sexually attracted to women and are experiencing erection problems.

You've gotten yourself very emotionally wound up over this, and that alone can cause you to stay limp. You need to learn to relax and not put so much pressure on yourself to perform. You should consult a sex therapist in your area for help with your problem.

The American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists lists Lee Butler, Th.D. (P.O. Box 229, Big Spring, Texas 79720) as being a certified sex educator in your town. Also, if your girlfriend shows she is definitely ready to have sex with you, explain to her that you can't fuck her right now, but that you'd enjoy making love in every other way. Who knows? If you stop worrying about it so much, you may find your erection pops right up.

Bed-Wetter: I am living with a 22-year-old woman who still wets the bed. She says she wasn't potty-trained until she was seven years old, and has wet at night all her life. Her mother, who confirmed this story, says her other daughter, 27, is also a bed-wetter. Most of the time, my lover wears a diaper to bed, but during the day or when we are partying, I never know when she's going to end up wetting herself. She says that she has been to a doctor and that there is nothing wrong with her physically.

I am beginning to think she gets off from pissing. The other night I pretended to be asleep when she came to bed, wearing a diaper and plastic panties. She began to masturbate, and pretty soon she cut loose and pissed. Between watching her play with herself and seeing her pee, I almost came. The next morning she wanted me to play with her pussy with her diaper still on. I agreed, and she enjoyed it.

I also started shaving her pussy three times a week. I told her if she's going to wet the bed like a little girl, she had to look like one. Is it likely she is turned on by all this? —J. G.
Phoenix, Arizona

You and your roommate both seem to be getting off on it. As long as you are having a good time, relax and enjoy.

How Long? How long can a man go without having sex? Is there an estimated amount of time? —L. B.
East Norwich, New York

A man can go an eternity without sex; just ask the Pope. However, we don't recommend it.

A lifetime of celibacy may cause physical problems for both men and women, and even temporary abstinence can result in physical problems and psychologically caused sexual dysfunctions when activity is resumed. (For more information see last month's Sex Play, "Celibacy: Is America Giving Up Sex?")

Warts and Worn-out: I am a 34-year-old man, and my girlfriend is 24. I have

(continued on page 24)

Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Mayor Jane Byrne

Byrne Defends Right of Chicago Police to Spy on Citizen Groups." That headline in the January 6, 1981, edition of the *Los Angeles Times* qualifies Chicago Mayor Jane M. Byrne to join the hallowed ranks of "Assholes of the Month." By allowing police undercover agents to collect data on some 800 citizens' groups, Byrne is in direct defiance of the United States Constitution.

During 1979, when most of the snooping was going on, here's what took place crime-wise in the Windy City. For openers, there were 856 murders; 1,655 rapes; 14,464 robberies; 10,832 aggravated assaults; and 33,396 burglaries. Certainly enough work to keep a police force hopping full-time.

So when do cops find time to spy?

The whole mess started two years ago, when a class-action suit was filed by a number of groups to stop rampant police spying in Chicago. Those under surveillance included the League of Women Voters, various antiwar groups, the Chicago Teachers Union, the United Auto Workers and the World Council of Churches. And let's not forget another threatening outfit—the Chicago Parent-Teachers Association. Who knows what kind of dangerous information might be hiding in the PTA's discussions of bake sales, high-school football, teachers' salaries and other pressing issues?

Word finally leaked out to these organizations that they had been infiltrated by undercover police officers. Court documents even indicate that the cops were engaging in burglaries, wiretappings and other vile rapes of the Constitution. So these groups did what any citizen would if his rights had been violated—they went to the courts.

So far, the class-action suit has yet to come to trial. According to several dedicated "Byrne-watchers" in Chicago, the mayor really doesn't want her dirty spy laundry aired in court. And why should she? It's hard to explain why your police force is spying on "dangerous" groups like the PTA instead of trying to control major crimes.

But what's even harder to explain—and so far Mayor Byrne has been painfully quiet about this—is why the Mayor's Office allowed this watchdogging to go on even after she knew it was happening. One source close to her office said the mayor didn't want the case to go to trial, but wanted some "clear guidelines" as to when police spying is, in fact, permissible.

What we have is a powerful big-city mayor who doesn't say spying on citizens is bad. She doesn't say the police should stop their activities. All she wants is to learn the rules so it can be done legally.

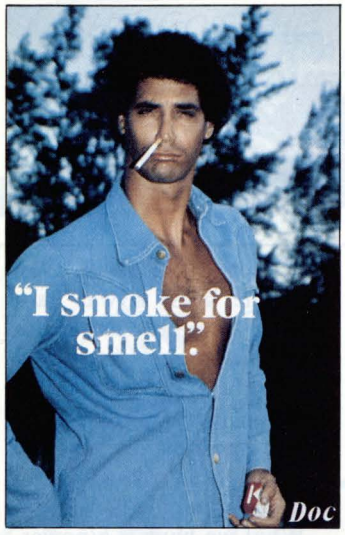
Maybe instead of eavesdropping on the PTA, she should pick up a copy of the U.S. Constitution. She no doubt would find it interesting reading, and would learn that for almost 200 years there have been specific precepts concerning freedom of speech and the freedom to hold meetings in America.

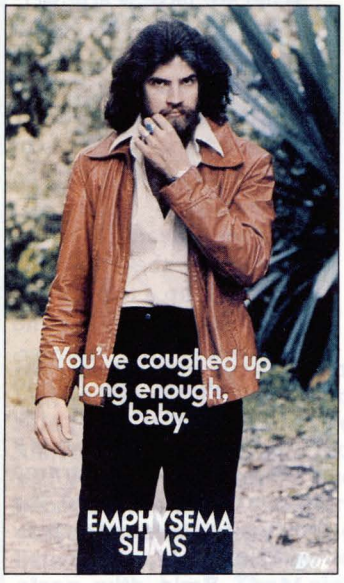
Mayor Byrne, congratulations on your award as "Asshole of the Month." We've wanted to let you have it several times in the past. Once, when you indicated your support for Jimmy Carter for the Democratic Presidential nomination, only to ultimately back Senator Ted Kennedy.

Going back on your word wasn't enough to win the award—not with all the lying that goes on in most top government circles. And you almost won again when you attempted to ban from City Hall those reporters who had written bad things about your administration.

But this time you've made the grade. Don't forget, Madam Mayor, we're watching you while you're watching us.

What's Up, Doc?





These ads are part of a series designed to discourage smoking, by satirizing real cigarette ads. That's not so unusual . . . HUSTLER's been doing that for years. What's different is that these were written and produced by doctors. .A Chicago family practitioner, Dr. Alan Blum, founded an organization three years ago known as Doctors Ought to Care (DOC). The group, financed by donations from physicians and some small grants, has placed ads like these in newspapers and on billboards, buses and benches across the U.S.

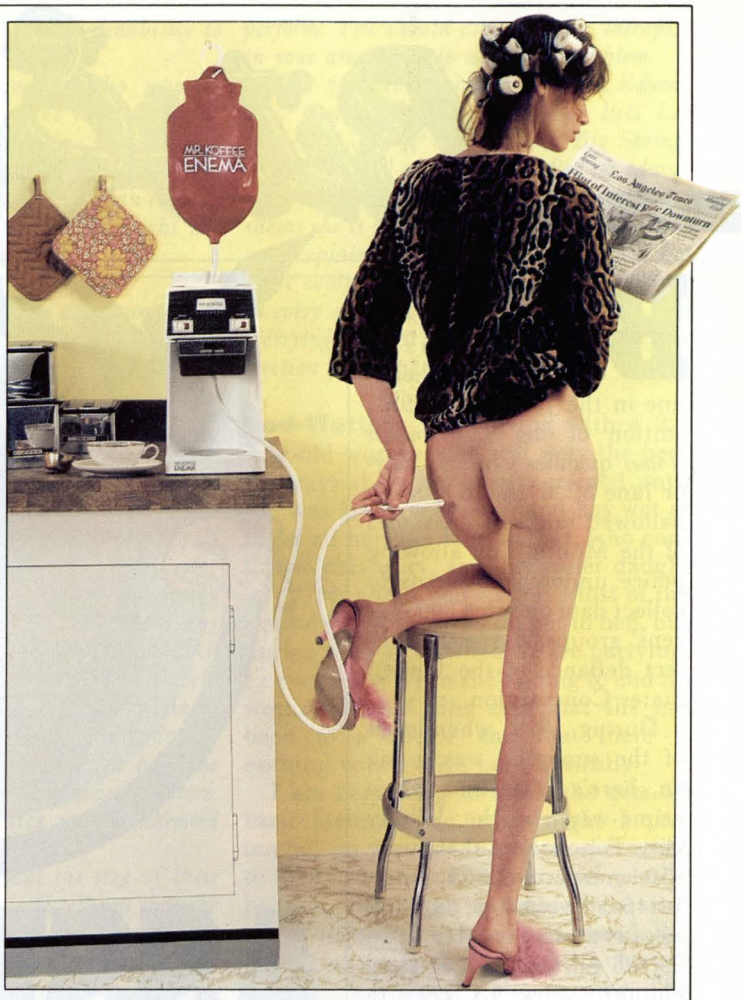
Instead of going for the shock effect, DOC chooses to illuminate how the media manipulate us. "Our technique is to parody ads to show the public . . . how advertising is used to sell them on cigarettes, alcohol, junk foods and junk fads," said Blum in a recent issue of *Advertising Age.*

HUSTLER is glad to see we're not alone in our battle against smoking. For information on how to obtain these posters or to make donations to DOC, write to Doctors Ought to Care (924 Webster Street, Chicago, Illinois 60614).

Ku Klux Klan and Ollie



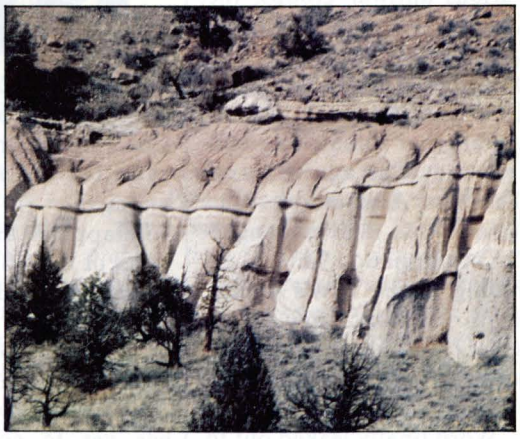
When are kids' TV shows like *Sesame Street* going to start showing life like it *really* is? In last month's article *The Klan Rises Again*, HUSTLER told how the KKK is brainwashing youngsters by flooding them with racist propaganda during their impressionable years. It's up to TV, where kids pick up most of what they learn nowadays, to balance things by showing children what these guys are actually up to. It could even make the program educational. *L* is for "lynch.". . .



Mr. Koffee Enema

Coffee enemas are a new health fad in the U.S. that's just about to burst into the big time. Although health officials warn that coffee enemas can do you more harm than good, we can imagine products like the one above hitting the market any time now. Nothing can stop an idea whose time for potential profit has come. Think of the changes it could bring to the lifestyles of the millions of people who love coffee. Instant-coffee fans could use quick, disposable Fleet enemas. You'd hear friends say, "I just can't get started in the morning without a good hot-coffee enema." And there'd be a whole new meaning to the expression "Fill it to the rim with Brim."

Cock Rock



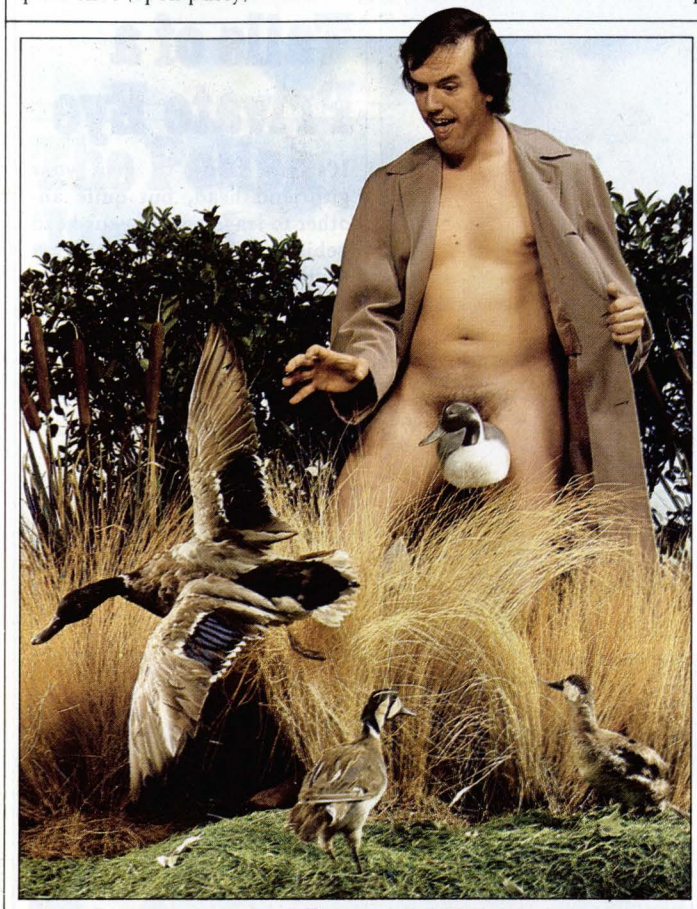
Who said that Mount Rushmore is the only mountain in America with huge heads carved into its side? This snapshot, taken by one of our Oregonian fans, is proof that there's another. If the Oregon State Forestry Department isn't happy with this lewd formation, it's going to have one hell of a time trying to get these rocks "off."

Attention, All Beaver Hunt Snappers!

Of the hundreds of *Beaver Hunt* photos we receive every month, scores end up in our reject file. And it's not due to cases of terminal ugliness—it's due to a lot of unnecessary factors. So here's some tips to help you get your snapshots into print. We've also included some bad examples to show what we *don't* want.

1. Don't chop off arms or legs. We're not into amputees—we want to see all of your Beaver. **2.** Don't clutter the background. Crazy bedspread patterns and scattered junk all over the scene can ruin a good picture. **3.** Keep the clothes in the closet. Skin is what we want, but garter belts and such are acceptable. **4.** Out-of-focus shots are immediately rejected. We have to see her! **5.** Watch your lighting. Can't see a muff in the dark. **6.** Expression—a model shouldn't look like she's being forced or is unhappy to pose. **7.** Our tip to male models is to keep the tip down. Semi-erect is okay, but full erections are great only in the bedroom. **8.** Shots must not have run in another magazine. **9.** No pictures of pictures from another magazine. **10.** Send a variety of shots. We must have at least one pink-shot (open pussy). **11.** Don't make the model too small in the photo.





A Case of Fowl Play

According to news reports, policemen in Miami Springs, Florida, recently came across a case of apparent duck rape. Two patrolmen were cruising the streets when they spotted a dazed duck a few feet from a parked car. Inside the vehicle they found a pile of loose feathers and some men's clothing. The duck died soon after its discovery and was taken to the Dade County Medical Examiner's office, where an autopsy was performed. The duck, it was determined, "had injuries compatible with sexual assault." Later that day a man whose clothes carried a telltale trace of duck feathers was arrested on loitering charges. Putting two and two together, the authorities added another charge against the suspect, cruelty to animals. Some guys just have to have a tight quack.

The Talking Vibrator

In the last few years the vibrator has come out of the drawer and become a normal, mentionable part of women's everyday lives. A recent issue of *Cosmopolitan* even contained an article on the models available and the particular advantages of each. We've noticed the addition of varying speeds, movements and sizes . . . but no sound. Why should sex with a stiff piece of plastic be so lonely? Modern technology has provided us with everything from talking dolls to talking cars; so why not a little pleasant chatter from a woman's best friend? Our version, the Vibe - Orator (right), would be a terrific partner on those cold and lonely nights. It's got to be better than the buzzing sound that makes you feel you're getting it on with an electric shaver.



And think of the limitless possibilities! For the woman who likes to feel guilty, a speech could even be programmed to accuse her of faking orgasm.

One warning: If this partner begins to smoke after sex . . . please return it to the manufacturer.

Bad Habits

This photo from West Germany apparently shows how serious the rising tide of VD is in Europe. But we're not that shocked by this picture of a nun getting a shot in the ass, because we know they have something to hold up their skirts. What's shocking is the implication this photo makes about VD. Who'd believe you could get it from a confessional seat?





Tails of a Private Eye

It's one thing to give your girlfriend head, but quite another to leave part of your head behind. And what will she say to the next man who comes along?

"The guy before you was eyeballing me!"

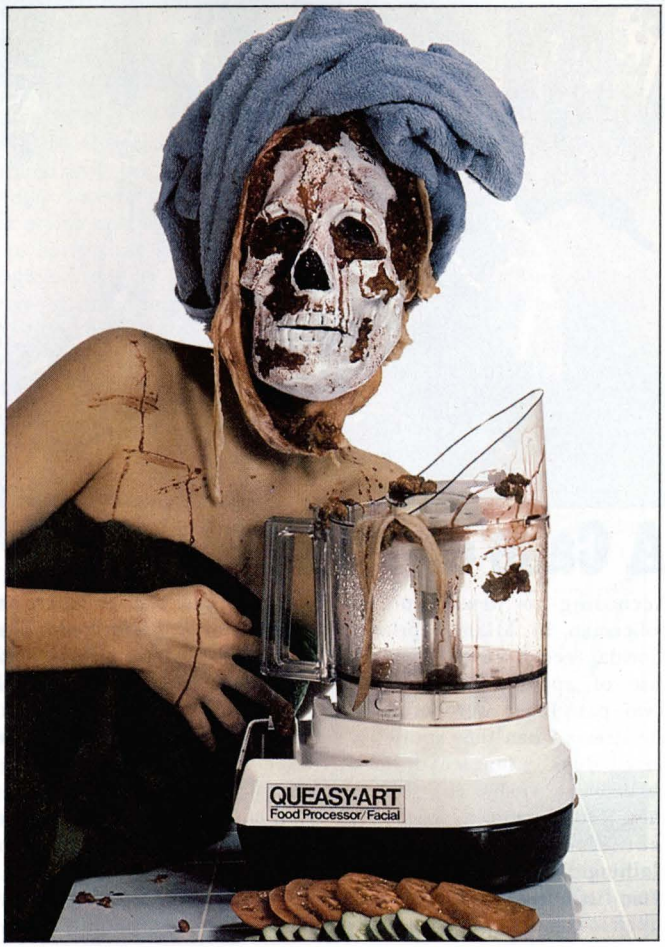
And They Say Beauty's Only Skin Deep!

Almost since time began, women have known about two of the most popular and effective beauty secrets—putting cucumber slices on their faces and sanding their skin to smooth ugly acne scars. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a machine that could slice the cucumbers and eliminate rough facial skin at the same time? Well, here it is at last! The Queasy-Art is the newest way to bring out the beauty that's hidden beneath the surface. And what a terrific method for older women to peel away those telltale years!

This combination food-processor and facial clinic is also the perfect gift for your favorite girl with a bad complexion but who has a real flair for tossed salads.









Freeze Frame

There's nothing we like better than photos from HUSTLER readers who are into photography . . . except for photos *of* HUSTLER readers who are into photography. Especially when they look like this.

Our only wish, however, is that the next time she'll shave her legs before being photographed.



The Polish Jacuzzi

Did the Tidy Bowl man grow? Is this too big a job for Roto-Rooter? These questions can only be answered by the crazy Swedes at the Scandecor Company who designed this postcard.

Available in gift shops across the country, this card probably puzzles a lot of people. But we understood it right off the bat. It either means "I feel like a piece of shit," or "I'm in the can," or "Things can't get much worse."



Beaver Lovers, It's Finally Here!

Last month we told you about the hot new BEAVER HUNT. Well, here's something even newer and hotter. The new, improved cover of BEAVER HUNT. When this photo came floating past our eyes, we just had to make the change.

So keep your eyes open and grab this collection of the shots that were too wild or couldn't fit in our regular *Beaver Hunt* section. Or you can send for a copy by mailing $3.95 plus $1 for handling to Flynt Subscription Company, Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, California 90067).

Inflated Claims

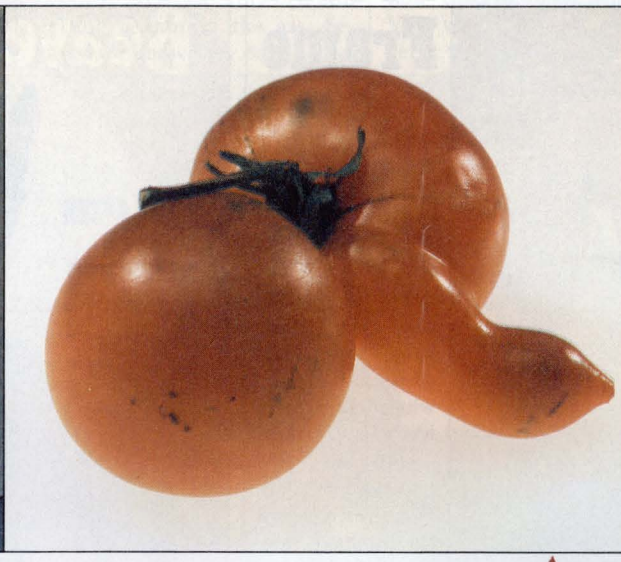


There are ads on everything from matchbooks to ballpoint pens. There's even a bill in Congress to allow advertising on stamps. So why not on rubbers? They're perfect for advertisers who really stretch the truth.

Edited by Bruce Helford

Which One Is the Real Karen Anne Quinlan?







Melts in Your Wallet

What are you going to do now that interest rates have gone up, credit has tightened, and most credit-card companies are charging you a fee whether you use the card or not? You're going to eat it . . . that's what! So we thought a little Madison Avenue-style packaging and promotion might make these inflationary times a bit easier to swallow.





The Polish Tank

HUSTLER has once again scooped the print media of the Western world with the first published photograph of Poland's anti-invasion artillery. This Polish demon of destruction is seen by the Kremlin as another example of how Poland has gone "soft" in its defense of communism. Based on the SALT II theory of deterrence, dummy tanks are intended to frighten off invading Russian soldiers.

Rag Doll

Wait a second! Don't let your wife throw away those soiled sanitary napkins and tampons! Here's a way to turn those disposables into some bloody good fun for the kids! All you need is a little yarn, two doll eyes, a button nose . . . and the right time of month. Of course, remember not to use Rely tampons, because the law requires that toys be nontoxic. It's the perfect gift for the little girl who's too old for teddy bears, but not quite old enough for a menstrual cycle.

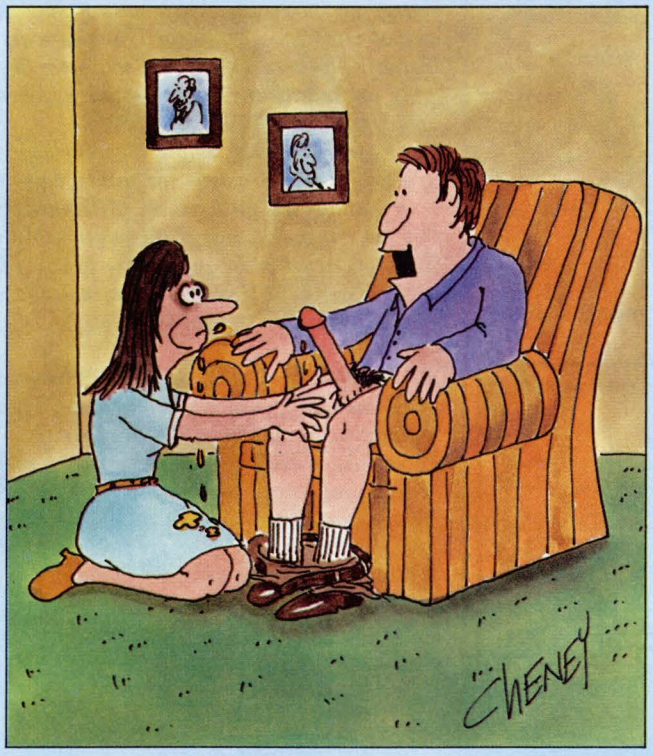




Colonel Sanders's Funeral

We were all sad to hear the news of the Colonel's passing. It certainly marks the end of an era in fried-chicken history. This photo was taken during the funeral procession, which took place shortly after Colonel Harland Sanders's last request was fulfilled—to be cremated with 11 delicious herbs and spices.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I haven't come yet . . . that's pus from my gonorrhea."



Kiss and Tell

Could this be one of the members of the famous rock group Kiss reading a suspiciously familiar men's magazine? We're not sure, because this photo was an anonymous submission. But if it is an impersonation, we're really impressed! That looks just like a copy of HUSTLER.

HUSTLER Update



WILLIAM LOEB
March '77

In HUSTLER's March '77 profile we reported on the sordid past and journalistic abuses of William Loeb, the reactionary, name-calling publisher of New Hampshire's only morning newspaper, the *Manchester Union Leader*. Among other things, the article told how Loeb had misused the power of his media monopoly by refusing to print a letter from a political opponent he'd smeared. The publisher responded to our disclosures by suing for libel. After a lengthy legal battle, that suit has been decided overwhelmingly in HUSTLER's favor. Ohio judge Frederick T. Williams tossed out every one of the plaintiff's claims, basing his decision largely on libel suits Loeb had filed against the *Boston Globe* and *New Times*. Loeb lost both of those cases as well.



THE KLAN RISES AGAIN
April '81

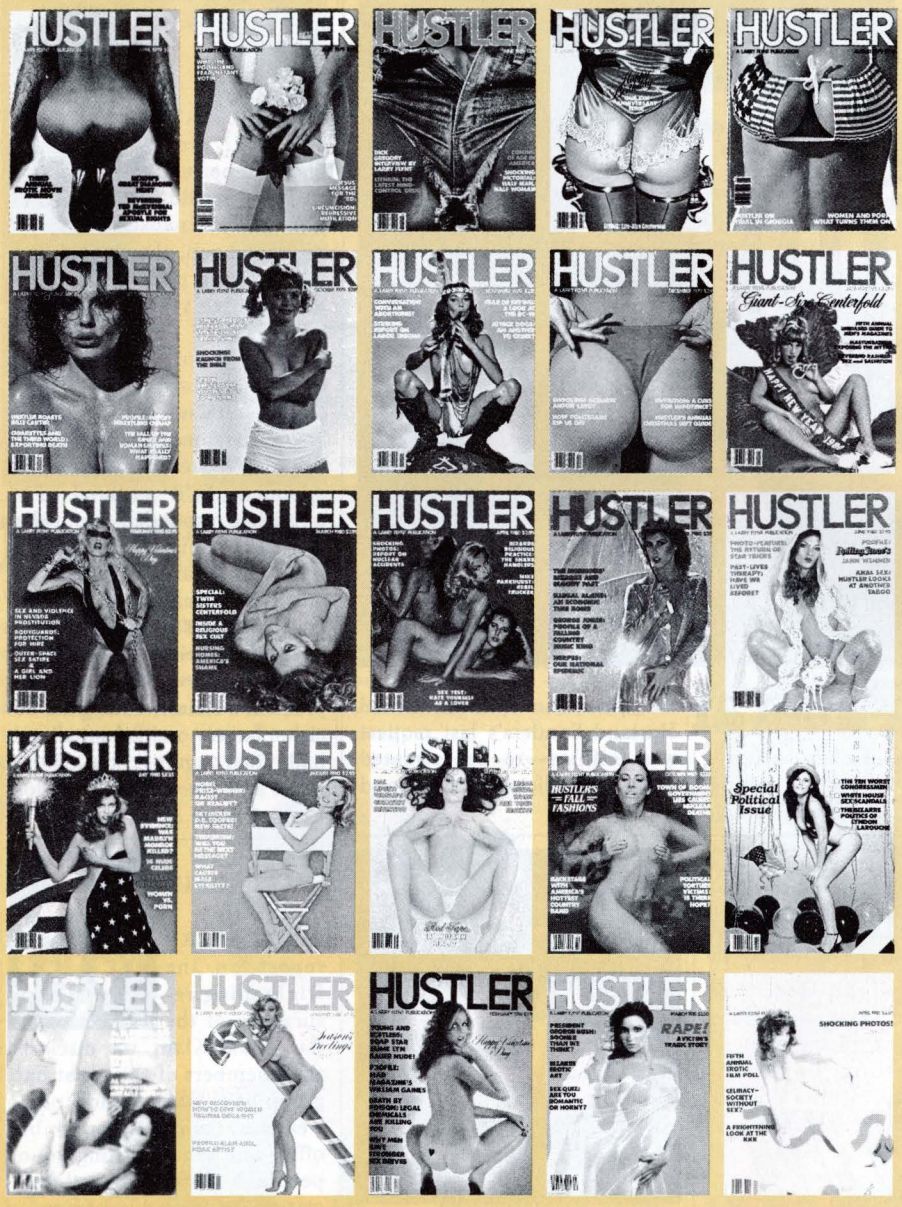
In HUSTLER's report on the frightening resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan, we disclosed that members of the racist hate group have taken to stockpiling weapons, running for public office and even enlisting young people. Now the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has announced formation of a nationwide "Klan Watch" to monitor and report incidents involving this "new" KKK. Benjamin L. Hooks, the NAACP's executive director, said the watch was set up as a result of increasing "racial violence against people of color at the hands of the Klan and other violent groups."

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for interesting stories and visuals for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For May, $150 and thanks to Meredith Gardner.

Edited by Bruce Helford

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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

two questions I hope you can answer. First, can venereal warts remain dormant for a period of time and then infect another person? My girlfriend had them once about a year before she met me, and was cured. Eventually the warts flared up again, and I got them too. I think we both have the problem licked, but I find it hard to believe she didn't pick them up from somebody else.

Also, I am what I consider to be slightly oversexed. I have to have sex at least once, if not twice, each day. My girlfriend says that I've worn her out and that she could go for two months now without even thinking about sex. Lately she's had her nose buried in a book all the time. I love her, and I don't want to lose her. How can I turn her on to having more sex?

—J. P.
Austin, Texas

To answer your first question: Venereal warts can remain dormant for long periods of time and subsequently reappear. Once afflicted, you are always susceptible to getting the warts again, until researchers come up with a more permanent cure.

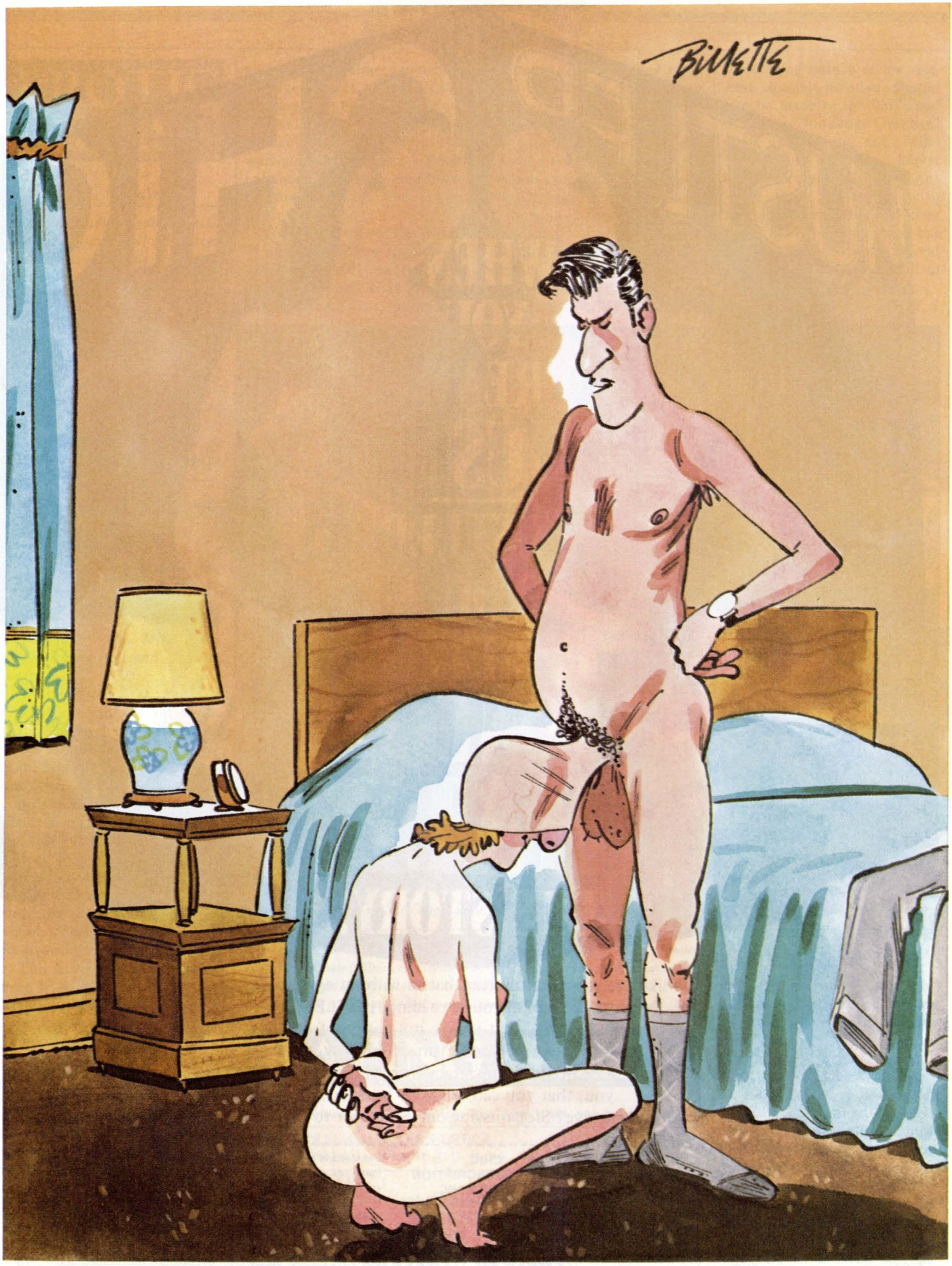
Perhaps having to deal with the venereal warts caused your girlfriend to lose some of her interest in sex. If her desire doesn't return as the wart problem goes away, talk with her and try to reach a solution. There are several things you may wish to try. First, make sure she is happy with you as a lover. Are you doing everything possible to ensure that her sexual experiences are as satisfying as yours? Perhaps she wants more oral sex, more foreplay, or wants to be the sexual aggressor sometimes. Ask her.

If the problem is simply that you have a greater sex drive, maybe she would agree to your having sex with others. Alternatively, you may have to decide if the relationship is important enough to compromise a bit. The right move is to discuss your feelings and to begin to work on possible solutions.

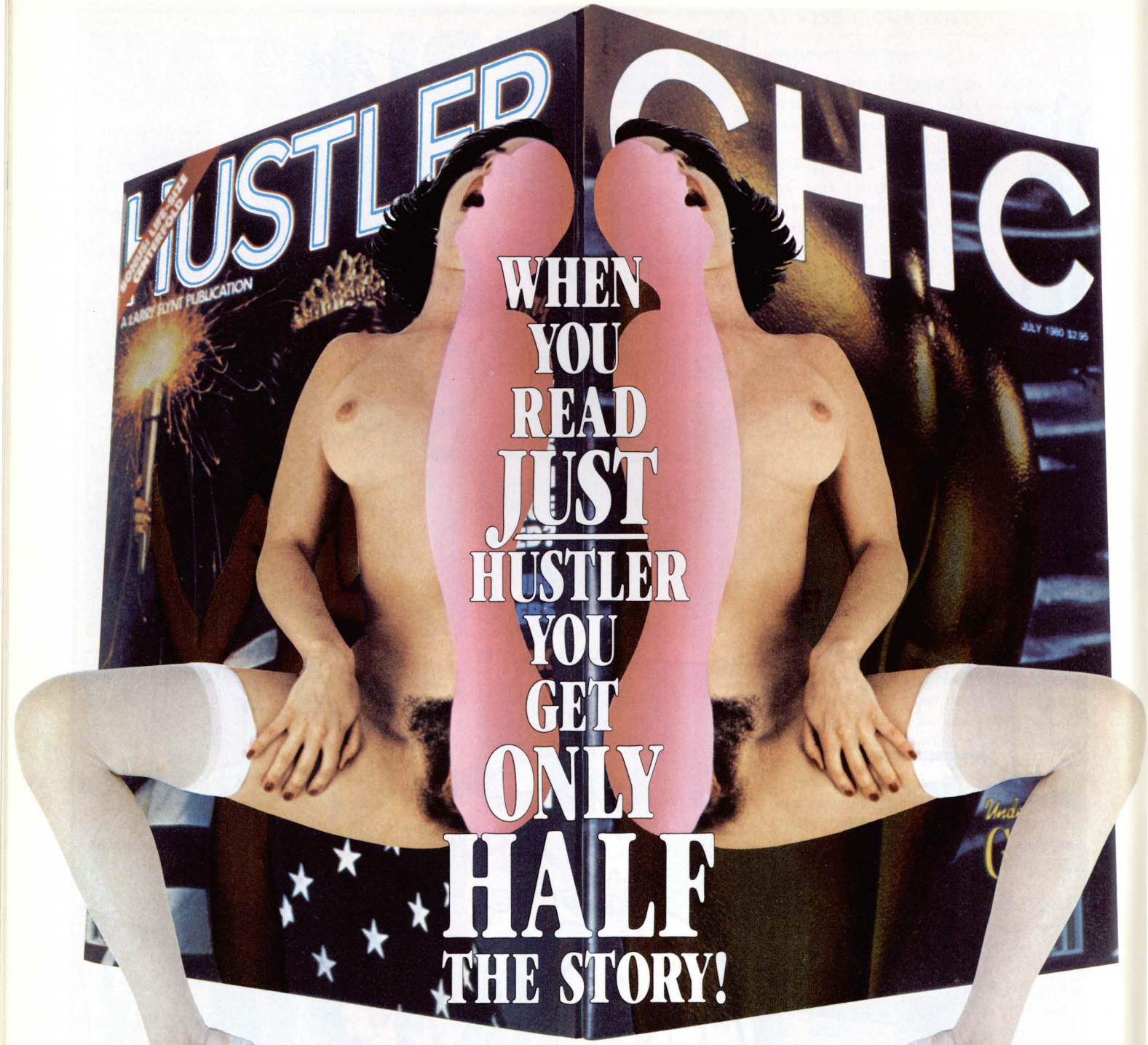
Tit Fantasy: I'm a 22-year-old woman with an odd problem. Every time I get turned on or have a couple of drinks, I have this overwhelming desire for a man to pull my nipples. My tits get this tingling sensation, and I really want to have them pulled. What is causing this? It's driving me absolutely crazy.

—M. L.
Nashua, New Hampshire

There is nothing odd about getting a tingling sensation in your breasts when you get turned on. Many women like to have their tits pulled at a bit. Stop worrying and wondering about this phenomenon, and get someone to start pulling.



"All right, smartass! I'll get a circumcision!"



It's like bread without butter, bacon without eggs, beer without pretzels. If you're reading HUSTLER, you're getting a lot . . . but you're not getting it *all!* Did you know that electric smog is killing you, that there's a Christian conspiracy in government to suppress you, that you can tell your boss to shove it and survive? Stop missing out. Subscribe to CHIC *now!*

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Thomas H. Schulz

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Prisoner of Paradise

Produced by Gail Palmer; directed by Gail Palmer and Bob Chinn; starring John C. Holmes, Seka, Heinz Mueller, Sue Carol, Jade Wong, Miko Moto, Nikki Anderson and Brenda Vargo.

With *Prisoner of Paradise* Gail Palmer proves yet again that a woman can handle X-rated material as well as any man. Starring John C. Holmes and the ever-beautiful, ever-captivating Seka, *Paradise* is about a sailor (Holmes) who is the sole survivor of a ship torpedoed by a submarine during World War II. He finds himself on a lush tropical island and—thinking he is alone—goes about a Robinson Crusoe trip for a week or so.

This being an X-rater, however, he soon discovers that the island is populated by at least a few staggeringly beautiful young women. Most notable among them are Sue Carol, Jade Wong and Nikki Anderson. Although most of them are soldiers in an enemy communications outpost, our hero wastes little time winning them over to our side with his massive schlong.

It's hard to say what's more impressive about this film—the hot, steamy sex scenes (any sex scene with Seka has to be) or the vintage battle scenes from *Tora! Tora! Tora!* It is this footage, which Palmer somehow managed to get her hands on, coupled with excellent production values, that helps recreate the look and feel of life in the wartime South Pacific. Holmes enhances the film's credibility by turning in a fine acting performance.

With any movie of this genre, of course, the key ingredients are always the women. Gorgeous newcomer Nikki Anderson, playing a captured American nurse, proves she is more than capable of keeping up with her luscious co-stars. And that's no easy task, since each of the female actresses is more stunning than the last. It hardly seems possible, but Anderson actually eclipses Seka in some of the hottest sex action ever screened.

Heinz Mueller, as a whip-wielding, wine-guzzling Nazi soldier, adds comic relief throughout in spite of the threatening nature of his role. And special mention should also be made of the film's two dynamite-looking Oriental girls, Jade Wong and Miko Moto. Both of them deliver mouth-watering sex scenes when they get it on with Holmes. In any other flick they might have been the stars, but with so much lovely sexual talent in *Paradise*, they had to settle for second place.

—T. H. S.



Enemy forces (l. to r., Sue Carol, Seka, Heinz Mueller) give captive Nikki Anderson a tough time in 'Prisoner.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION	A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
HALF ERECT	So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
TOTALLY LIMP	A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

American Pie

Produced by Damon Christian; directed and written by Jeffrey Fairbanks; starring Arcadia Lake, Lysa Thatcher, Lee Carroll, Eric Edwards, Randy West, Kitty Shayne, Robin Everett, Aaron Stuart, R. J. Reynolds and Jerry Heath.

If you're an adult-film buff with discriminating taste, *American Pie* may be just the dish for you. Producer Damon Christian obviously did not skimp on the ingredients for this Fabulous '50s comic concoction, and as a result he has cooked up a real winner.

As the movie opens, we meet



Lee Carroll, the kidnappers' moll, is left to her own (watery) resources during a solitary moment in 'American Pie.'

two escaped convicts (Eric Edwards and Randy West). They've just bungled a service-station heist and, sitting in a roadside cafe, are doping out how they can grab their slice of the pie.

Edwards has a plan. The pair will kidnap a local millionaire's daughter (Arcadia Lake), and the ransom will put them on easy street. Enlisting the aid of a disgruntled waitress (porn newcomer Lee Carroll) to act as victimsitter, the crooks speed off to snatch the young debutante. "I don't want to get knocked up on any rape charge," Edwards warns West. "This is strictly kidnapping."

Meanwhile, at the millionaire's mansion, the intended victim and her sisters (Lysa Thatcher and Robin Everett) are having a bash. The deb's boyfriend is feeling her up amid a crowd of drunk teenagers, while Thatcher instructs Everett in the finer points of fellatio on a willing young man upstairs.

Enter a furious Mom (Kitty Shayne) and Dad (Aaron Stuart), who break up the party and ground the kids for the weekend—save for a command appearance the next night at the debutante ball. As if on greased wheels, the kidnapping does go off the following night, and the thugs are delighted to end up with two of the girls, Lake and Thatcher, and can double the ransom.

The monkey wrench is that the father thinks the daughters are faking the disappearance. Even when the kidnappers send snapshots of the girls—decked out in sexy lingerie and bound and gagged like Bob Bishop models—the old man shines it on and tells the captors to keep his daughters. He even criticizes the quality of the photos.

By now, the sex action in *American Pie* has reached the boiling point. As the well-conceived script bumps merrily along, there is every kind of humping going on both at the mansion and in the hideout where the girls are being held. There is a torrid scene in which Lee Carroll delivers a masterful blowjob and is fucked in every position on every kitchen counter in the hideout by Eric Edwards, who finally comes after a steamy tit-fuck. Of course, the millionaire's two daughters get theirs too . . . in the end . . . which is exactly where they want it.

If there's anything wrong with *American Pie*, it's in the resolution of the kidnapping. No matter though. *Pie* is everything a porn film should be: highly entertaining, electrically erotic and carefully edited and produced. It's definitely worthy of HUSTLER's highest rating.

—Jim Heinisch

High School Memories

Produced by VCX; directed by Anthony Spinelli; written by Anthony Spinelli, Jr.; starring Annette Haven, Jamie Gillis, John Leslie, Dorothy LeMay, Richard Pacheco, Chris Hopkins, Lynn Samuels and Jon Martin.

This is VCX's first X-rated feature, and that alone makes it a unique contribution to the porn field. No video company has ever before produced films for theater audiences.

Most memorable about *Memories* is the introduction of a sort of tenderness in the sex scenes . . . some of them, at any rate. If this is a sign of the times in the blue-movie business, it is a welcome one. But when you put porn idol Jamie Gillis in bed with blue-eyed, goddess-breasted, auburn-haired Annette Haven, temperatures automatically rise. It's not just a garden-variety, fuck-'em-good portrayal; the two together actually create an atmosphere of believability, of caring. That is what porno flicks are all about. Or are supposed to be about.

Because this film is *not* always believable, the three-quarter-erect rating is as high as it flies. In a flashback scene, for instance, the audience is taxed too heavily when there's a whole lot of fucking and sucking going on in a busload of high-school football jocks and cheerleaders, in broad daylight, practically supervised by the coach (Gillis). The cartoon carnality detracts from the credibility of the main theme, which is essentially a love story.

Memories is centered around a high-school reunion. Gillis and Haven, former teachers who were fired because of their sexual pranks, meet for the first time since the old days. Haven makes it clear that the years have not tempered her dislike of Gillis.

But the ex-coach *has* changed. He realizes and admits that, yes, he was a jerk of the first order back then. By and by, as flashback after flashback fills



Eric Edwards and Lee Carroll literally burn up the kitchen in 'Pie.'



Jamie Gillis has a nose for talent (Dorothy LeMay) in 'High School.'

us in, Haven's chill toward him begins to thaw. This warming trend is helped along when her friend, played by Chris Hopkins, checks out Gillis's sexual powers in a splashingly erotic scene—next to an outdoor hot tub.

Eventually, Haven and Gillis settle their differences in the film's last and perhaps best love-lunch. Because the sequence lacks the standard dehumanizing cum-shot, it is a bold venture into more realistic sex.

Except for some minor editing flaws, the picture moves along well from start to finish. The original music score by Chet and Jim Moore is pleasing enough; the photography is pretty good and, at times, *really* good. And while it's impossible to credit everyone, across the board the film is itself a credit to what hopefully is an indication of a new wave in X-rated movies. —*T. H. S.*

Manhattan Mistress

Produced by Cenevogue; directed by Joe Davian; starring Erica Boyer, Merle Michaels, Juliet Anderson, Christie Ford, Robert Bolla, Ron Jeremy, George Payne, David Rubenstein, Clint Longley and Paul Seiderman.

This is one of those medium-budget porn films that rise a notch above the mediocrity that plagues the business. Not that the story is brilliant or even bright—because it's not. What saves the film and earns it a half-erect rating is decent camerawork, a few funny lines and some pretty hot sex.

Thanks to newcomer Erica Boyer—who plays the heroine, Angel—a basically trite plot is saved from oblivion. Angel is a small-town girl who's saving it for her boyfriend, and then only when he puts a flashy ring on her finger. Her mother (Juliet Anderson) is a waitress. Wages don't go far, and Mom has a little sideline. She's a hooker.

Angel discovers this one day when she catches Mom and her boss (David Rubenstein) with their pants down in the diner's kitchen. This sends Angel into shock, and all the defenses she's built up to combat her own carnal nature melt away.

We follow the deflowering of Angel through several sex-fantasy sequences until she announces, "Watch out, Big Apple! Here comes Angel!" It's clear she's ready for big-time hooking, and the road to New York will be paved with sex.

Under the tutelage of her pimp (Robert Bolla), she soon becomes the "Manhattan Mistress" of the film's title, and is considered the hottest sex property in the city. Yet, at the end of the film, the viewer will leave, wanting to have seen more of her antics. But there is one especially juicy scene in which Christie Ford appears as a client, and caps the activities with some watersports. If enemas are your bag, this should get you wet and sweaty.

Given the limitations of the story (small-town Southern belle turns big city on its ear), the entire cast performs well. While the sexual pyrotechnics are superb, special mention goes to Erica Boyer. She's a natural, and you'll be seeing much more of her in the future.

On the minus side, though, a decent soundtrack is undercut by moans and groans overdubbed to indicate sexual pleasure. That may be necessary in some films in which the sex is by the numbers, but it only cheapens this production.

Manhattan Mistress is technically sound, however, and is a movie to see if you're in the mood for one that's light and sex-packed. —*J. H.*



Erica Boyer becomes a gourmet dish for Merle Michaels in 'Mistress.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

A Scent of Heather
Bon Appetit
Champagne for Breakfast
Dracula Exotica
Education of the Baroness
Exposed
Fascination
Games Women Play
Kiss and Tell
Platinum Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me
The Budding of Brie

Three-Quarters Erect

Caligula
Coed Fever
F (Dream Girl of F)
Insatiable
Kate and the Indians
October Silk
Pink Champagne
Plato's—The Movie
Randy, the Electric Lady
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Seka
Sizzle
Taboo
The Pink Ladies
This Lady Is a . . . Tramp
Ultra Flesh
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Female Athletes
Small Town Girls
Sunny
The Girls of Mr. X
Vista Valley P.T.A.

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Mystique
Silky

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
I Am Always Ready
Starship Eros
Three Ripening Cherries

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Nude Photographs

Edited by Constance Sullivan; Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, New York 10022; $45.

Every time I think I've seen the most beautiful book of them all, somebody comes along and tops it. Not only is this the most remarkable, careful, tasteful collection of splendid plates around, but it has two articles as well.

One, by Robert Sobieszek, "Addressing the Erotic: Reflections on the Nude Photograph," is a very thoughtful piece on the nature of the nude, not only in art, but in literature, and its deeper collisions with the things that happen inside you when you see them—often, a lot more than erections.

The other is "Nude in a Social Landscape," by Ben Maddow. He takes the whole subject of nude art from before Michelangelo right up to the present, and does it almost reverently. But, as he puts it: "Words . . . are perhaps the weakest medium for the truths of nakedness."

Photography and the nude got together from the word go, and never let up. The very first plate is a funny-happy shot of a guy with a hard-on who is copping a feel from a cherubic lady with the damnedest smile on her face. That quality of joy, of outright fun, shows up a lot in this big collection of truly remarkable nudes. Most of them are women (natch), but by no means all. There are kids too, and men. Some of the plates are carefully posed and composed, some candid, some in a blur of action. Many of them are erotic, but some are just . . . peaceful, I guess is the best word for it.

One particularly fascinating thing is a number of stereopticon pictures from the 1850s, some raunchy, some really beautiful, all delicately hand-colored. They were taken simultaneously with several lenses, without strobes or modern gadgets—and they work!



'Nude With Spiked Gloves,' by Paul Outerbridge, Jr., from 'Photographs.'

If you practice a while (it helps to hold a six-inch square of cardboard between the two prints and hang an eye on each side of it, but with practice you *can* do without it), the pictures flow together and suddenly spring into three-dimensional reality, sharp-focused and astonishing. If you're lucky enough to get your hands on this great book, try it. That alone is damn near worth the price.

Psychuous Sex

By Frank R. Wallace; I & O Publishing Company, P.O. Box 906, Boulder City, Nevada 89005; $25 hardcover, $17.50 paper.

"Psychuous (SIGH-kyu-uhs) is a new word that refers to any human activity that combines and integrates the rational mind with the emotional self and physical body."
—Frank R. Wallace

On the title page Frank R. Wallace tells you that to gain full value from his book, you must read it in order, page by page. And "the entire book must be read before any particular concept can be judged and utilized in the proper context." There are 146 of these concepts and more than 450 of these pages, and the only way I could satisfy Wallace would be to do what he says up front.

He prepares himself for adverse criticism by saying what the criticism is going to be. If he writes a paranoid passage, he asks, "Is [this] a ridiculous and paranoid view? . . . Perhaps."—thereby pulling the sting of the obvious. When he tells me I won't get his message unless I suspend judgment, he sets me up for the charge that if I don't buy his product, I haven't really read his book.

Well, what *is* this book? It's a shrill trumpeting of *Objectivism*, which is a worship of capitalism that goes far beyond merely reducing the size of government—it calls for practically eliminating it. Corporations are good. Monopolies are better, unless better, cheaper goods can be supplied by competition . . . if any. Services go to those who can pay. All others drop dead. This goes much farther than conservatism, says Wallace.

The author has a passion, an obsession, for lists and charts and tables. He scatters them all through his book. He even has a tear-out page for you to lay your dong on to see if it's average. His descriptions of sex—and he strongly approves of it—are starchy and clinical. He writes about humor without smiling; about love without (in the broad sense) loving. It's all tied in to his battle against "powercrats" (that is, theologians, "social intellectuals" and Ralph Nader).

Is there any value in this formidable tome? Oh, yes. Nowhere else in the world will you find such a cluster of references to common-law marriage in the various states, the names, addresses and phone numbers of all legal whorehouses, the price and publishers of more sex books than you ever knew existed, advice on diets and how to become immortal, and lots more.

Wallace writes a long scenario entitled "Destruction of This Book and Its Author," which suggests that the powercrats will be so spooked by it that he'll wind up with a lobotomy at government hands, and will be shot while escaping. He need not worry. Nobody will ever notice this book enough to suppress it.

The Rock Yearbook 1981

Edited by Michael Gross and Maxim Jakubowski; Delilah/Grove Press, 196 West Houston Street, New York, New York 10014; $11.95.

Here's a big, thick, colorful paperback that will tell you more than you ever knew existed about the rock scene. Although it has a strong English flavor, it covers both sides of the Atlantic. It's full of fine photographs, many in good color. It's an album of albums, the best of the year, the words, the art, the sound. It covers more than just plain old rock. It's into reggae, soul, disco, bluegrass, something called Euromusic (the amazing new European sound), blues, Western swing, Cajun and Zydeco, country, rockabilly, jazz/fusion and—well, you name it.

The book chronicles the year (but misses the tragedy of John Lennon because it was in print before that horrible news). It has the latest on the biggies:

Dylan, the Clash, Gary Numan, Tom Petty, Billy Joel, Pink Floyd, Bob Seger. It lays out the charts, week by week. It gives you the lowdown on rock films, rock books, the producers, the fads and fashions, the business in dollars and pounds, and includes a full listing of record companies, radio stations and recording studios. Then there are articles on the technology, the state-of-the-art and how recordings are made, mixed, pressed and distributed.

And the talent, fresh and new, the old familiars, the comebackers, the winners and losers and maybes, alphabetically from the group called the A's to one called ZZ Top—it's all there.

There's a wild collection of quotes from the talent too, scattered through a blinding array of color shots:

"I've had amnesia for as long as I can remember." (John Cooper Clarke)

"No one can be meaner, and no one can be more of a cunt than I am. But I don't want to be. It's just a front, you know? I just do what I do to get what I have to get." (Chrissie Hynde)

"I still think that the average American bloke just wants to take as many drugs as possible and go and sit in a place where the music is as loud as possible and just to 'Yeah! All right!' all the way through." (Joe Jackson)

"I think stealing a pickup truck with Jimi Hendrix is one of the high points of my life." (Neil Young)

"Last night someone blew his nose in his hands and threw it at me. I caught it in my mouth . . . it's only snot." (Toyah Wilcox)

And on and on and on . . . quite a helluva package.

Of Women and Their Elegance

By Norman Mailer; photographs by Milton H. Greene; Simon and Schuster, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; $29.95.

This is a tough one. If you have any compassion at all, any regard for the ultimate privacy of a person, especially anyone loved and already dead, then you'll get mad the moment you understand what this book is, and madder still at every page you turn.

Marilyn Monroe is dead, dammit. But a lot of people she loved, married, slept with and worked with are not. They have their memories, good, bad and beautiful. Let them keep them, and let her rest in peace. It's bad enough to drag up and display every seamy thing anyone has done, and to hang it up in a bright light to snicker at. It surely is worse to make up more, mix it with truth, part-truth and sheer invention in such a way that you can't tell the difference.

On the other hand, if you or anyone else is going to become a public person, with all the attendant payoffs, then you become, in large part, public property. You pay with privacy and dignity for money and fame and boosts to your ego. And it's fair to say that the more details about you that come to light, the more you can serve as a warning to other people headed for the same mistakes.



'Yearbook': The more outrageous the better for New Wave rock fashions.

For all the atrocities Mailer lays on her—the stories he invents about her life—Marilyn Monroe did indeed do some of those things; she might have done all of them, or even worse.

Mailer has written this story as if the words come from the actress herself. What makes *Of Women and Their Elegance* so tough to review is that the author writes so damn well; once he's hooked you into this book, you're not going to get out of it until he's done with you. But despite his inexcusable muckrakings and invasions of her privacy, he is still a deeply compassionate writer. The picture some of us have of Marilyn Monroe as a scared kid, cursed rather than blessed, with radiant skin and a go-to-bed body, remains untouched, even magnified.

Milton H. Greene is without question a true genius with his camera. The design of the book is flawless, with a kind of gallery at the beginning and the end. And throughout, Greene's photos are placed exactly right as you read Mailer's words.

This is not just a book about Marilyn Monroe, but of the whole New York/Hollywood scene she experienced, and of the glamorous and famous people who touched her life either gently or with harsh hands. So along with Greene's stunning camerawork on MM are his shots of Suzy Parker, Sir Laurence Olivier, Arthur Miller and other luminaries.

As for Greene's real-life role in the Monroe story, some may say he had a part in making her a victim; he was also her major support, her most generous and powerful friend.

I can only say I'm sorry this book ever got written, and yet I'm glad I have it to read.



Just a sample of Milton H. Greene's exquisite photography from 'Of Women and Their Elegance.'

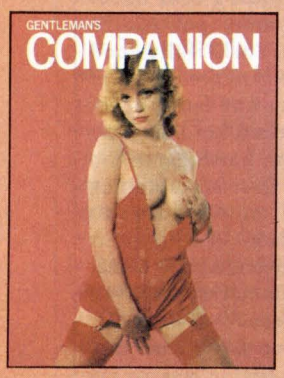
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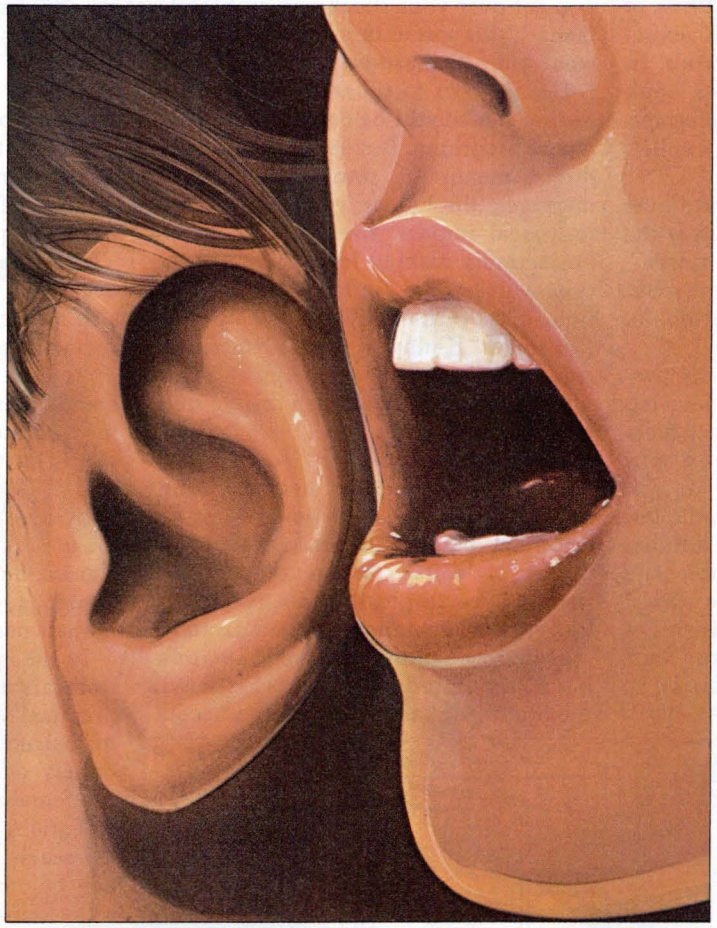
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Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



FRICTION DICTION

TURNING ON BY TALKING

by Genia Fogelson

Donna is 24, and although she's been sexually active since she was 17, it wasn't until she met Jack that she had her first orgasm. It was a major breakthrough.

"When Jack makes love to me," she says, "he's really uninhibited. And he's supervocal about his desires and pleasures. When we fuck, it's 'Suck my cock, bitch!' and 'Your cunt feels great.' Except for an occasional grunt or an 'I'm coming!' all the other men I slept with were virtually mute. And because they fucked in silence, so did I.

"It was as if there were an unspoken taboo hanging over us," Donna continues. "Like, it's okay to do it . . . but you shouldn't talk about it while you're doing it. Until I met Jack, I never realized talking dirty when you fuck is such a turn-on. Now all he has to say to me is 'I want to eat your pussy,' and I get instantly wet."

Donna is just one of a growing multitude of men and women who are discovering the connection between true sexual liberation and uninhibited vocalization during sex.

In an article published in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, Doctors John Money and Victor Duch write: "Subhuman primate [apes and monkeys] observations indicate that dominant males vocalize frequently and vociferously during copulation, while their lesser troop members vocalize infrequently, if at all. . . . Noisy lovers are less prudish and less inhibited and have more fun."

In other words, the ape that screams the loudest and pounds his chest gets more and better snatch. But besides being a turn-on, vocalizing during sex possibly has physiological advantages because it "may aid in coordinating ejaculation/orgasm, and thus increase the chance of fertilization."

According to a Chicago-based writer, Andrew McPherson, the black American term for this kind of sex talk is "friction diction." But McPherson claims it's "nothing new to blacks. Shit, you just 'get down'! I mean, a cunt is a cunt, and a cock is a cock, and when you're giving it to your lady, you might as well honestly say what you're feeling."

Redbook magazine interviewed 40,000 men, almost half of whom "strongly or moderately agreed it's exciting when a woman uses sexually explicit language." An example is this anecdote from Melody, a $100-a-night hooker. "I've got this regular john who's a lawyer. He's got a million-dollar vocabulary, and he's famous for his silver tongue in court. But when we get undressed, he talks to me like a truck driver. Nothing will satisfy him short of my talking to him like one too. From the moment we get it on until he shoots his wad, it's fuck, suck, bitch and prick all the way."

Men get off on friction diction; it's as simple as that. But talking dirty still remains one of the more serious taboos around. Fortunately, for men who are locked into the standard puritanical marriage (with four-letter words off-limits), there's a booming business in what's called "dial-a-fuck." A guy simply has to call one of the numbers in the classified ads of a sex-oriented newspaper. For a small price he'll get an earful of cunts, clits, garter belts, cocks, fucks and sucks.

But women get off on suggestive words too. Many women who would like to have their husbands or lovers talk dirty to them, but lack the guts to ask, often let obscene telephone calls go unreported because they really enjoy them.

Man seems to be the only animal that has hang-ups about freely expressing sounds during lovemaking. While the liberalization of talking dirty and of making uninhibited sex sounds continues to blossom, there is still widespread "bashfulness" about *talking* dirty while making love.

Cecily Green, a Los Angeles sex surrogate, feels such vocalizing enhances the quality of the sexual experience. (Working under the supervision of a licensed therapist, a sex surrogate performs as a partner to a sexually dysfunctional client in a therapy program. This involves sensual and sexual touching and sexual-skills training, including intercourse.)

Ms. Green says a lack of talking during sex means a problem in communication between partners. "Some people never let their partners know what they want," she states. "Sometimes four-letter words during lovemaking are offensive—it depends on the person. The way to break through this barrier is to communicate your desires and likes to your

Illustration by Rich Mahon

partner so you can both enjoy the experience."

Much of the blame for this hesitance to talk dirty during sex can be traced to our early childhood. We were told by Mommy and Daddy that talking dirty is "bad." So we can blame our hang-ups on Establishment ignorance. For example, consider the virtual absence of specific information on the vital role of the human voice (in actualizing sexual pleasure) in the how-to sex manuals. In the supposedly comprehensive book *The Joy of Sex* only *one short paragraph* deals with the erotic power of explicit words and sex sounds.

Particularly neglected or glossed over in printed or oral sex instruction is the turn-on value of so-called "dirty words." Words like *fuck, pussy, prick* and *screw* are labeled dirty. As a result, they do not even appear in sex manuals.

And there are other reasons why people are afraid to use the earthy, four-letter words of fucking when they *are* fucking. Slang words for pleasurable parts of the body, and for sexual acts, are *also* used to represent anger, disgust, the low and the vile. Four-letter words simultaneously signify both the desirable and the detestable. Even though the *way* it is said makes a world of difference ("Fuck me, honey," as opposed to "Fuck you, Clarence!"), it's still confusing to some people.

Perhaps the best way to overcome this is to set aside a night with your lover, during which you both agree to get into friction-diction lovemaking. Lay down the ground rules up front: By way of words, grunts, moans, squeals, giggles, shouts and cries . . . *anything* goes! And the more, the merrier. And the louder, the better. You'll be surprised—once you get over your shock and embarrassment, if this sort of thing is new to you—what a terrific turn-on it is.

Giving vent to sounds and dirty talk during sex should be considered as normal as breathing. Besides being the most direct means of transmitting sexual messages, the human voice has an aphrodisiacal impact. Even when you are not actually making love, there are certain voices and inflections that are immediate turn-ons. The effect of country singer Kenny Rogers's voice gets legions of women wet. And Marilyn Monroe's voice was enough to give some men an instant erection.

Brain researchers D. P. Nowlis and J. Kamiya point out that certain sounds repeated over and over again alter the electrical pattern of brain waves—for better or worse. When that occurs, there's a corresponding change in the body. For instance, in meditation, repeatedly chanting "om" or other droning sounds produces alpha rhythms in the brain. Alpha rhythms always accompany feelings of well-being and of peace. It's just as likely that emotionally charged words like *cum* and other spontaneous, instinctual sounds of lovemaking also alter our brain rhythms and increase our sexual pleasure.

The energy-suffused sounds of sex also enhance pleasure by changing our breathing patterns. When we emit raw sounds and words emotionally, our diaphragm works in short jerky exhalations and inhalations, quickening our bloodflow and heartbeat. This in turn quickens our excitement.

Just as the growl of a dog in heat is different from its growl when angry, the texture of the human voice changes when a person is sexually aroused. These changes not only indicate the degree of the person's excitement, but also collectively act as an aphrodisiac upon the central nervous system.

At least one sect, Tantric Buddhism (sometimes called the Yoga of Sex), incorporates the uttering of profane words in its sacred sex rites to intensify sexual pleasure. Sir John Woodroffee's book on Tantra, *Serpent Power*, explains many of the yogic techniques used in Tantra, one of which is the use of coarse "language borrowed from the world of human passion."

In the most famous of all sex manuals from ancient India—the *Kama Sutra*—practically an entire chapter is devoted to instructing the male in the use of a variety of sounds during sex to excite the female.

Total sex means precisely that—total. To reach the heights of passion, every one of our senses—taste, touch, smell, sight and *hearing*—must be awakened to actively bring us to complete, orgasmic bliss. It's simple logic that the more senses you turn on and keep burning, the more likely you are to experience overall orgasmic pleasure.

As in most matters, including sex, "the greater the investment, the greater the return." Many sex researchers maintain that unless the whole body is sexually awakened, full release from sexual tension just isn't very likely.

Cultivating a taste for hearing and being aroused by the sounds of sex is still the least-discussed topic anywhere in our culture, be it in books or classrooms. If sex is a form of communication, as sex researchers tell us, then the obvious channel to communicate on must be vocal. And what better way is there to express these deep yearnings and desires than with spontaneous, unedited friction diction?

It's amazing, really, what a simple, sensuous little phrase like "Fuck me!" can do to and for a person.




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THE DRAFT

MARCHING INTO CONFLICT?

There is a single image from the latest furor over the draft that sticks in the brain—a nagging reminder that somehow things have gone wrong. The image is a photograph from the *New York Times*, showing an antidraft demonstrator on a tree-lined Ivy League college campus. His mouth is open, shouting, and his face is contorted into a grimace. He is carrying a placard that reads, "THERE IS NOTHING WORTH DYING FOR!" The image remains because a few years ago that person could have been me, and what bothers me is that, although my placard might have been worded differently ("END THE DRAFT—NOW!"), the message boiled down to the same thing. It's not a question of the draft; it's a question of dying, and nobody wants to be the first to get in line.

In a letter to the *Washington Post* a distraught mother wrote, "No. No. No. No. Never my child." That's right: Not her child—he's too smart, too



REPORT BY MICHAEL BANE

Illustration by Tim Huhn

necessary, too hardworking, too virtuous. Not me either—I've got a wife, a family, a bad back, a trick knee, a *career.* I plan to die in bed, of old age, not in some far-off jungle or moonscape desert with a gun in my hand and a chain around my neck to help them identify the remains. Send somebody else—not *me.*

But maybe it's going to be me—and *you*—after all. Especially if you just turned 18 and were already looking forward to those big bucks just as soon as you could rush through college. Instead, you're going to have to make that cruise down to your local post office, where you'll be required to give your name, address, telephone number, Social Security number and date of birth, making sure your name is in the Big File.

And maybe, if the dice roll the wrong way, that post-college career at IBM isn't even going to get off the ground; maybe there's a jungle out there with your name on it—a jungle where your shattered remains will rot and dissolve into a muddy ditch, leaving only that aluminum dog tag.

Which is why, despite such clever advertising slogans as "Join the people who've joined the Army" and "The Marines are looking for a few good men," the military is never going to be the kind of institution with which you can get all cozy and snuggly. The bottom line is that—job benefits aside—war can get you very dead.

Of all the various aspects of military service, the draft remains the most controversial, the most misunderstood and the most damned. At its best the system has been derided as a barely necessary evil. Nobel Prize-winning economist Milton Friedman, long a proponent of an all-volunteer army, called the draft "completely in conflict with the basic values of a free society."

Senator Mark O. Hatfield (Rep.-Oregon), who fought the passage of the latest draft-registration bill down to the wire, called a peacetime draft "a system of involuntary servitude." But, as one pro-registration person pointed out wryly, so are compulsory education, mandatory inheritance and income taxes, and numerous other unpleasant procedures. The only difference is that with the draft, you can get killed.

Nobody really *wants* a peacetime draft. In 1980 President Jimmy Carter disclaimed it even as he signed a proclamation authorizing registration. Registration only, he said; no draft. Even before moving into the White House, Ronald Reagan stated his opposition to a new draft.

There is a single reason, though, that has kept the draft from vanishing from American life and military planning; the reason, in fact, that Carter revived the issue of registration in his 1980 State of the Union message despite a guaranteed shitstorm. The reason is simple: The draft works. Apparently, the Volunteer Army does not.

The complete truth of the success or failure of the Volunteer Army is hidden beneath the Pentagon's almost-reflexive distorting of the facts. But the Volunteer Army seems to be, as characterized by Professor Richard A. Gabriel of St. Anselm's College in Manchester, New Hampshire, "an army of America's poor, its minorities, its blacks and its economically disadvantaged."

Faced with a real shooting war, the downtrodden might or might not fight. And even if they do fight, they might not win, because of a critical shortage of trained manpower and reserves.

Senator Sam Nunn (Dem.-Georgia), a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee and leading Senate expert on military affairs, recently castigated the Army for withholding figures about the depressing state of the Volunteer Army. "These statistics should sober up even the top Army leadership," Nunn said. "The volunteer force is clearly not working." Cracks are even appearing in the forces of the Pentagon itself. Last year Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, chief of Naval Operations, broke a long-standing precedent by taking his case against the Volunteer Army directly to reporters, openly breaking with the Pentagon.

* * *

The 1960s took a whole generation of young people and ran them through a blender with a heady mixture of drugs, sex and weirdo politics, and a lot of us came out different. Aside from the most visible differences—such as the liberalization of sexual attitudes and the widespread use of drugs like marijuana—the biggest effect on us all was the unshakable idea that the government always lied. It seemed we were fighting for Big Business, to protect the interests of Pepsi-Cola and big oil. But it also seemed that the children of the wealthy and of the politicians were staying home while the lower and middle classes were served up as cannon fodder. So we fought in the ways we knew best—demonstrations, draft resistance, sit-ins, even civil disobedience.

About 15,000 of us flatly refused to be drafted, paying the price for avoiding conscription with fines of $10,000 and/or five-year prison sentences, or by heading to Canada. Thousands who were drafted went AWOL, mostly to Sweden. Fifty-five thousand were shipped to Vietnam, and came back in body bags. The ones who did return alive were too often permanently scarred.

The most effective way to dodge the draft, though, was by obtaining a student deferment—the near-legendary 2-S classification. If you had money to go to college, you didn't have to get shot at. That inequity was one of the very things the Volunteer Army was created to fix.

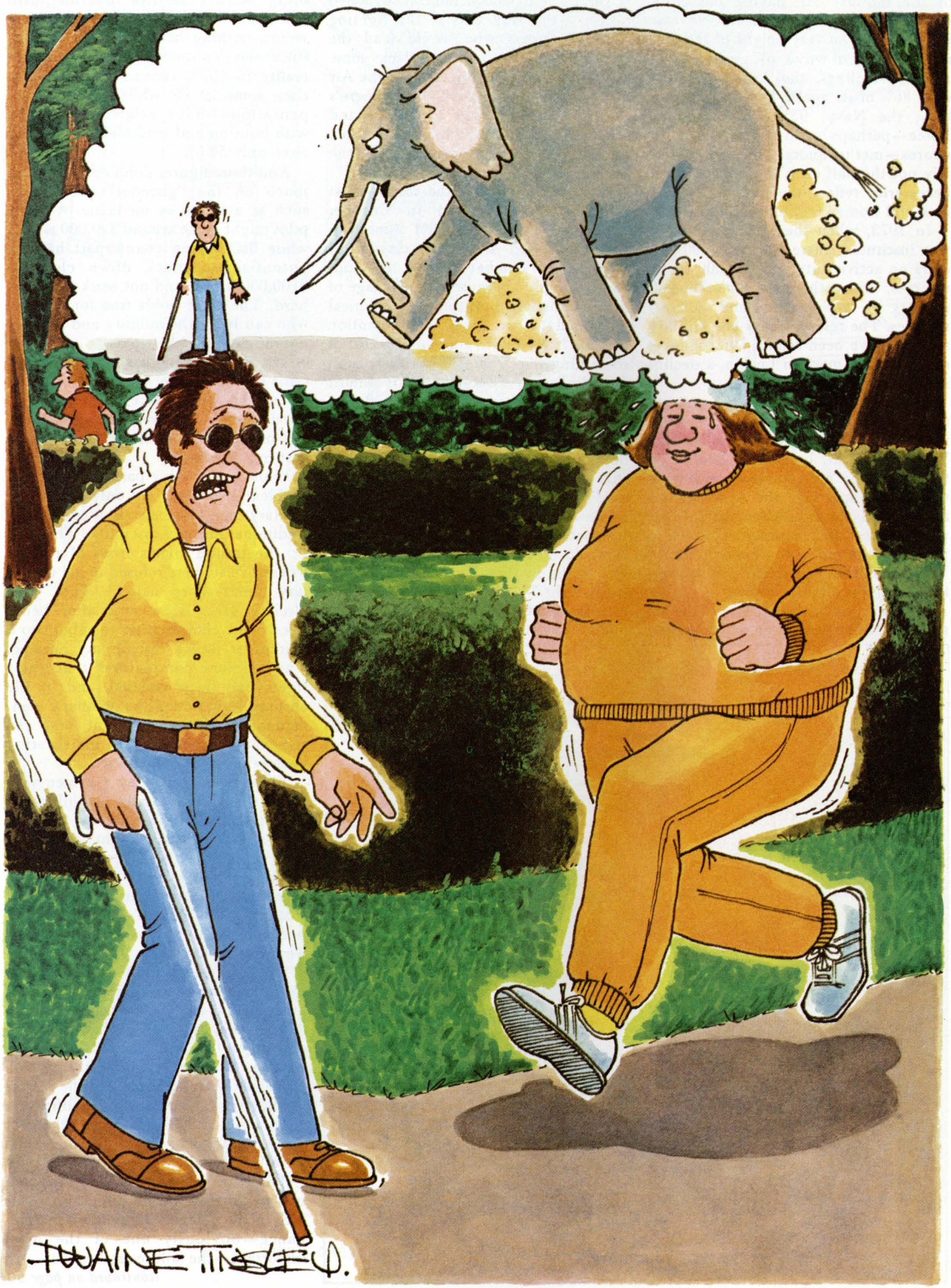
The New Army would become attractive to all segments of society. Just look at the commercials on television: "Join the Army, learn a career" . . . "Join the Army, get sent to college afterward." Those messages cost the combined armed forces almost $150 million a year.

Yet despite the ads and incentives designed to attract recruits, all branches

NEW RECRUITING HOOKS

Recently, Pentagon recruiters launched a nationwide campaign to attract "brighter" recruits. They were responding to criticism of all branches of the armed forces for recruiting practices that overlooked scores on entrance tests in an effort to boost quotas for individual recruiters. The Defense Department, in fact, admitted many GIs were turning out to be almost illiterate. Now the Pentagon, with the assistance of Congress, is trying to boost the military's appeal to high-school graduates by offering two benefit packages similar to the old GI Bill of Rights, which was scrapped in 1977. And separately, the Army is offering its own higher-education benefits, with as much as $20,000 in bonuses for some high-school graduates who accept combat duty or hard-to-fill assignments.

Unlike the old GI Bill, which provided educational benefits to *everyone* in the armed forces, the new benefit packages being tested are designed to be rewards only to high-school graduates who select combat duty and other undesirable posts. Congress is reportedly adding to the so-called incentive by allowing students with federal student loans to work off their debts in the military. The new program is being advertised across the country and tested in various regions in an effort to boost high-school graduates to 65% of the total number of recruits joining the armed forces.


DUANE TINSLEY.

of the military are having desperate trouble meeting their quotas. In November 1979, at the very height of the Iranian-inspired wave of get-behind-America feelings, the Army recruited only 86% of its goals. The Marines got 82%; the Navy, 95%. Only the Air Force—perhaps with its better brochures—met its quota. And that is literally not the half of it; those goals don't necessarily reflect the real number of men and women required to fight a war.

In 1973, when the Volunteer Army was instituted, there were 802,000 soldiers on active duty and 758,000 ready reserves. Today there are some 765,000 soldiers on active duty and 209,000 reserves. The reserves, says one military analyst, have been reduced to the level of a twisted American Legion, a declining social club.

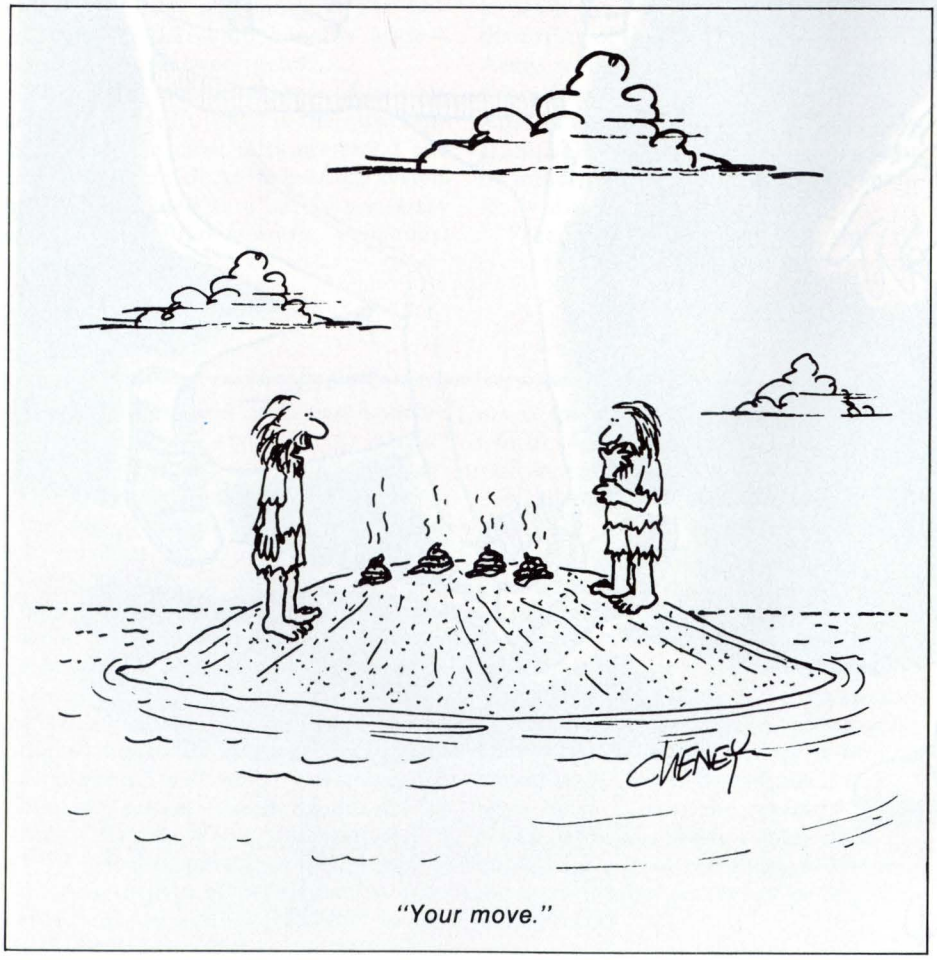
Of course, the Army says the reserves are doing just great, especially since manpower quotas were lowered by 50%. When in doubt, juggle the books. To figure out the need for reserves during wartime, simply take the Army figures and multiply by two. Also consider that perhaps the major reason people used to join the reserves was to beat the draft. Without a draft, who joins? The answer, apparently, is almost no one.

As long as we're reciting dismal statistics, there's much more. The Army is short about 46,000 noncommissioned officers—the very guts of the fighting force, the guys who would lead the grunts into battle. The Navy lacks some 20,000 senior petty officers, and the Air Force is looking for 2,000 pilots. There's also a drastic shortage of doctors and medical personnel throughout all branches of the services and the reserves.

Most pundits agree the shit is most likely to hit the fan in Europe. Shockingly, nearly 40% of American ships deployed there are classed as "marginally combat ready" or "not combat ready" because of a shortage of noncommissioned officers and technical personnel to run them. The retention rate for Navy pilots, trained at a cost of something like $600,000 per flier, is an incredibly low 28%, making it almost impossible to keep all our planes flying.

Forty percent of all military enlistees fail to complete their full period of obligation. Military morale is so low that the blustery, iconoclastic magazine *Soldier of Fortune*, after extensive interviews on and off the record with drill instructors, NCOs and career officers, summed up the problems of the Volunteer Army in three terse words: "They won't fight."

A big part of the problem is simply money. Despite promises by Congress to bring military salaries into line with those paid for similar work in the private sector, nothing has happened. In fact, since the Volunteer Army became a reality in 1973, consumer prices have risen some 76.5%, while military compensation—that's salaries combined with housing and food allowances—has risen only 50.6%.



"Your move."

And those figures don't even begin to touch on the "glamour" professions, such as aviation or medicine. A Navy pilot might make around $20,000 a year, while his civilian counterpart has the potential to knock down close to $100,000 a year and not work nearly as hard. The same holds true for doctors, who can leave the military and literally double or triple their pay.

The pay situation has reached such a crisis that some Navy personnel applied for welfare (but were turned down). Food stamps, however, have become a fact of life on many of the nation's biggest military bases.

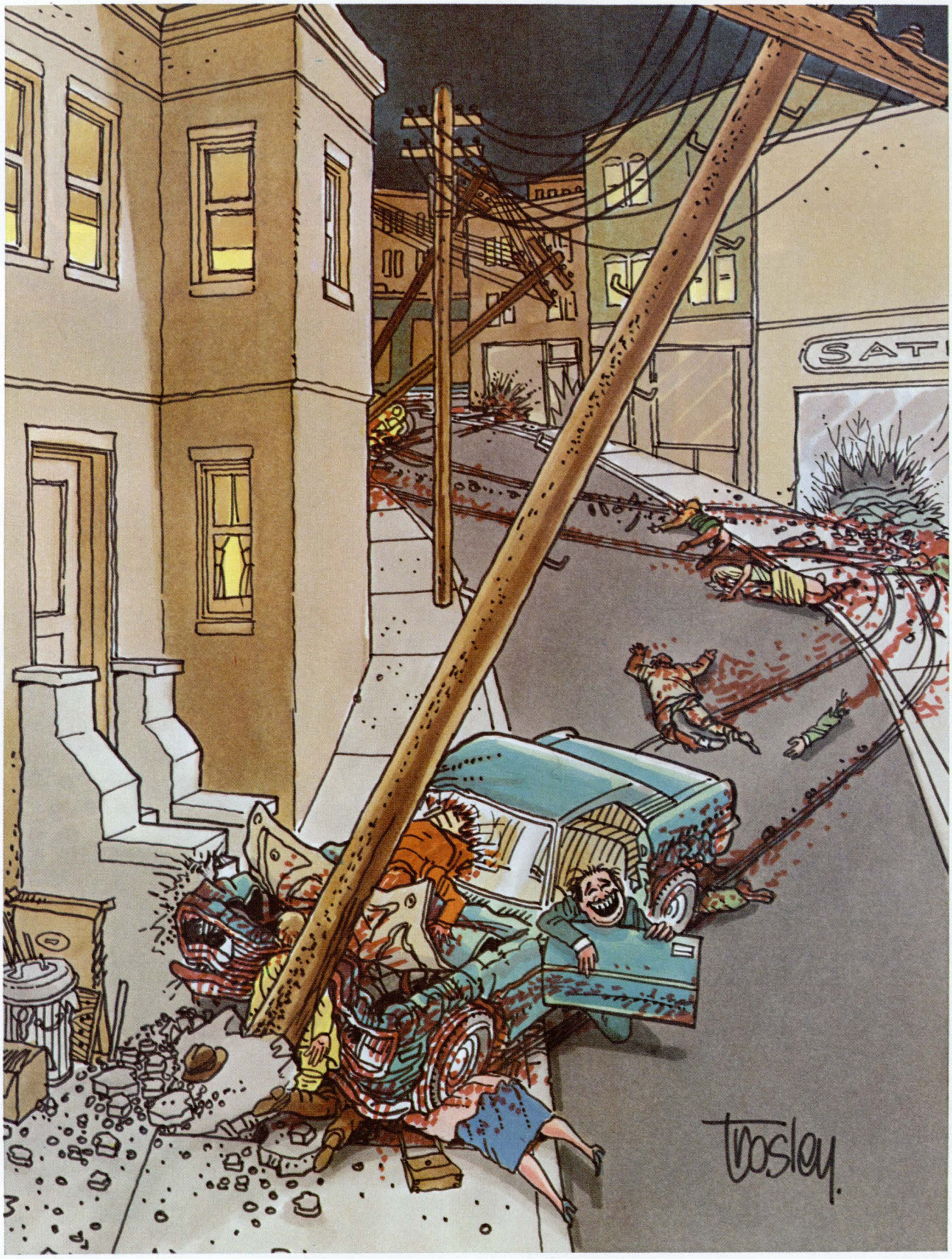
While pay is a big part of the morale problem, it is hardly the only one. Many military men also bemoan a collapse of traditional military discipline. The classic illustration comes from Maryland, where five soldiers refused to get a military (read: short) haircut. They were forcibly given crew cuts after being offered the choice either to submit to a haircut or face a disciplinary hearing. The soldiers complained that their rights had been violated, and in the ensuing legal action the company commander, the first sergeant and the sergeant who actually did the shearing were relieved of their duties.

The new recruits, say the men who train them, are totally unwilling to accept the strict discipline of military life—a system that might ultimately save their lives. And the Army, in a headlong rush to keep the Volunteer Army from coming apart at the seams, sides with the recruits against their experienced trainers—many of whom want out themselves.

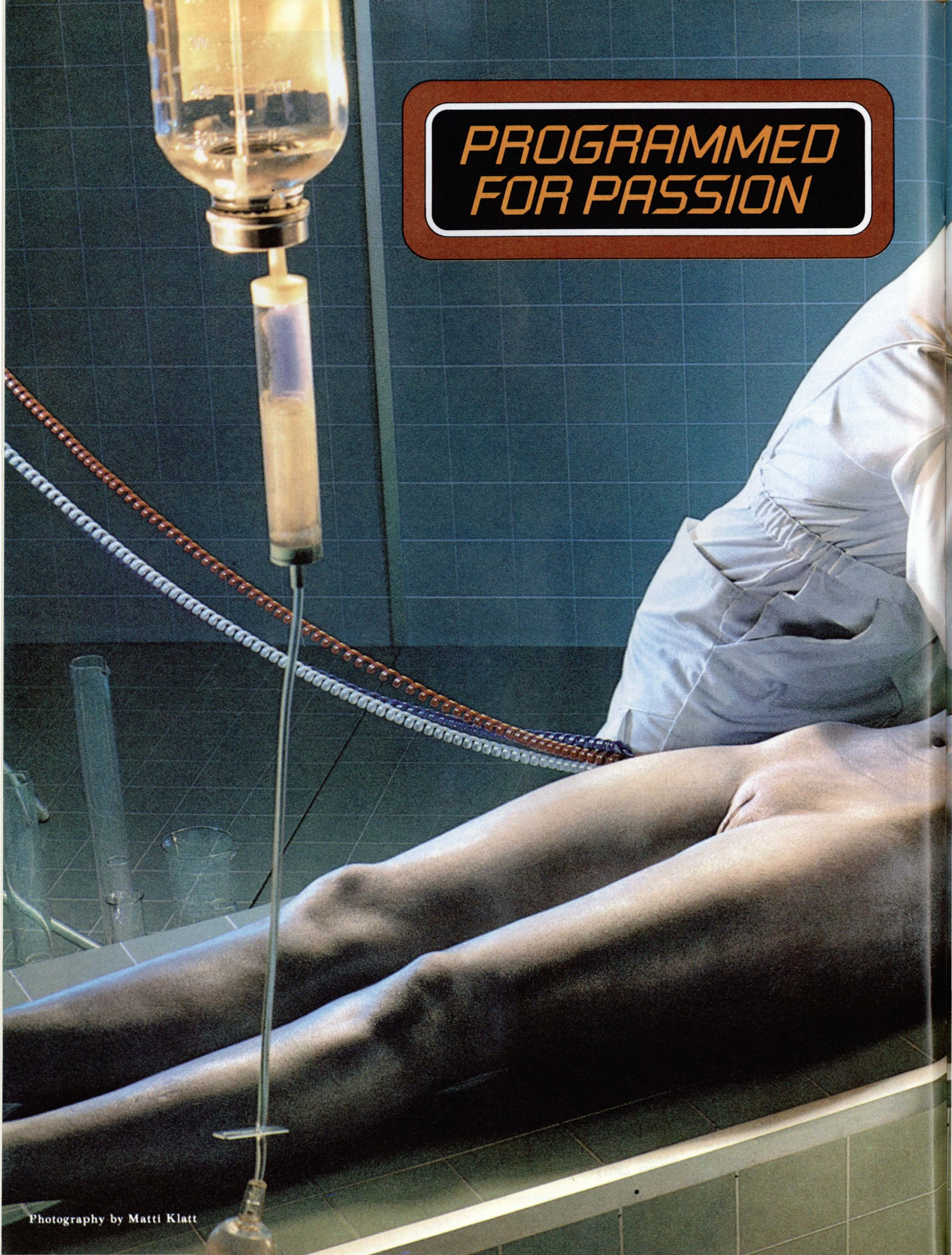
Critics of the Volunteer Army point to ridiculously low scores on various qualification tests as clear signs that the Army—and the country, if we have to depend on the Army to do its job—is in trouble. Senator Nunn of the Armed Services Committee released the results of the Army's own Skill Qualification Tests from 1980—which, he claimed, the Army tried to suppress. The results were horrifying.

These on-the-job tests were supposed to show how well each soldier knew his job. In the category of aviation maintenance—obviously one of the most important—the failure rate was 91%. (In

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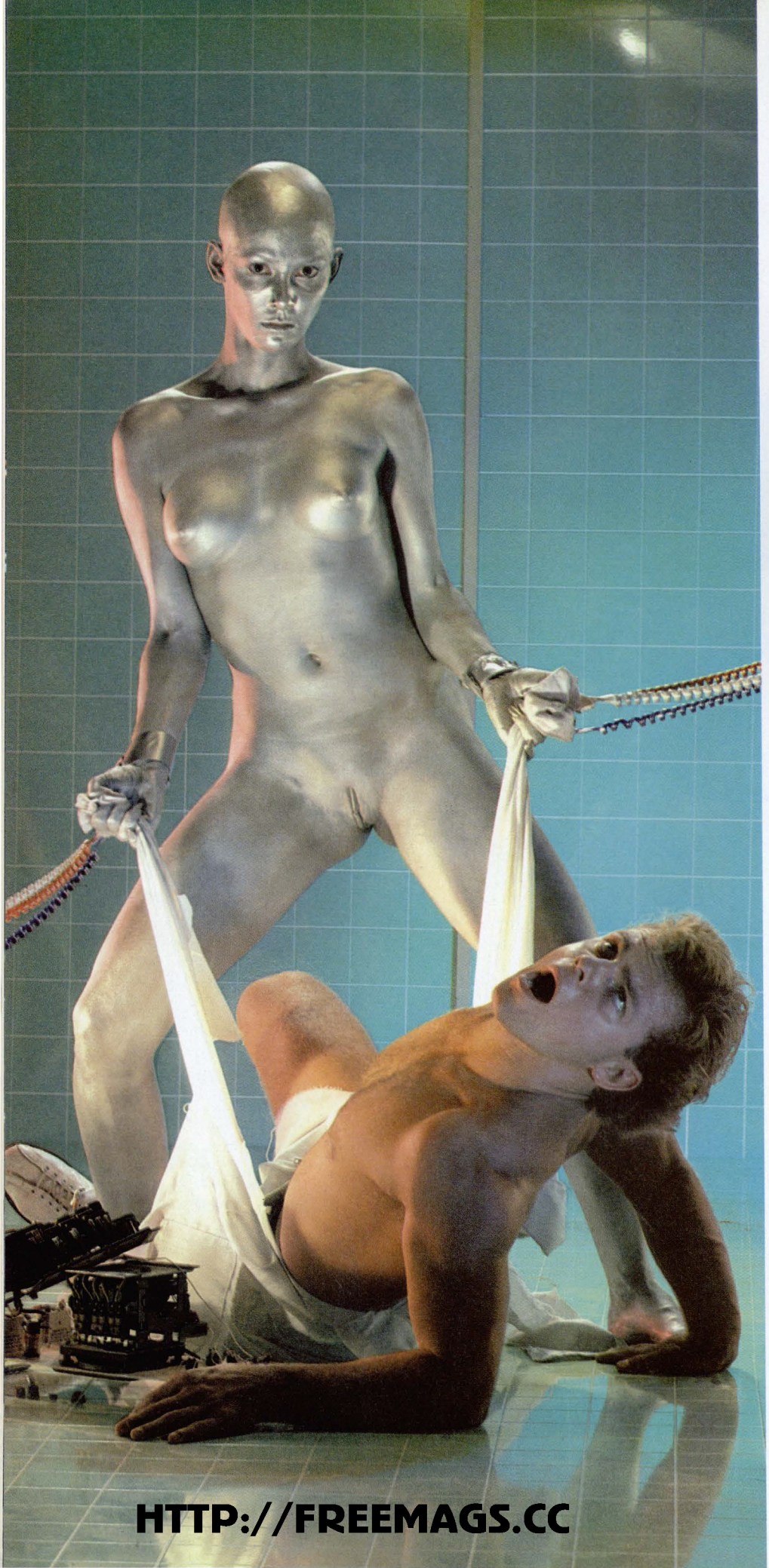


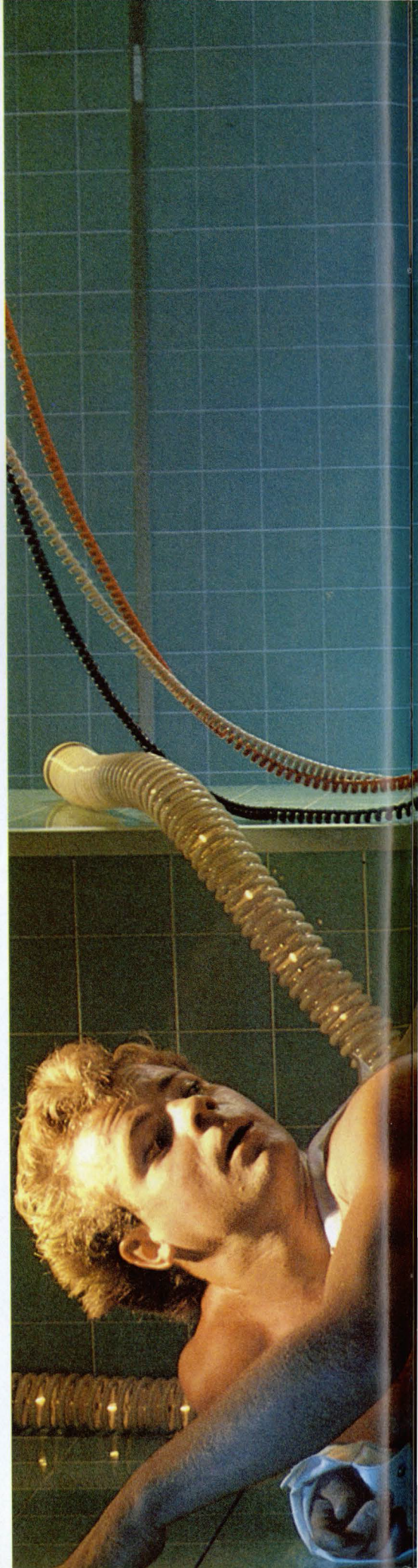
"Okay, okay! I admit it . . . I'm too drunk to drive!"



Photography by Matti Klatt


RESET





HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC









(continued from page 40)

missile maintenance the failure rate was only 39%.) Over half flunked in military intelligence; almost 70% in communications. Even in food services three-quarters of the enlistees failed.

The Army's response, through Army Secretary Clifford Alexander, was that more and more men are learning their jobs each year. An earlier study commissioned by the Army itself in 1978, and conducted by Brigadier General Fredrick Brown, showed that one out of four tank gunners stationed in Germany, looking down the barrel of the biggest, most efficient tank force in the world—that of the Soviet Union—didn't know how to aim their battle sights.

"We don't have an antimilitary sentiment in the nation," said Brigadier General Alexander Patrick McMillan, director of Marine recruiting. "We have, basically, a noninterest in the military. The middle class has deserted it."

The results of that desertion are starkly clear. Instead of alleviating the apparent discrimination of the Vietnam years ("A black army fighting a yellow people for a white country," went one of the more popular slogans of the time), the Volunteer Army is even more black—currently 36%. The reading level of the average recruit has dropped to the fifth-grade level. Only 42% of all recruits have a high-school degree, versus 55% in 1979. And drug use—something we heard about daily in Vietnam—is epidemic.

More than half the recruits come from families with incomes of less than $10,000 a year, although less than one-third of all American families fall below that level. Two of the biggest recruiting states are New York and Florida, both of which have high unemployment and few opportunities for their young people.

* * *

The revival of interest in the draft stems from the fact that the Soviet Union has once again embarked on a campaign of world domination—if, indeed, it ever really stopped. If we don't do something to slow the Soviets down, we may end up speaking Russian and working on collective farms. Unless, of course, we all end up as a cloud of ionized particles floating over a devastated radioactive landscape.

These unpleasant realities, however, are blurred by the "Vietnam experience." We are still trying to make heads or tails of what that undeclared war did to us, both as a nation and as individuals. For one thing, Vietnam made the military into demons, the source of all our problems. As a result, it became fashionable to try to avoid military service—to dodge the draft.

This hostility toward and fear of the military can still be seen today. "Registration leads to a draft which will inevitably lead to military adventurism," wrote Murray Polner, the author of *No Victory Parades: The Return of the Vietnam Veteran*. "Are we ready to establish yet another generation of victims?"

In a *Commonweal* article Polner also dismissed the Russian threat thusly: "The Soviet antagonist, while dangerous, is in truth an aging and clumsy bear, with severe internal and foreign problems, an inefficient economy, a brutal governing system, a Chinese nightmare to the east and unreliable client states to the west." This was, of course, before the aging, clumsy bear whipped through Afghanistan like claws through honey and began placing aging, clumsy nuclear missiles along the Afghanistan-Iran border. That blatant encroachment stunned Jimmy Carter into calling for a new draft registration to prove to the Soviets "we mean business."

The crux of the whole draft argument is this: Since Vietnam the world has become a distinctly more dangerous place in which to live. And the draft is part of our response to that new world.

* * *

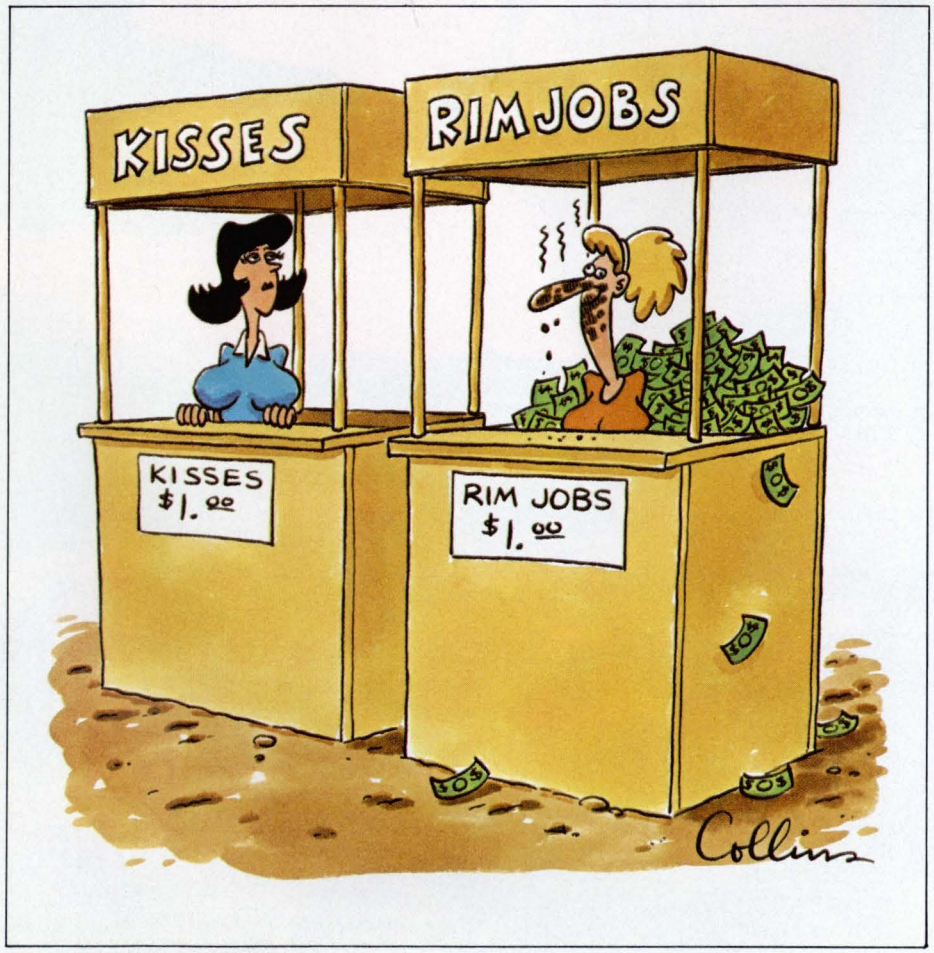
The first idea for a selective service system was drawn up immediately after the Civil War, during which anyone who didn't want to serve could buy his way out or claim various deferments or just find some other sucker to serve for him. That system proved so repugnant that the government sought to find a saner way to run a war, should another one happen along. That war came in 1917, and the Selective Service System came into being shortly thereafter. The draft didn't end until 1920, only to be reactivated in a storm of controversy in 1940, more than a year before America's entry into World War II.

Following that global conflict the draft became an on-again, off-again proposition, being fired up to deal with both a false war scare (the 1948 Czechoslovak coup) and real hostilities (Korea). In 1951 the Army, with the full and hearty support of President Harry Truman, sought to change the draft into a form of universal military service, with every young man serving his country for at least six months.

What killed the draft most recently was Vietnam, where the U.S. got involved in one of those costly, bloody conflicts that weren't supposed to happen anymore. It was a war fought by grunts—the cannon-fodder foot soldiers.

Unfortunately, military planners no-

(continued on page 54)





ANTIQUE PORN

A LOVING LOOK AT THE WAY THEY WERE

If Adam and Eve had had a Polaroid camera, they might have taken photos like the ones shown here. Art history is full of erotic drawings meant to arouse the spectators of the times. Almost an instinct, like seeking shelter or mating, looking at "dirty pictures" has always been one of man's favorite activities. But it took the invention of the camera to bring the depiction of sex to its most enjoyable, and most controversial, form.

During the Victorian era the camera provided a needed sexual outlet for the repressed public of that austere time. In the late 19th century women freed themselves of their bulky, stifling dresses to pose for French postcard photographers.

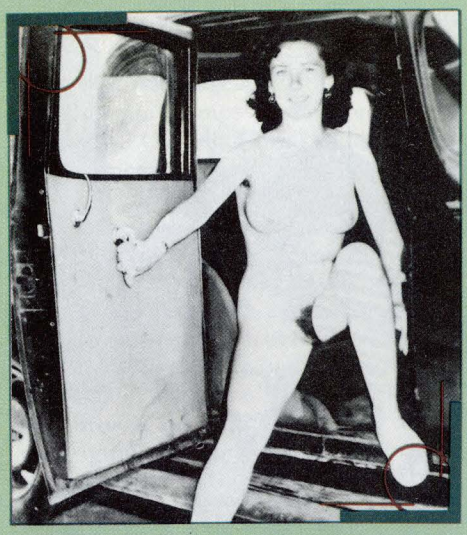
For the first time the guy on the street could see *real* men and women doing what his wife refused to even discuss. This certainly must have done a great deal to relax the existing sexual restrictions, although the photographs were still underground entertainment.

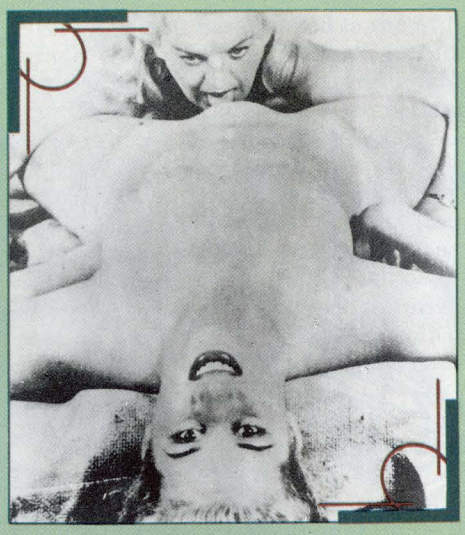


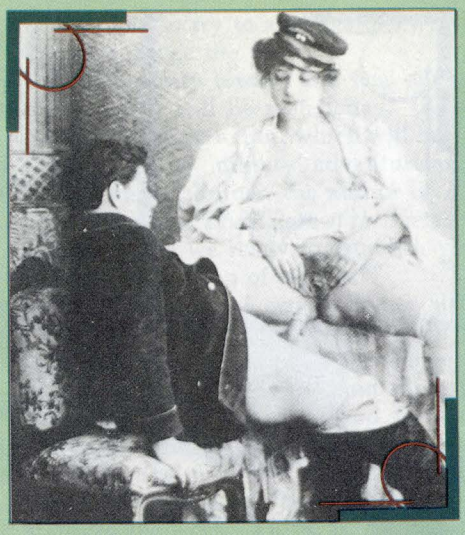
Even once-prudish women couldn't help but sneak a peek at bawdy photos, and once having looked, their curiosity was aroused. How many men today take their lovers to an X-rated movie or share their copy of HUSTLER . . . just to get them in the mood?

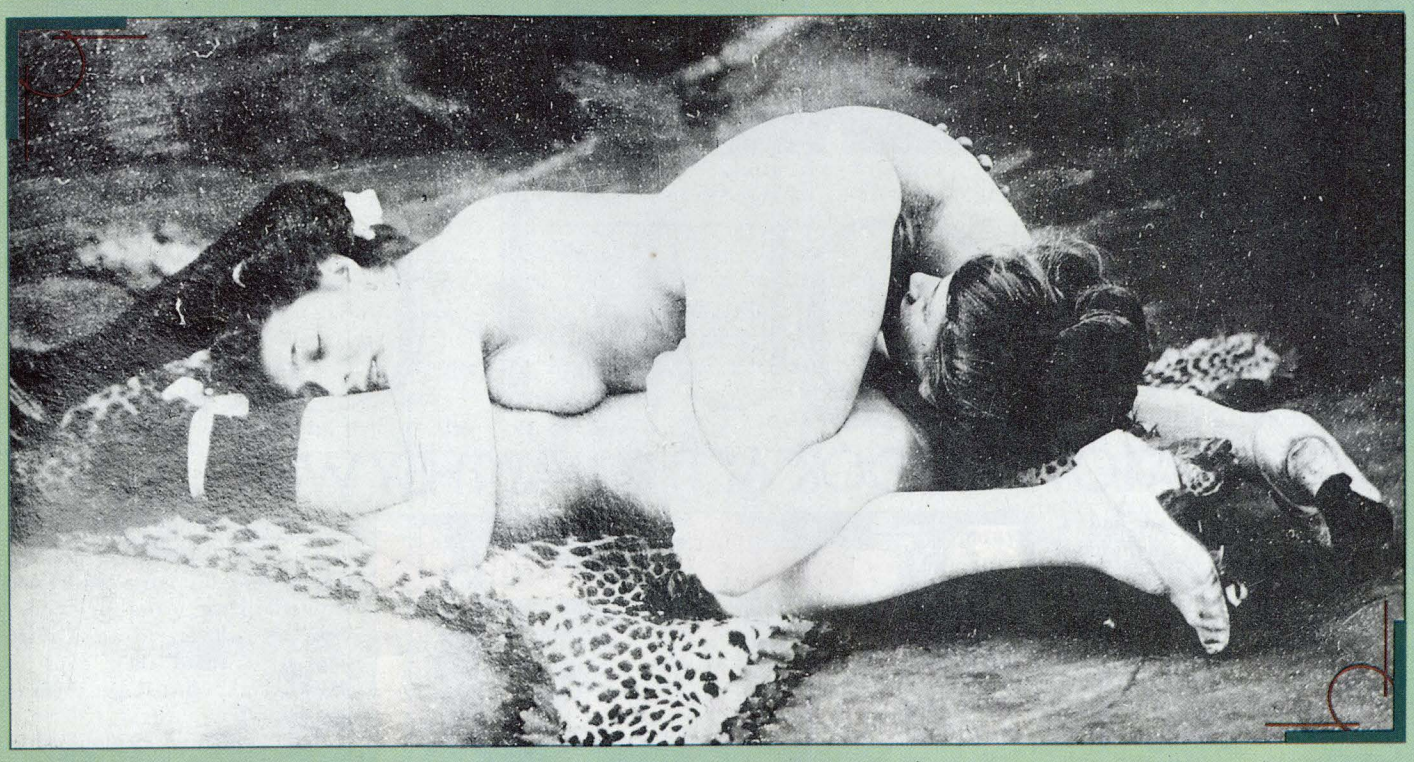
The 1920s and 1930s saw the arrival of full publications devoted to men's tastes in adult pleasures. Nude and seminude pictorials of women then rapidly evolved into hard-core areas covering the most-intimate sex acts.

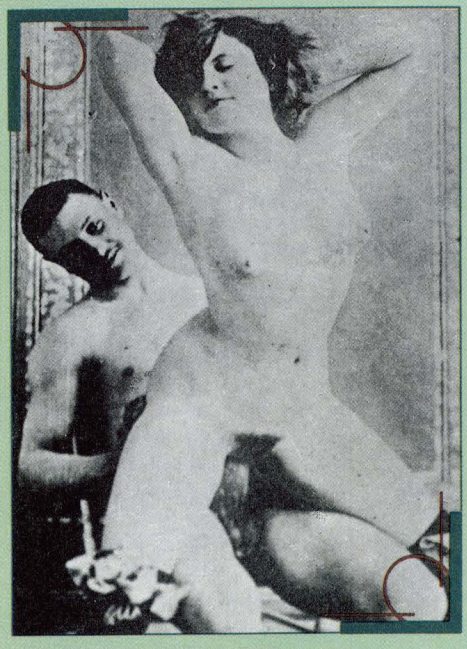
The temporary return to modesty in the somber 1940s, when men's magazines showed little more than scantily clad cheesecake models, brought back some popularity to shots of single nudes (stag-card decks, for example). But the rise of bold, high-quality color centerfolds and the birth of adult bookstores (in which explicit sex books could be sold over the counter) brought the virtual extinction of these snapshots, which had so long lined the bottoms of men's dresser drawers everywhere.







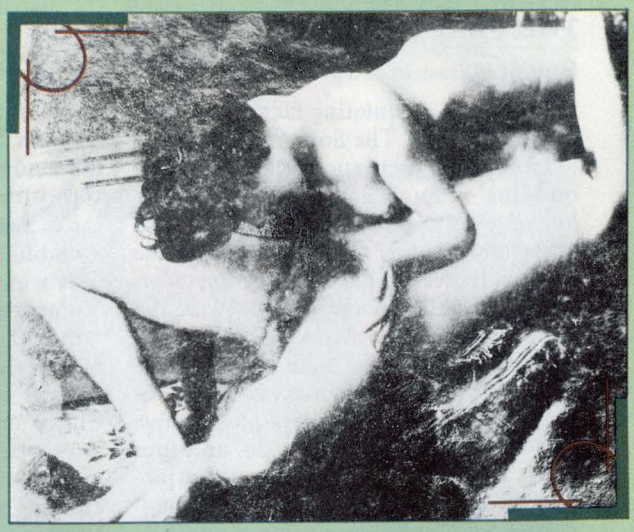


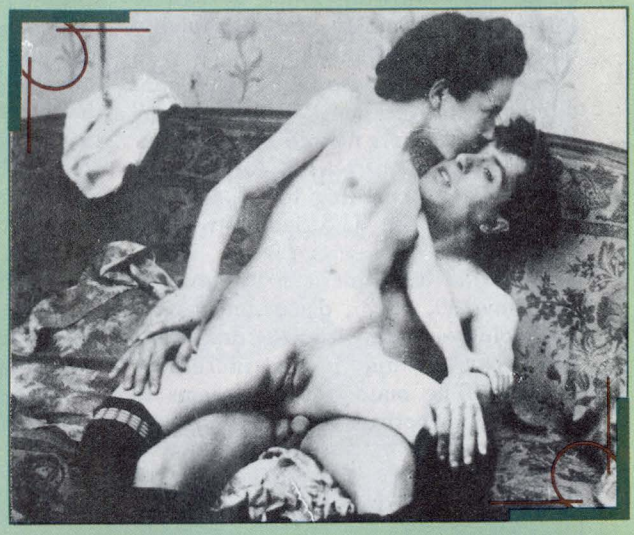














THE DRAFT

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ticed a fairly disquieting fact in the post-Vietnam world. The Soviets, in addition to expanding their nuclear arsenal, were building a huge conventional force—lots of guns and tanks and infantrymen, especially in the sensitive area of the border between East and West Germany. The Red Army is now twice the size of the U.S. Army. (The Soviet Union has universal male conscription, with each soldier serving two years for $10 a month.) The Soviets possess five times as many tanks as we do, and four times the artillery. They have also pioneered the use of chemical weapons—poison gas—providing such devices to the North Vietnamese, and have readily used them in Afghanistan.

In 1978 the Defense Department conducted a study called "Nifty Nugget." Pentagon planners figured on a conventional assault on NATO forces, and guess what? According to the Defense Department, the U.S. and its allies would lose.

Since the last American was drafted (on June 30, 1973), discussions about the Volunteer Army and the draft have been carried out in an incredible vacuum. The main question seems to have been whether the armed services are fair to men, women, blacks, whites, long-hairs, short-hairs and what-have-you, not whether the armed services are ready to fight a war if they have to. Last summer Senator Nunn blasted the civilian leadership of the Army for trying to turn it into "a Job Corps equipped with tanks and nuclear missiles," rather than a viable fighting force.

It's easy to forget, after all, that the Volunteer Army was the creation of none other than Richard M. Nixon, who at that time was taking a lot of heat from college students. Interestingly enough, things cooled off when the Volunteer Army came into being. When undergraduates were no longer faced with the chance of being drafted, mass demonstrations became a thing of the past.

Also, incredibly, the very arguments leveled against the creation of a Volunteer Army are now being used against the reinstitution of a draft—in some cases by the very same people. The Advisory Commission on an All-Volunteer Armed Forces was launched by Nixon and chaired by former Secretary of Defense Thomas S. Gates, Jr. Although favoring the idea, the commission listed the following objections to the Volunteer Army:

□ It was too expensive.

□ The citizen's obligation to his country would be weakened.

□ A Volunteer Army was little better than hiring mercenaries, and there was a danger of military fanatics taking over.

□ Finally—the most damning of all—an all-volunteer armed force would stimulate foreign military adventures, since we'd have all those near-mercenaries standing around with nothing to do. Therefore, such an army would foster an irresponsible foreign policy.

Those arguments, especially the last one, are now being leveled against the new registration. A number of congressmen have objected to an all-volunteer armed force because of its heavy burden on the poor and minorities. They oppose the new registration and any further reinstitution of the draft for pretty much the same reasons.

The new registration has also revitalized what was once referred to as the antiwar movement, and the campuses are, if not boiling, at least a little steamed up.

"Listen, these draft-age kids are scared," said Maris Cakars, a former editor of the journal of the War Resisters' League and a longtime antiwar, anti-draft organizer. What he found on the campuses puzzled him. The draft-age kids, he said, remembered Vietnam. They opposed the draft not because they felt it was morally wrong, but because they didn't want to get killed.

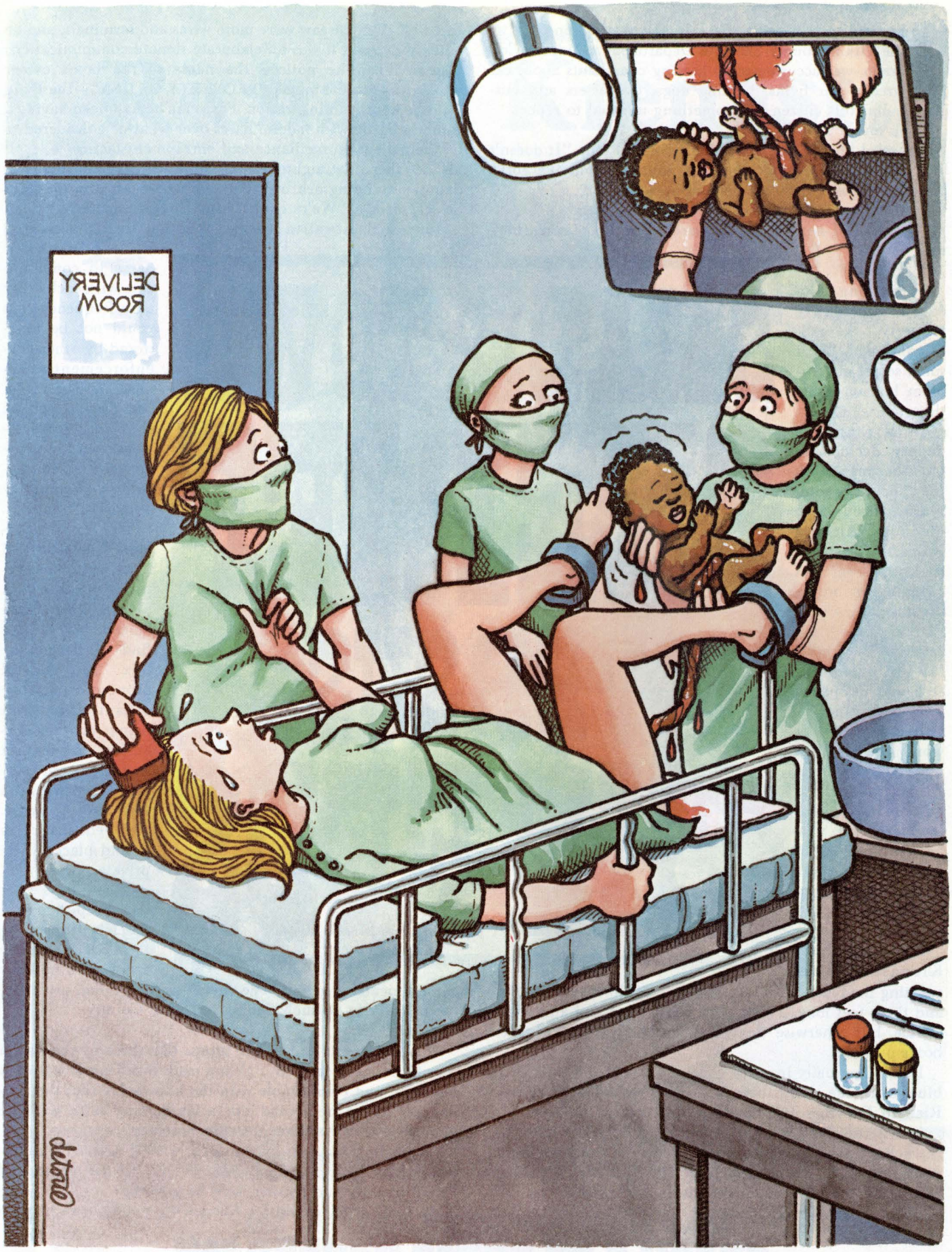
The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, one of the largest and oldest (founded in 1948) organizations of its kind, reports business is booming. It receives about 350 calls a week requesting information on getting that all-important CO status should there be a call-up. The group's Larry Spears says some 24,000 cards stating an intent to file for CO status have already been received by the organization, almost one-third as many as the total number of people who refused the draft for all reasons during the Vietnam War.

To be sure, a draft won't cure all the problems of the Volunteer Army, just as the current registration isn't going to scare the whiskers off the Russian bear. A new draft would certainly tear this country apart again in yet another frenzy of soul-searching and chest-beating. But what a draft would do is democratize the Army, getting rid of the stigma of having the poor and stupid fight for the fat and happy.

For my own part, I have an uneasy feeling that things are coming down to the wire, and each morning's headlines seem to confirm my fears. Ten years ago I fought the draft at every turn. But if the call should come again tomorrow, I don't think I'd fight it at all. Stupid as it might sound, I think the Army might need all the help it can get.



"I don't know, Betty Sue. I think I still like my fuzzy dice better."



"Harry, darling, there's something I've been meaning to tell you!"

SMALL-TOWN SHERIFF VERSUS THE FEDS

The deputy answering the emergency-telephone line at the Pitkin County Sheriff's Department in Aspen, Colorado, was accustomed to hearing complaints about car wrecks, bar fights, barking dogs, trespassers and burglaries. But this citizen had something unusual to report.

"You found a what, sir?"

"A weird black box," the caller informed him. "It doesn't look like it's from outer space or anything, but it's got a bunch of wires and things hooked up to it."

"And where is it?" the deputy asked the man.

"On the hill next to my property. You know something real strange?"

"What, sir?"

"This thing is located on county property," the caller continued. "Is it some secret government box or something?"

With that, the deputy decided to put the man with the peculiar complaint through to his boss, Richard Kienast. The sheriff is known in this swinging, mountain ski-resort town as "Dick Dove" because of his liberal law-enforcement style and his opposition to any and all police undercover work. Such policies not only have put Kienast publicly at odds with federal lawmen, but also have resulted in FBI and federal grand-jury investigations of his unorthodox methods.

An hour later Kienast was inspecting the black-metal box, which was about two feet wide and three feet long. There were a few wires and an antenna visible, but otherwise there was no clear indication of the box's purpose.

Dressed casually in a red-checkered wool shirt and faded blue jeans, the sheriff bore a striking resemblance to actor Richard Dreyfuss of *Jaws* fame. He carried no gun. With gold wire-framed prescription glasses, he looked more like the college professor he once was than the top law-enforcement official in this county of 15,000 year-round residents and 20,000 well-heeled tourists during ski season.

Using a screwdriver, he pried open the back of the box. The first thing he saw were more wires and terminals, and he quickly guessed it was an elaborate remote communications system. Then he noticed the name of the box's owner imprinted into the metal: "PROPERTY OF DEA"—the Drug Enforcement Administration. For years he had been having a running battle with federal narcs over what he considered to be their illegal surveillance and entrapment tactics.

The sheriff straightened up and signaled to the two deputies standing nearby. "Unhook it and put it in the car," he said firmly. "We're confiscating this bag of tricks."

Further investigation revealed that the box had been used by undercover narcs to communicate with each other on a frequency that could not be monitored by other law-enforcement agencies in the area. The Feds had placed the box surreptitiously on the property of a county-owned community television company.

The next afternoon Kienast called local newspaper reporters into his office and publicized his strange find. Declaring the box "lost federal property," he spoke defiantly about this being another example of "federal spying on our people. No permission was ever granted. The Feds just came in and placed it on private property."

A few days later two sheepish federal officials dropped by the sheriff's office and picked up their communications gizmo. The sheriff warned them, privately, never again to do such a thing in Pitkin County.

* * *

It is statements and public setups like these by the Aspen sheriff that have the Feds fighting mad. But Kienast is firm in his belief and comfortable with the knowledge that the residents of Aspen are behind him in his ongoing battle with the giant federal law-enforcement bureaucracy.

According to a well-known local writer, Kienast's understanding of his constituency is uncanny. "If the majority of Pitkin County had its way, he'd be governor."

As local resident Kathy Keeney—a young woman with

PROFILE BY BRUCE HENDERSON

Illustration by Pat Dunn

ASPEN PICTURES presents

Richard Kienast in

The SHERIFF



CHAMPION OF JUSTICE!

with John DENVER · Claudine LONGET · Hunter S. THOMPSON

and The Entire Population of Aspen, Colorado

with special appearances by THE DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

braided hair down to her waist—put it, "The sheriff is one cool dude."

While Kienast clearly isn't your run-of-the-mill sheriff, Aspen is not any typical town either. It has been the subject of a racy best-seller and TV series—both entitled *Aspen*. It is a town where the rich and famous come to do everything from hot-dog skiing to hot-tub swinging, and the locals join in the fun. Little Victorian homes with price tags that start at $400,000 stretch along the narrow, tree-lined streets.

On one end of the scale are the wealthy heirs who live the good life here. On the other end are the less-well-off locals who will take any menial job when necessary merely to exist in the picture-postcard setting.

These people—locals and visitors—demand to be left alone to do what they want to each other in their bedrooms and hot tubs. Fucking, cocaine, alcohol and skiing, in that order, are the most popular pastimes in town.

Tens of thousands more visit during the ski season for excitement and adventure. In the crisp spring and summer months, when the mountains and surrounding terrain are full of color, others come simply to spend their money and relax.

Kienast's personal, peace-loving style of law and order fits in nicely with the desires of his constituents. That is precisely why he was first elected sheriff in 1976 and then reelected to a four-year term in 1978. "I won't tell you whether I smoke dope or use drugs," he says. "You might as well ask me what I do in the privacy of my bedroom. And I won't tell you that either."

Certainly, anyone who tried to change the town's values by busting harmless marijuana or cocaine parties wouldn't last long in the job.

Sheriff Kienast's office in the old brick county courthouse in downtown Aspen is a cheaply furnished hole-in-the-wall that is cluttered with piles of official reports and stacks of press clippings about his war with federal authorities. The sheriff is quick to hand out a thick "press kit" to visitors who might want to read all about this unusual struggle between a small police force and the Feds. The clips show that the sheriff has expertly used the local, state and even national press to air his views.

Beginning in 1978, when the Feds began claiming that Aspen is a major drug distribution center and that large quantities of cocaine are bought, sold and used in the town, Kienast persistently and publicly denied it. "Why would anyone put a major distribution center in an isolated mountainous area like this?" he asked. "It makes no sense. Anyway, in the eight years the DEA has been investigating Aspen, it hasn't come up with one major drug-dealer. This just isn't a big market. And with the small population we have, even if everyone in town was a doper, there wouldn't be much of a volume."

Kienast has not denied the existence of drugs in his town. But he has stated firmly: "Whatever consenting adults do in the privacy of their home is not the business of government." When DEA officials contended he was sworn to enforce the laws of the land and should assist and cooperate with them in these matters—or face charges of obstruction of justice—Kienast hotly disagreed. "I have to recognize the DEA's jurisdiction, but I don't have to condone its behavior. I find those undercover tactics morally unacceptable."

He sees the biggest threat to law and order coming not from "major drug-dealers" in Aspen, as claimed by the Feds. Rather, he believes it is citizens' having their civil liberties violated by wholesale undercover activities resulting in possible unjust charges and lengthy prison sentences. He feels the DEA has a special grudge against the star-studded community, where busting celebrities would earn it widespread publicity.

The sheriff plainly is sickened by the high-flying style of the Feds in general. All across America big-spending, free-wheeling federal narcs regularly hit targeted areas—like Aspen. They drive new Porsches, Cadillacs and souped-up custom vans. They wear silk shirts and fancy Stetsons. They buy drinks, information, women and especially drugs—kicking ass whenever they get the chance. The apprehension, conviction and imprisonment of local drug-dealers is the reward for these armed cowboys with badges. Entrapment via undercover tactics and electronic surveillance is their style of doing business.

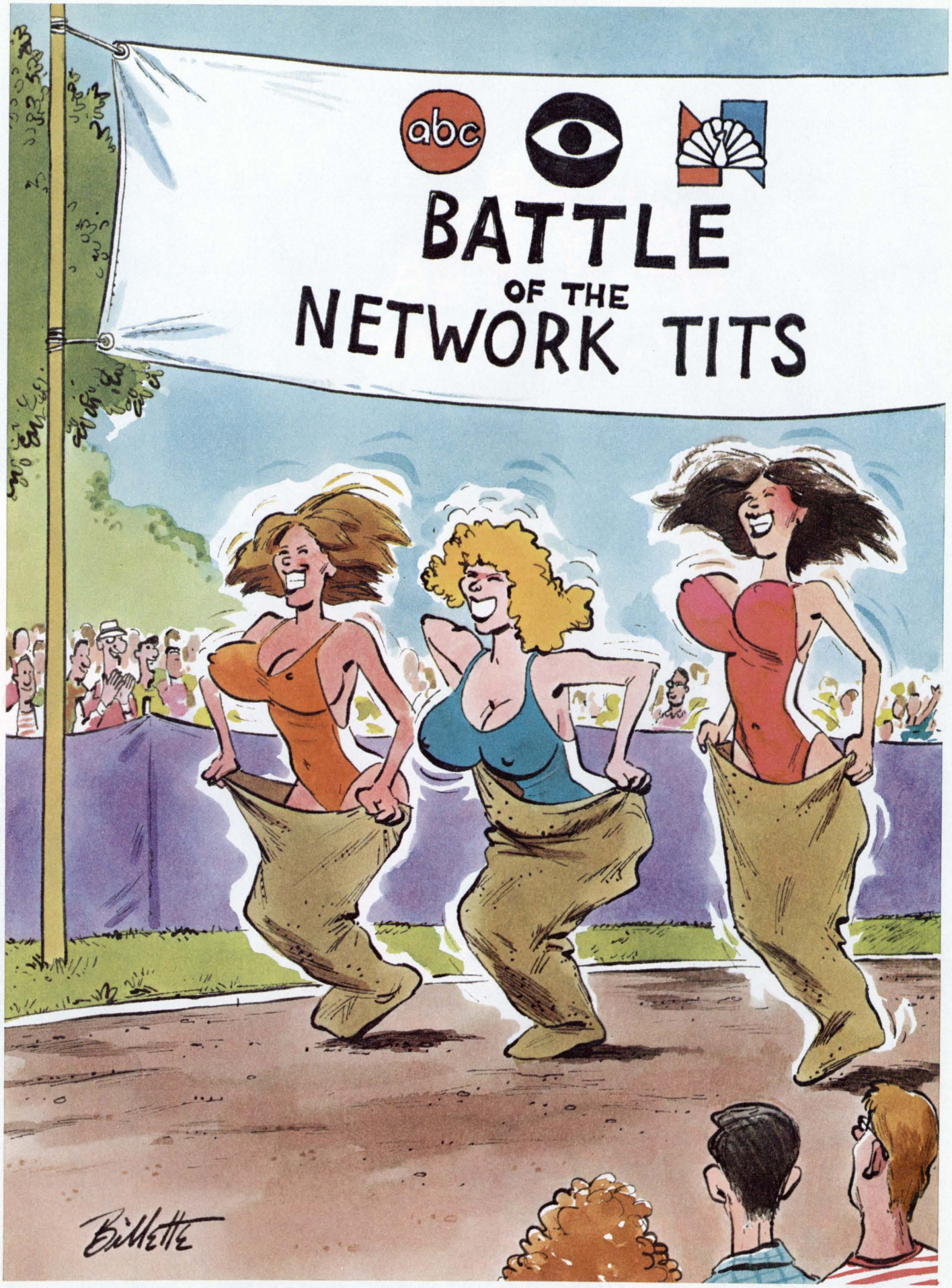
Kienast, who regularly quotes the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights regarding the fundamental rights of citizens, is vehemently opposed to such tactics on legal, moral and ethical grounds. "With all the advanced technological capabilities society has today, it is time to draw some clear parameters on how they should be used," he says. "The mere fact that they *suspect* someone is using drugs in his home is no justification for spying on him with binoculars through windows or planting hidden microphones in order to hear his conversations."

Leaning back in his squeaky swivel chair, Kienast flips through some of the

(continued on page 74)



" A wonderful bouquet, hearty and yet a trifle impertinent, but not terribly offensive, don't you say?"


abc
BATTLE
OF THE
NETWORK TITS
BILLETTE



TANYA

THE ANIMAL WITHIN



Photography by Clive McLean





"I really believe in reincarnation," Tanya confesses. "I know I was once a leopard. It's clear in my mind. I can recall roaming free in the African jungle with my mate."

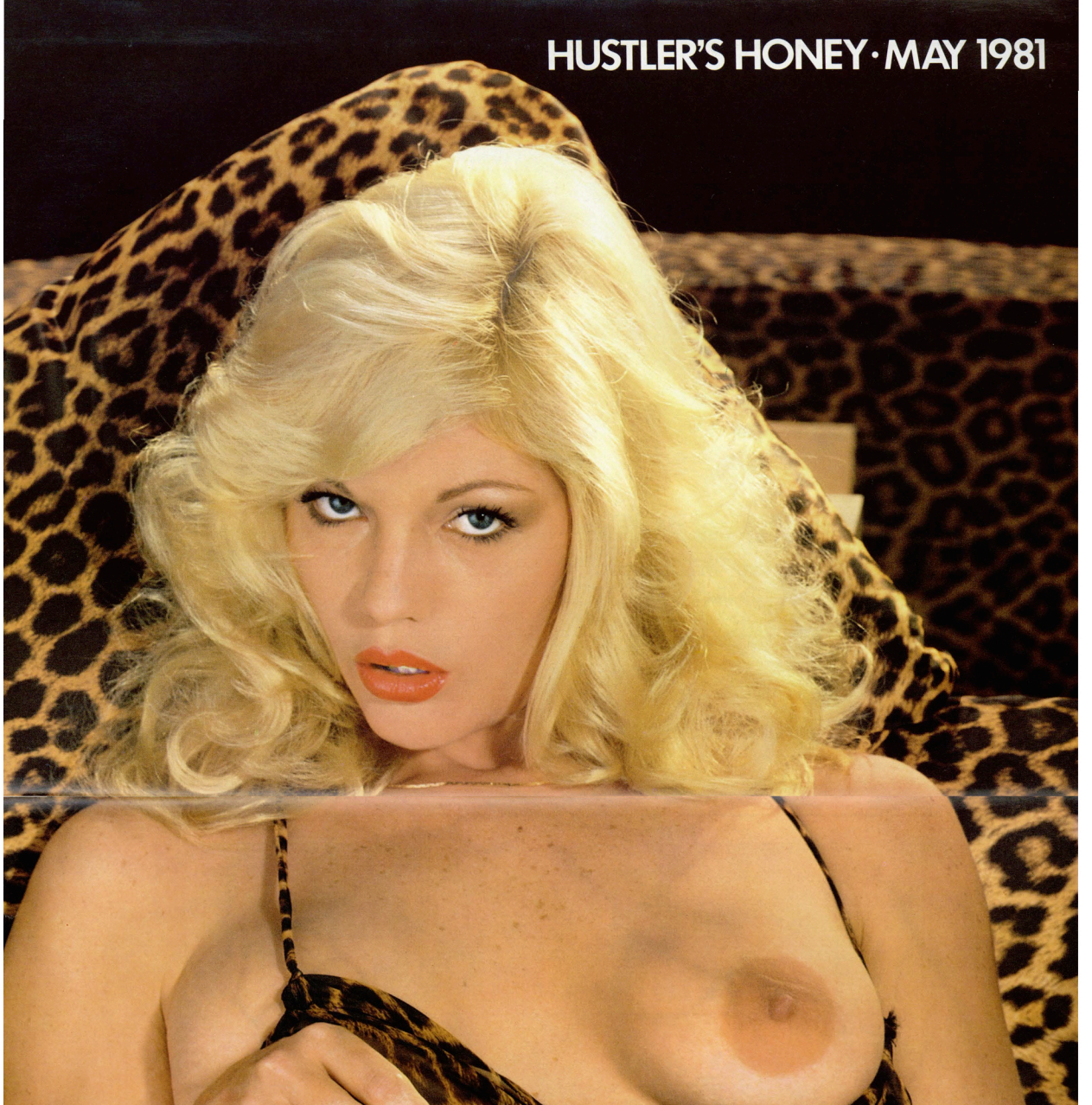
After she told us that, HUSTLER photographers surrounded Tanya with a setting that would remind her of her past life. As she began turning on to the new jungle "landscape," all of her long-buried passions simmered to the surface.

"Part of me is still animal," she purrs. "I love to scratch and bite. Even when it comes to reincarnation, I guess, a leopard doesn't change its spots."








HUSTLER'S HONEY · MAY 1981





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A beautiful, though somewhat flat-chested, young girl was taking a walk on the beach when a large wave splashed, and deposited a glass bottle on the shoreline. The curious girl picked up the bottle and pulled out the cork. Suddenly the air was filled with smoke and the sound of laughter. When the smoke cleared, the girl saw a huge, grinning genie standing next to her.

"Your wish is my command!" the genie said.

The girl pursed her lips for a moment, lost in thought. Then she smiled and said, "I know! All my life I've wanted big boobs. Please, Genie, give me two big boobs!"

Lightning flashed, followed by the roar of thunder, and the girl closed her eyes in fear. When she opened them again, the genie had vanished, but standing next to her on the beach were Ronald Reagan and George Bush.

The commander of a battleship issued a directive that the ass-fucking taking place on the high seas was to cease immediately. A week later the first mate came to report that the activity had not ceased.

"How do you know?" the captain asked.

"Well, sir," the mate replied. "The last dick I sucked had shit on it."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *conscience* as: the thing that hurts when everything else feels great.

A strange-looking woman who was wandering around at a zoo sidled up to a pen that held a tame boar. She began to pet the animal's bristly hide, then reached between its legs, grabbed its balls and squeezed as hard as she could.

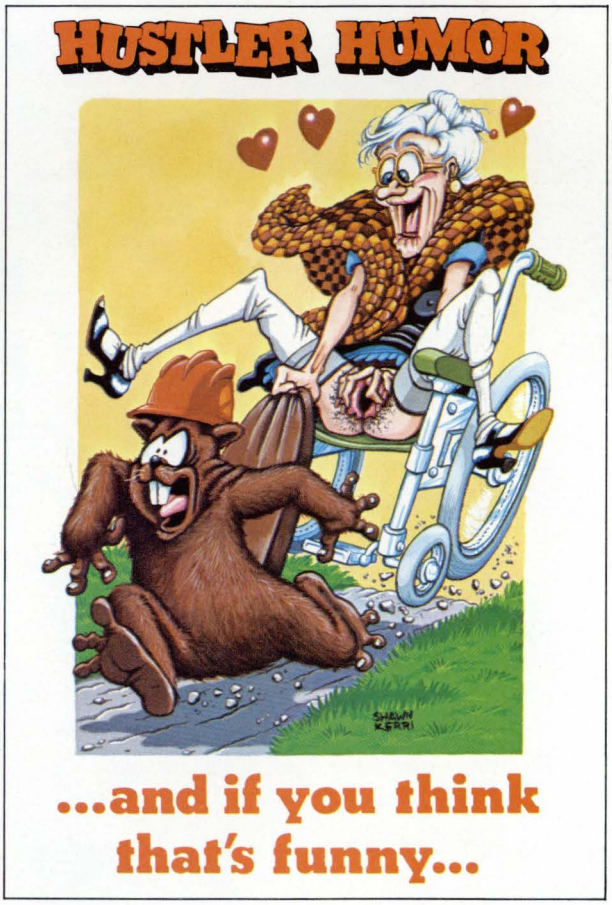
The animal squealed, smashed out of the pen and scampered away. A zookeeper, seeing this activity, rushed over to the pen and dropped his pants in front of the woman.

"Lady," he said, "you might as well squeeze mine too, 'cause I've gotta catch that son of a bitch!"

Question: What's wrinkled and smells like Ginger?
Answer: Fred Astaire's face.

The policeman was questioning the shaken young woman. "Please, ma'am, could you give us a description of the man who made you submit to the sexual acts?"

The woman thought for a moment and then said, "I'm sorry, officer, but I was sitting on his face most of the time."



A very obese man went to his physician. "Doctor," he cried, "I've tried every diet known to man, and none of them ever worked for me! Please, isn't there something you can do?"

"There *is* a radical new diet method," the doctor informed him, "but it's still pretty new and untested. It involves no special foods. You can eat all the fattening foods you desire. All we do is bypass your stomach entirely and insert food and beverages directly up your ass."

The fat man was surprised but still willing to give it a try. After completing instructions, the doctor told him to return in three weeks for an examination.

When the fat man returned, he sat down and began shifting back and forth in his chair.

"You seem to be doing just fine," the doctor said. "You've lost 25 pounds already, but the diet seems to have made you nervous."

"Oh, no," the man said, "that's not nerves. I'm just chewing gum!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *mass confusion* as: Father's Day in Harlem.

Late one night a farmer was riding home with his young daughter in a buggy. Suddenly they were surprised by an outlaw. The bandit ordered them to step out, took the man's watch and money and then drove off in the buggy. As the farmer and his daughter walked home, the young girl began putting on rings, a necklace and watch.

"Hey, girl!" the farmer exclaimed. "How come the robber didn't get *yer* valuables?"

"Well, Daddy," she explained. "I'm sorry, but I saw him comin' and slipped my things up my vergina."

The farmer just sighed and continued walking, looking mournfully ahead.

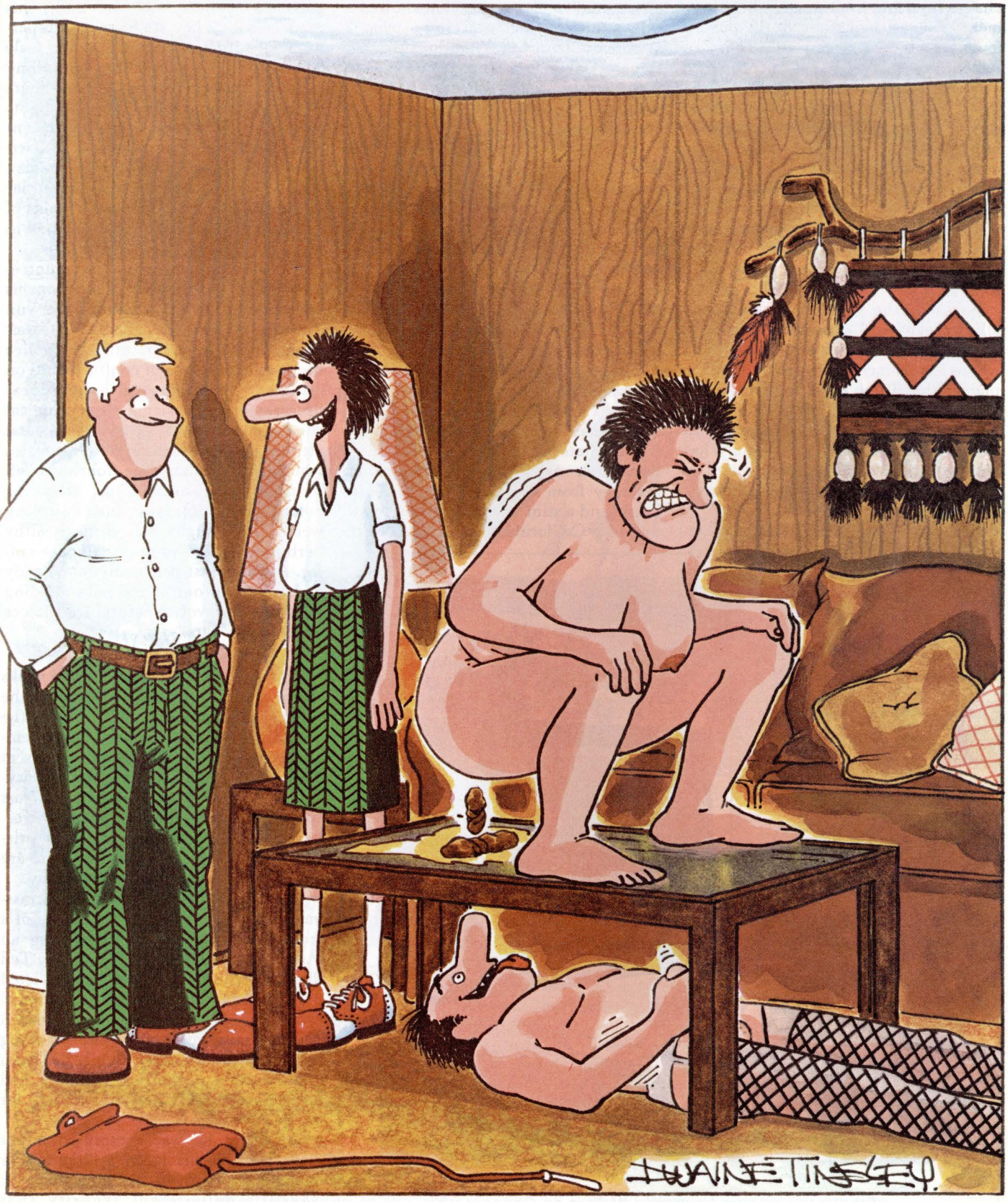
"What it is, Daddy?" the girl asked.

"I was just wishin' yer momma had been with us," the farmer remarked. "We coulda saved the horse and buggy too!"

Question: What do get after breeding a black man with an Indian?
Answer: A Sioux named Boy.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you $50. Sorry, but we cannot return your submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"You see! I told you you'd like my parents!"

PROFILE: RICHARD KIENAST

(continued from page 58)

newspaper clips on his desk and talks openly about the latest development in his fight with the Feds: an FBI investigation into an obstruction-of-justice charge resulting from some public comments Kienast had made to the press a few days before a big DEA bust in Aspen.

"I knew nothing about the bust," he says. "When a reporter asked me about rumors of one, I repeated what the DEA had told me, that they had no operations under way in Aspen. Now the Feds are saying that my statement was so obviously a lie, it tipped some drug-dealers off. That's ridiculous. This investigation is a personal vendetta against me. And I'll sue them for harassment if they don't soon stop it."

As usual, the sheriff is dressed casually in jeans and a western-style shirt, with no weapon in view. "I have a gun where I can reach it if I need it," he explains, "but I don't like to carry one."

His deputies' uniforms are also informal—blue jeans, boots, dark-green shirt with a badge, and a holstered gun. They wear no stripes or other insignia of rank. There aren't even any investigators on the force. Kienast requires his 20 deputies to do all the necessary follow-up investigative work when responding to radio calls. This, he says, is "assuming responsibility equally."

* * *

Kienast won election to the post in 1976, billing himself as "The People's Advocate." As part of his campaign he distributed an arty poster that showed a white dove flying peacefully over a quotation from the famous essayist Henry David Thoreau: *Let everyman make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it.*

On the streets of Aspen, during the '60s and early '70s, long-haired young men and their girlfriends were routinely arrested on trumped-up vagrancy charges and roughed up by the cops. Kienast saw this firsthand as a local newspaper reporter and later as an officer on the smaller Aspen city police force. "People's rights were being violated in this town," Kienast remembers. "It was time for that to stop."

The people of Aspen agreed with Kienast and first elected him to the position by a margin of 300 votes. At age 41, he may have been the only sheriff in the United States to bring to his job credentials such as a master's degree in theology from the University of Notre Dame and a stint as a professor of literature at a California community college. He moved to Aspen in 1968 because he and his wife thought it a better place to live and raise a family. The father of five children, Kienast joined the Aspen city police two years later.

One of his first acts as sheriff was adding four women deputies to the department. (There was one under his predecessor.) They are expected to perform all job functions that their male counterparts do—including patrolling alone on deserted roads in the wee hours of the morning, or handling bar fights among beefy drunks. On one recent graveyard shift *every* sheriff's department cruiser was manned by a woman deputy, which meant that law and order in the entire county was in the hands of female peace officers, probably a first in the United States.

Kienast's unique style of law enforcement is no more apparent than in his operation of the jail, which must be run differently than just about any other penal facility in the country. To reduce the so-called "stress of confinement" on inmates, he instituted a "wellness program," emphasizing psychological conditioning to "instill positive mental attitudes" about rehabilitation. Inmates who work up an appetite from such "alternative imprisonment" as attending college-level classes and enjoying weekend furloughs may drink healthy herb teas instead of rank jailhouse coffee. And Kienast personally took candy and soda pop out of the jail's vending machines in favor of natural fruit juices and granola bars.

* * *

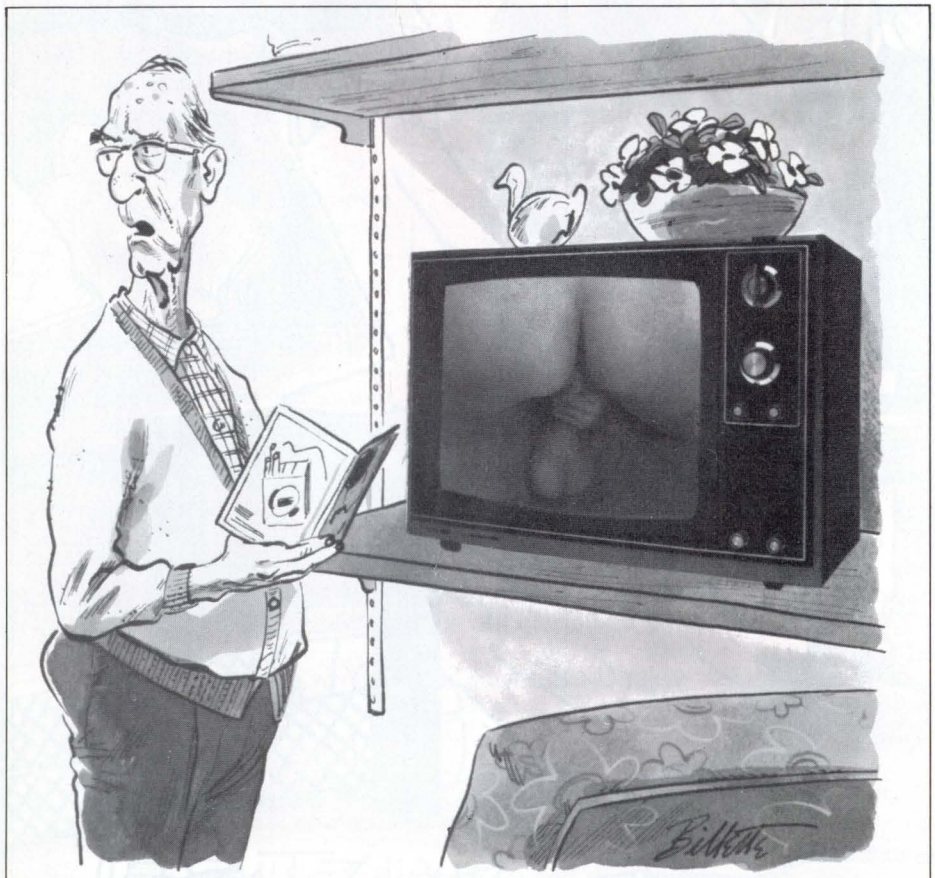
As Kienast leaves his office and walks down a musty-smelling hallway in the 50-year-old building, he returns the friendly greetings of other county employees. Obviously a popular man at City Hall, the sheriff is the kind of easy-going man who gets along with just about anyone who isn't a federal narc.

Although an average of 1,000 prisoners are processed each year, there are no inmates in the small jail this day.

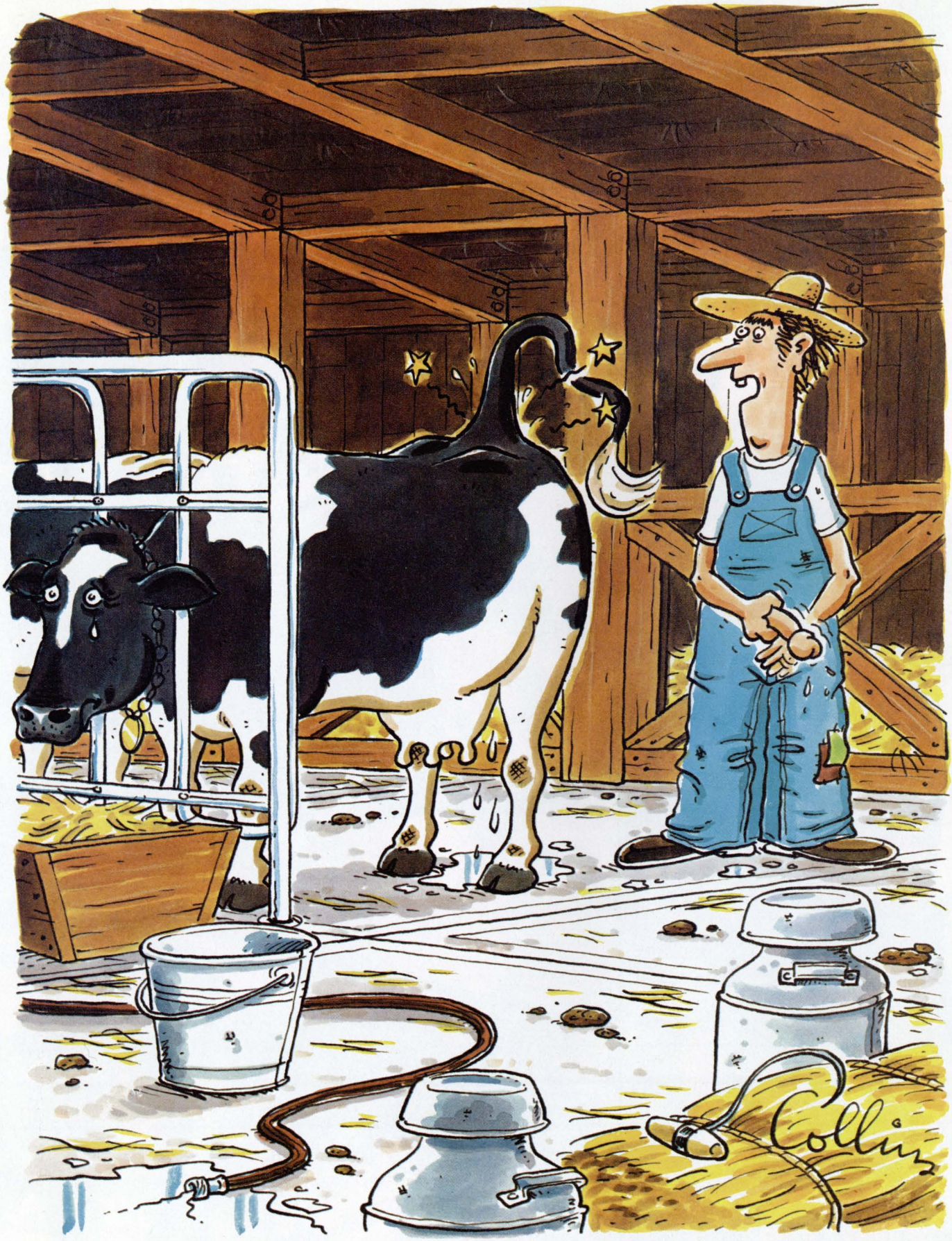
He admits that his biggest embarrassment in office was the 1977 escape of a notorious inmate. After murdering an Aspen woman, brutal sex killer Ted Bundy—who would later be convicted in Florida of murdering several women—was apprehended and placed in Kienast's custody. While standing trial a few months later, Bundy fled from the county courthouse, where he had been inexplicably left unguarded for several minutes.

Although he was recaptured a few days later, locals haven't forgotten or completely forgiven the breakdown in sheriff's department security that

(continued on page 84)



"Ethel, are you sure Lawrence Welk is on Channel 9?"



"... And don't go crying to the cops, 'cause I'll just tell them you seduced me."



Photography by Suze Randall

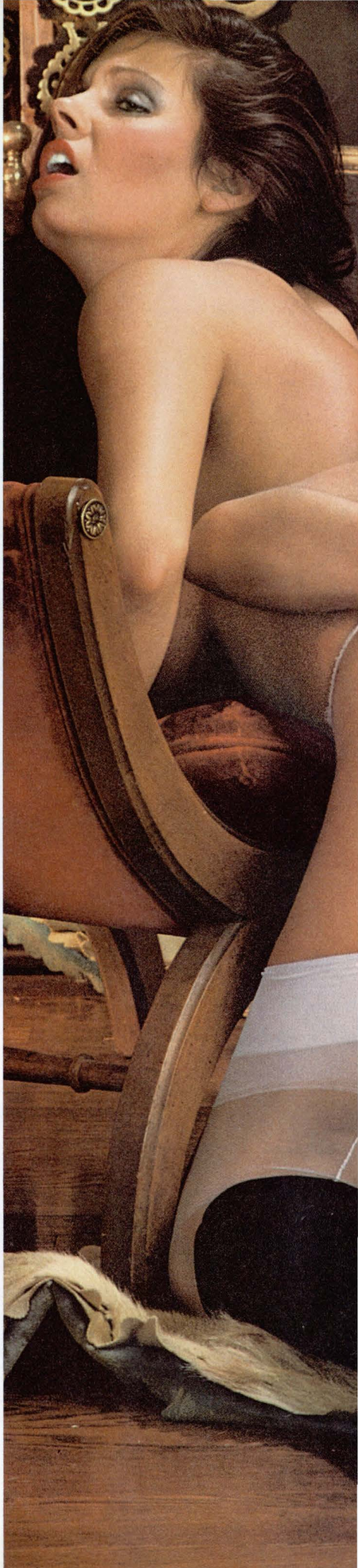

ROXANNE
and
JILL
HOT TO TROT



Her 30-acre estate gives Roxanne all the land she needs for her favorite pastime—horses. Jill, her groom, keeps the animals in top shape. But after a vigorous ride, Roxanne's juices are still flowing. They demand release. Eager to please, Jill succumbs to sweet submission. The leather riding crop cracks as it slaps the groom's tender skin. Opposite passions throb in the two women. But in the end they join in a common bond of licking, touching and probing. The ride has only just begun!













PROFILE: RICHARD KIENAST

(continued from page 74)

allowed a sadistic murderer. to be set loose in their midst. "I fired the people responsible for the escape," shrugs Kienast, walking out a side door into the sunshine of summertime Aspen. "It should be remembered that this was the only jurisdiction that recaptured Bundy after an escape. In all his other jail breaks, he got out of town or even made it out of the state."

He slides behind the steering wheel of an unlikely-looking squad car, not one of those souped-up black-and-white units, but a small, low-profile beige Saab. "This car is efficient for mountain roads," he explains, warming up the engine before cautiously pulling away from the curb in front of City Hall.

Each day, the sheriff regularly patrols the town and the areas outside of Aspen within his jurisdiction. There's Basalt, Starwood (home of singer John Denver), Snowmass at Aspen (home of actor Jack Nicholson) and Woody Creek (home of *Rolling Stone*'s drugged-out Hunter S. Thompson, who himself ran for sheriff in 1970).

Kienast cruises past the Hotel Jerome, the watering hole where most everyone in town usually ends up for a drink sometime between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. Tacked on the wall, above the bar, is one of Kienast's "Dove of Peace" posters. He still takes some friendly flak over his nickname, "Dick Dove." "But I really don't mind it at all," he says. "The dove is the symbol of the peacemaker. And that's the role I see for myself."

Above all, Kienast is fiercely protective of his town. He doesn't like federal "infiltrators" from the Drug Enforcement Administration encroaching on his territory and bothering his people. And he has said just that to Wayne Valentine, the DEA's regional director, who is based in Denver, some 200 miles northeast of Aspen.

Valentine, of course, has his own bone to pick with Richard Kienast. The two forceful men—one representing a small but affluent community, the other a massive federal agency—engage in an ongoing personal confrontation that seems to go to the very root of each of their personalities.

A no-nonsense government employee who believes the law is the law, Valentine is a former undercover narcotics agent who helped crack the famous "French Connection" heroin case. He doesn't like publicity and prefers coffee and bourbon to tea and granola bars. "I don't agree with Sheriff Kienast at all," Valentine said recently. "He feels he doesn't have to enforce [drug] laws because his community doesn't like them. I don't think we have the prerogative of ignoring laws we disagree with."

Valentine hasn't forgiven Kienast for what he thinks was a tip-off to drug-dealers the day the sheriff called a press conference in 1978. The DEA official told a grand jury in Denver that Kienast's statement regarding the nonexistence of drug investigations was so absurd that its effect was to forewarn local dealers about just such a bust. In fact, a week after the press conference the DEA culminated a seven-month investigation by kicking down doors late at night and arresting 32 alleged dealers in the Aspen area. (Most of the cases ended up being thrown out of court.)

To this day Kienast claims he knew nothing about the DEA's plans for a big bust. The DEA, he says, told him just a few days before another press conference that it had "no action" going on in his area.

The grand jury didn't swallow the Feds' twisted argument, and the panel was dismissed without bringing any indictments against Kienast. But the DEA and FBI are not finished with the sheriff. "Our investigation [of Kienast] continues," said an FBI spokesman, ominously.

Kienast is hardly backing off or cowering at the threat of further probes. At the mention of Valentine's name, he takes his eyes off the road momentarily. "The DEA is wasting taxpayers' money on small-time buys and prosecutions," he says hotly. "I don't care if the DEA tells you otherwise. This generates good trial statistics for an agency that has to justify its big expenditures, but it does nothing to stop the flow of illegal drugs into this country."

The sheriff isn't the only law-enforcement official in history to oppose undercover work. "J. Edgar Hoover, the great saint of American cops, recognized that undercover police operations often lead to corruption in the ranks," he recalls. "He didn't allow it because he didn't want his agents soiled by it. Undercover work essentially utilizes deception. There is an ethical distinction here for an agent. In the field he is trained to lie in order to succeed. Then, suddenly, when he goes before the jury, he is supposed to tell nothing but the truth."

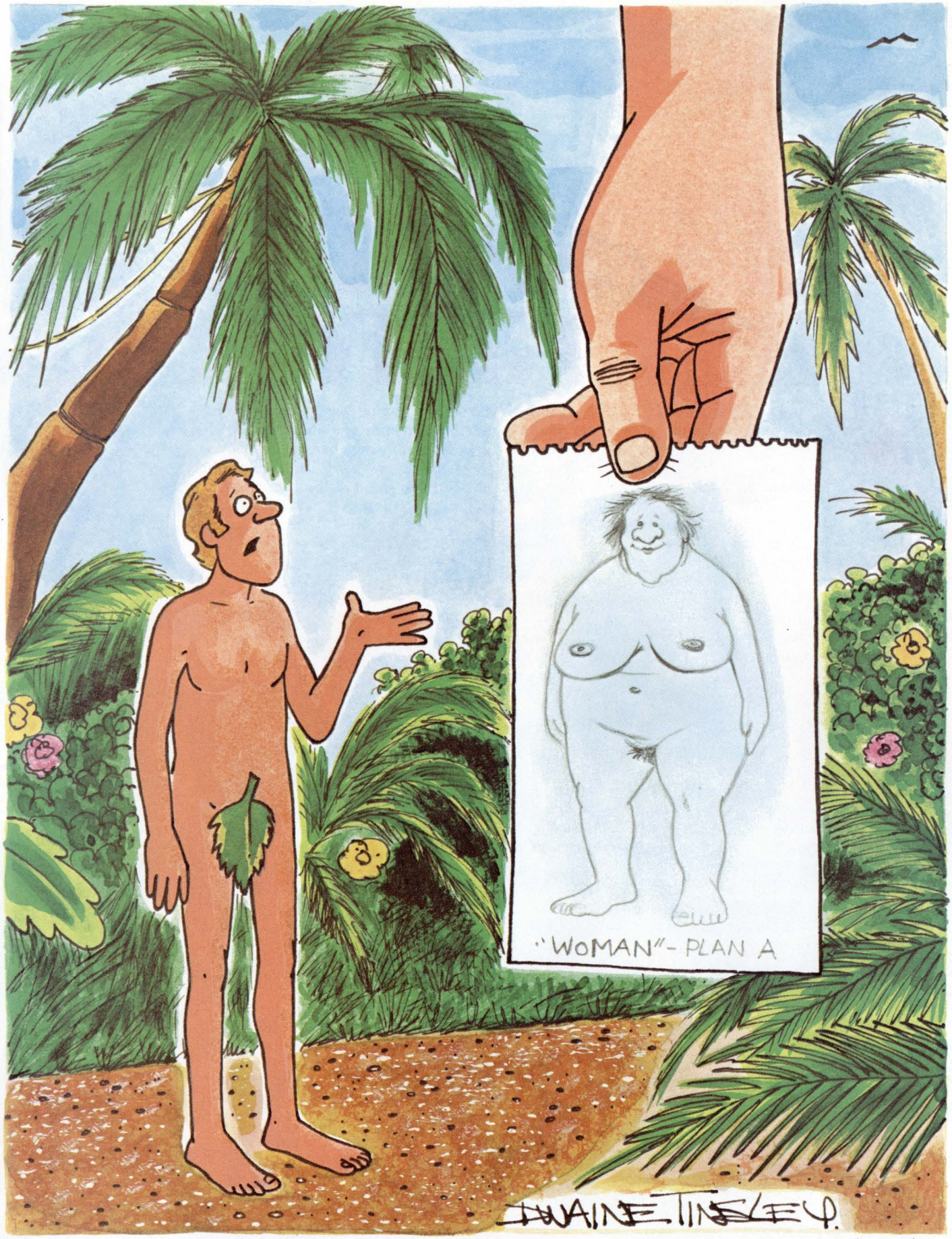
Kienast turns the Saab around and heads back to town. The sun is setting behind a tall mountain, and long shadows stretch across the narrow valley even though it is only 4 o' clock in the afternoon.

So what would Kienast do if he were appointed head of the DEA? "I wouldn't take the job," he says. "I don't think there should be a DEA. I think it's

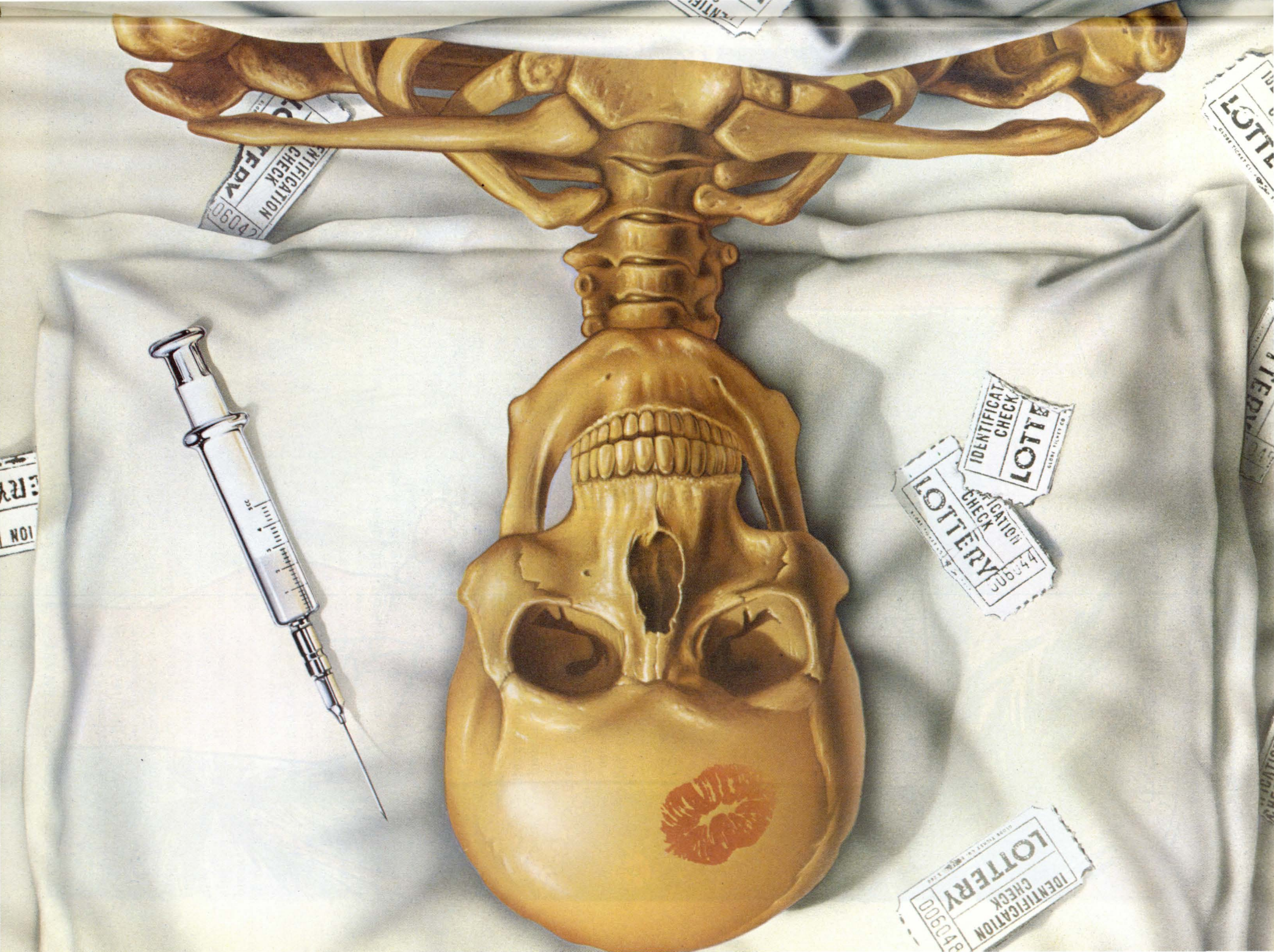
(continued on page 133)



"How about that, folks. Four out of five! Not bad, hey?"



"Um, could I see something in a smaller size?"


IDENTIFICATION CHECK
LOTTERY
IDENTIFICATION CHECK
LOTTERY

INTENSIVE LOVING CARE

Chuck Mahoney was angry. He never did like hospitals. He remembered the deathwatch he had gone through as a child, when his sister was dying from leukemia, the endless hours at a bedside vigil. It's worse, he reflected, when you're the one in the hospital bed.

He looked at the clear plastic Identi-Band shackled to his wrist: "MAHONEY, CHARLES/SHAPIRO/ICU 6." *ICU*, Mahoney thought—*Intensive Care Unit.* He had a particular dislike for Intensive Care. It smacked too much of Death itself. Sometimes, at night, he could almost sense the presence of the hooded specter floating down the corridor outside his private room.

More than anything else, though, he was angry with *himself.*

"This is a crock of shit, Henry, and you know it."

"Chuck, you'll be out of here in a couple of weeks," the patient's brother said in a comforting tone.

Mahoney turned and looked out the window at the waves rolling in off Lake Michigan. "You're damned right, I will. Hell, they can't keep me here much longer than that." He looked back at his brother. "A week at the most. They try to keep me here longer, and I'll get up and walk right out."

Henry smiled, but he knew his brother was serious. "You just do what the doctors tell you."

"I will; I will. It's just a crock, is all. Here I am, 50 years old. That's not old."

"No, it isn't," Henry agreed.

"Heart attack. What a crock."

"Just count your blessings that it wasn't. . . ." Henry's voice trailed off. He regretted the words as soon as he had said them.

Mahoney raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, yeah. I guess you're right, Henry." He shook his head. "Twenty-two years on Thorndike's loading dock. I'm as strong as an ox," he said, flexing his right arm to prove it. "Just doesn't seem right."

Henry leaned forward in the bedside chair. "It's not the end of the world, Chuck. Millions of people have heart attacks. Hundreds of thousands recover and live relatively normal lives."

Mahoney looked away from his brother, out the window again. "Those are the

FICTION BY J. BRADFORD OLESKER

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff

words that bother me. *Relatively normal*. What am I going to do, sit around and make pot holders?"

"Look, Mr. Thorndike already told you that you'll always have a job with the company and—"

"A job!" Mahoney snapped, narrowing his eyes as he looked at his brother. "What kind of a job? A desk job? Checking payroll cards?"

Henry frowned, then covered the sign of disapproval. "You're a sharp guy. They'll find something for you."

Mahoney waved a hand at him. "Don't give me that crap, Henry. I'm *not* a sharp guy, and you know it. You were always the sharp one in the family. You're the one who got the brains. Me, I got the muscles."

Henry felt a sharp pang of sorrow mixed with guilt. Sorrow because he knew that Chuck was right. *Henry* was the college graduate. *Henry* was the accountant. *Henry* was the professional man. Guilt because it had been Chuck who had enabled him to attain those goals.

Thirty-three years before, when their parents had been killed by a drunk driver who weaved over the center line on Lake Shore Drive, it had been Chuck who dropped out of high school to support them both. And it had been Chuck who kept working on loading docks to put his younger brother through college.

"Don't worry; it'll all work out," Henry promised. "You'll see." There was nothing else he could say.

* * *

"So what's the verdict, Doc?"

Milton Shapiro scribbled a few notes on the chart and hung the clipboard back on the hook at the end of the hospital bed. He peeled his glasses off, stroked his salt-and-pepper beard for a moment, then said, "Better, Chuck, better."

Mahoney offered a humorless smile. "Great. So when can I break out of here?"

"Don't be in such a rush."

Mahoney closed his eyes for a moment and drew a deep breath. "I guess you're right. What the hell have I got to look forward to anyway?"

"Life."

"Life?" He looked up at Dr. Shapiro. "What kind of life?"

"A full one. A different kind of life, granted. But life all the same. And the alternative, as the saying goes, is not too pleasant."

There was no arguing that.

"I'm going nuts in here, Doc. I'm not a guy who can be cooped up. I'm used to working outside, with the sun or the snow or . . . or . . . well, at least with *air* around me. I feel like I'm suffocating in this place."

Dr. Shapiro sat on the chair. "You listen to me, Chuck, and you listen good. You can't rush these things. You don't seem to understand the seriousness of what's happened. You've had a heart attack . . . a massive coronary thrombosis. You try pushing things, you try hurrying up the recuperative process, and you're liable to end up in here again. Another heart attack so soon after the last one and. . . ." Doctor Shapiro paused. "Well, I don't have to spell it out for you, do I?"

Mahoney felt the corners of his mouth twitch. He laughed nervously. "You don't pull any punches, do you?"

Shapiro smiled. "It's a new school of medicine called Tell It Like It Is." The smile left the physician's face. "I mean it, Chuck. You've got to take this thing slowly."

"All right, all right."

The doctor folded his arms. "Your brother tells me you've been on edge."

"He always was a snitch."

"Snitch or not, I don't want you getting excited. It's not good for you. I want you to keep calm and relaxed. We can't risk any sort of stress at this point."

"You said I'm better."

Dr. Shapiro nodded. "You are. But you're not completely out of danger. For the next couple of months you're going to be in a stage of recovery, and that means no undue stress on that heart of yours. I'm serious. You can't afford it."

Mahoney looked into Dr. Shapiro's wise old eyes, and he saw the truth of what the doctor had said. "Okay, Doc. You got it."

* * *

By the end of the first week after the attack Mahoney had been released from the Intensive Care Unit and was walking. It was hardly what you'd call a hike, but he was walking all the same. At first it was only a halting few steps around his room, and he was stunned by how weak he felt afterward. But as he gradually took longer and steadier trips down the hospital corridor, the weakness subsided. He felt as if he had achieved something when he was able to make it to the recreation room and back to his bed under his own power.

* * *

"When are you going home?" she asked.

"A couple of days," Mahoney said. "Maybe Monday or Tuesday."

Shelley, the young candy striper, smiled as she stacked the magazines on his bedside table. "Well, we'll sure miss you, Mr. Mahoney."

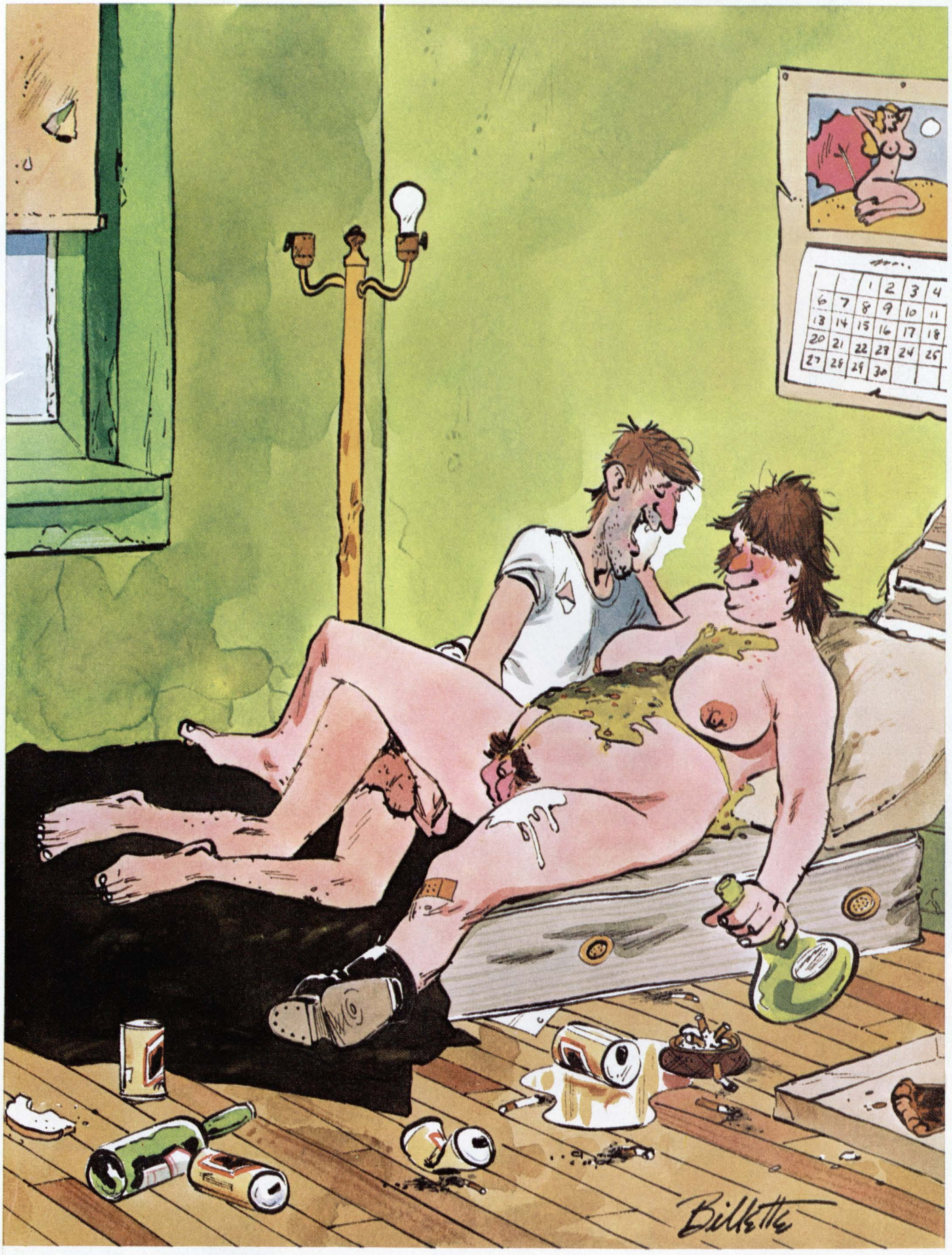
"Will you, really?"

"Sure," she said. "You're a nice guy."

He watched her as she bent to the long, low dresser that stood in front of

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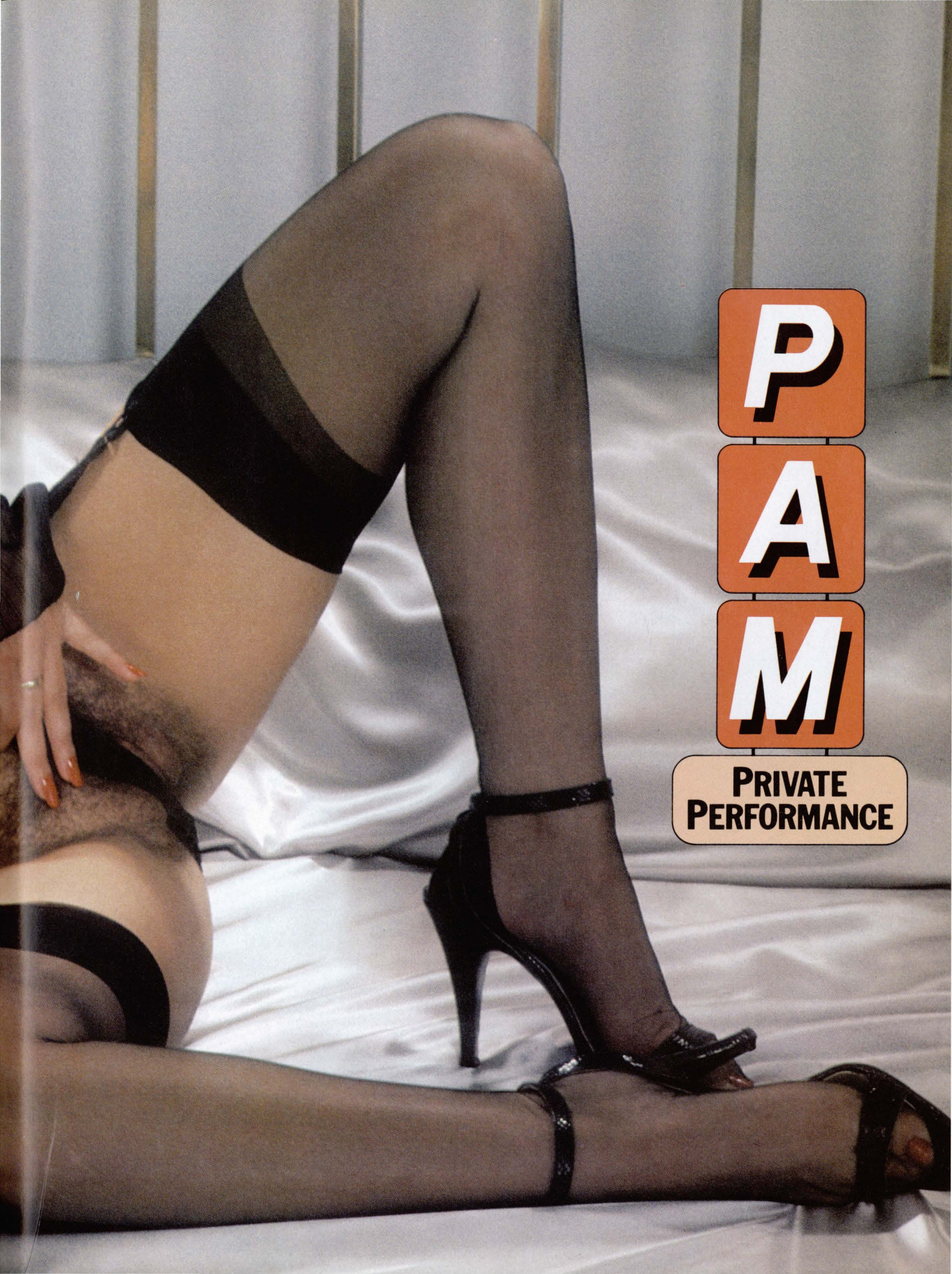




"Except for when I puked on ya, was it good for you too?"



Photography by Peter Bartok

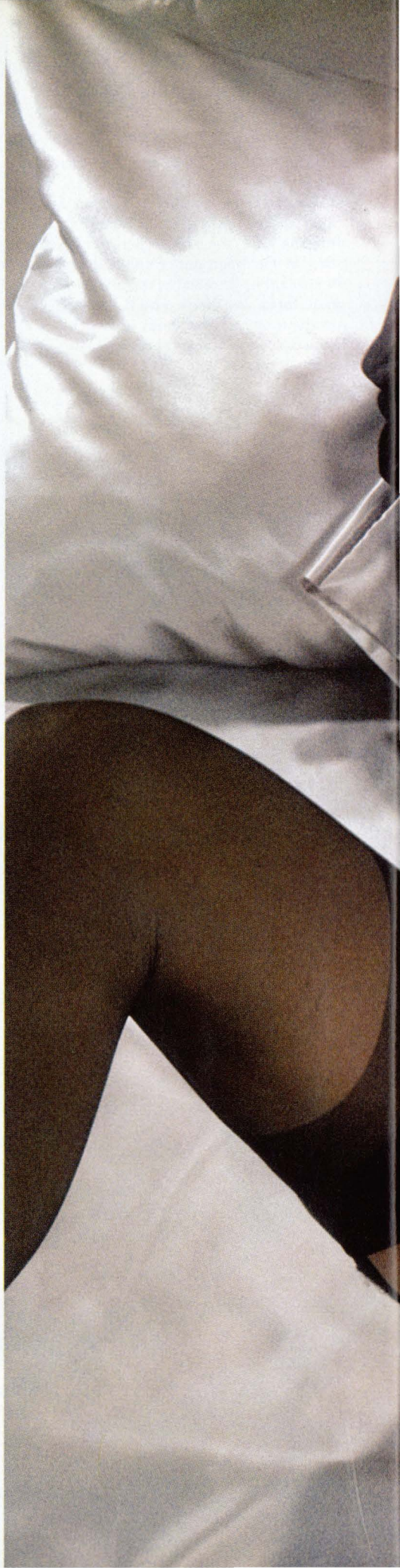

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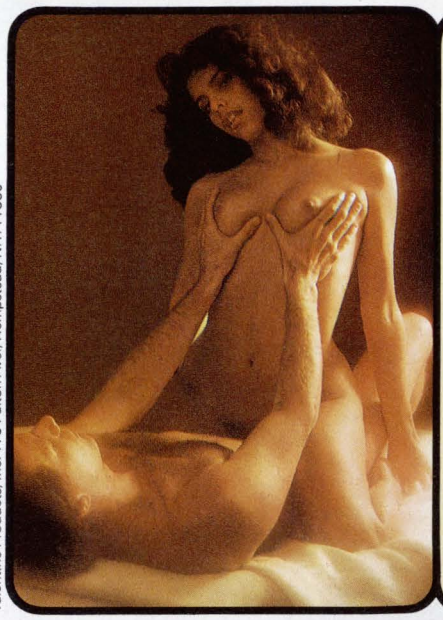
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INTENSIVE LOVING CARE

(continued from page 88)

the tall window. She was 18, and she'd just graduated from high school. Shelley had told Mahoney she was doing volunteer work only until September, when she was going to start nursing school.

She pulled a cloth from the pocket of her red-and-white-striped apron and, turning her back to him, began clearing off the top of the dresser. He knew she didn't *have* to clean the dresser. There were housekeeping people who did that kind of work. She was just doing it to be nice. *The kid has a lot of pride,* he thought—*youthful enthusiasm.*

Mahoney took in the long expanse of her tapered legs. They were tanned bronze from lying out on Oak Street Beach; he could tell even through the sheer white nylons she wore. As she reached over the dresser, her already-short, snow-white skirt hiked up a little higher, revealing firm, tight thighs. She had a nice little ass, and he could see the outline of her panties as the skirt pulled against them.

"You've got a great tan, Shelley," he said, watching her.

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Mahoney. I really work at it."

"I envy you. You must spend a lot of time at the beach."

She glanced back over her shoulder at him. "I do. Every chance I get. That's the trouble with Chicago—the summer is so short."

"Yeah, I know. Man, what I'd give to be at the beach. Sometimes I can hardly breathe in this room."

Shelley turned her body completely around. "Want me to open the window so you can have some fresh air?"

"I'd appreciate it."

Straining to disengage the latch on the window, she missed it. The wide dresser made it difficult to reach. As Shelley again stretched across the dresser, her skirt rode all the way up the backs of her thighs. Mahoney immediately noticed what no one but Shelley knew—her hospital white nylons were held up by garters.

He gasped as he saw the creamy flesh revealed where the top of her nylons ended. Beneath the covers he began to feel a stir of activity.

She reached farther and succeeded in getting hold of the window latch. But by now the skirt was so high, he could see her panties. The elastic garter belts were biting into her legs.

Mahoney couldn't stand it any longer. "I love a woman who wears garters," he blurted.

She pushed out on the window, giving him a final view of those precious pink

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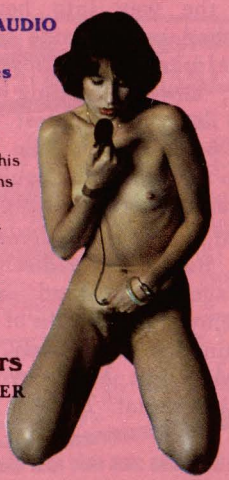


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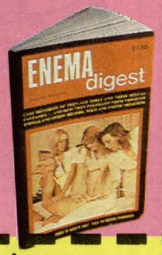
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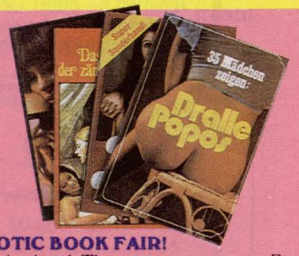
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panties, and then turned around. She smiled shyly as her skirt dropped back down. "*Mr. Mahoney!*"

He laughed. No 18-year-old kid was going to embarrass Chuck Mahoney. Let *her* be embarrassed.

"It's true," he said. "Pantyhose are the curse of the modern generation."

"You're funny," she said, walking toward the bed.

"It's not a question of being funny. Garter belts are damned sexy. That's the trouble with most kids nowadays—they've forgotten how much *fun* it is to be sexy. There's too much of this unisex crap, if you ask me."

"Well," she said, still smiling, "this is one girl who likes being a girl." She tucked in the sheets at the end of the bed. "Too bad my boyfriend is such a dud."

He raised up on one elbow, liking the direction her conversation was taking. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, he's just. . . ." She frowned. "He's just a kid, is all."

"A kid?"

Shelley looked up at him from the foot of the bed, her lower lip pouting. "He doesn't know . . . he doesn't know how to do it real good, if you know what I mean."

Mahoney nodded. "I know what you mean."

"You do?" she asked, working at the sheets on the side of the patient's bed.

"Sure. I was a kid once myself. It takes time. He'll get there."

He watched her as she bent to tuck in the sheets, the V of her blouse falling open. Mahoney fought to keep his eyes off the opening for a second, but when she continued tucking the sheets, he gave up fighting. He was glad he did. The young candy striper wasn't wearing a bra, and he was rewarded with a breathtaking shot of a pair of lush tits.

When she looked up at him, he glanced away. But he was sure she had seen him looking.

"Pete's nice, but he's just too darned fast. I wish he'd kind of take his time."

"He's just young," Mahoney assured her.

"I guess so." Shelley was at his side now, and as she leaned across the bed to fluff up his pillows, Mahoney could feel the press of her breasts against his arm.

"A woman needs to be treated right," he continued, moving his arm slightly so it rubbed against her some more. "It should be a gentle thing. It should be so soft that she hardly even knows what's happening." To prove his point, Mahoney moved his other hand against the stretched fabric covering her tits.

"Mmmm . . ." she purred in agreement, her eyes blinking dreamily. "I wish you could talk with Pete."

His fingers tightened around the contours of her left tit, massaging it for a moment. "I'll show you what I'm talking about, and maybe you'll be able to explain it to him."

As Mahoney gently unfastened two of the buttons on her blouse and slipped his fingers inside, Shelley moaned, "Oh, Mr. Mahoney. . . ." She let her eyes flutter closed as her puffed red lips parted. "Mmmm, that feels so good."

He rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger while his other hand dropped over the side of the bed and began stroking her thigh.

"Oh, wow!" she gasped. "I'm burning up!"

"I know you are, baby," he said. "So am I." Mahoney snaked his hand up her leg, the skirt rising with it. "Just relax, and let old Chuck take care of you."

Shelley leaned against the bed as he popped open another button on her blouse. Both of her luscious tits tumbled out, and Mahoney's lips instantly slid over them. He began nibbling at them, and as he did, he felt her hand searching beneath the covers for his cock. It didn't take her long to find it.

Mahoney groaned as he felt her soft, young fingers wrap around his erect shaft. He could feel her tongue making wet tracks up the side of his neck. The smell of her perfume swirled in the air, making him dizzy. He could hear Shelley's breath coming in gasps now, and he arched his back as she drove her moist tongue deep into his ear, at the same time teasing his balls with her fingernails.

It had been months since he'd touched a woman, and he didn't know how long he could control himself. The answer came a moment later when Shelley let her tongue take the place of her fingers. As the tip of her tongue circled round and round the head of Mahoney's cock, he could feel his heart pounding. He could smell the wild scent of her wet pussy. He could sense the unavoidable, undeniable approach of climax in the iron shaft between his legs.

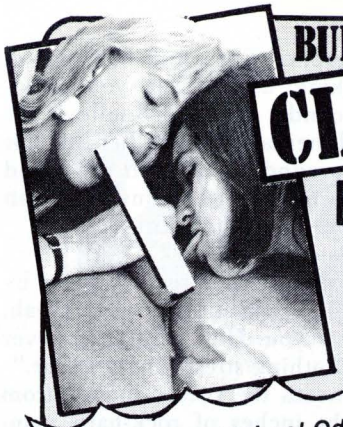
Shelley thrust her head down as he arched his hips up, and she took his prick all the way into her mouth. Mahoney had pulled aside the elastic band of her panties, and now he eased his finger, already sopping with her juices, up into the tightest bunghole he'd ever poked. Each time her head bobbed up and down, he could feel her tongue wrapping around his cock.

When Mahoney came, it was like an explosion. But it was a discharge that Shelley eagerly absorbed. She swallowed ravenously as months of stored-up semen drained from his body.

That was when Mahoney heard it. Metal against metal. *The door was open-*



"How many times have I told you? Don't shit outdoors!"



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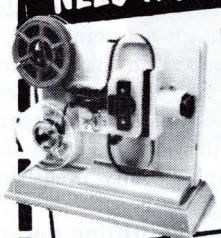
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ing! He gave a push against her head, and she popped loose like a bottle letting go of a stubborn cork. To her credit, Shelley reacted like a champ. She pulled her skirt down in an instant. Her fingers raced up her blouse like lightning, fastening three buttons in less time than it took for the door to swing all the way open. Mahoney pulled down on the sheets just as his brother walked into the room.

Chuck stared at him for a second, then looked at Shelley. Henry nodded, and the slightly disheveled candy striper nodded back.

"How are you, young lady?" Henry asked politely.

She glanced at her patient, took a big swallow and looked back at Henry. "I'm fine, sir. How are you?"

Henry frowned. "All right. But I guess the most important thing is, how is my brother?"

Shelley looked at Mahoney for a second, smiled knowingly and said, "Oh, I think he's coming along just fine."

* * *

"I don't think you're telling me the truth, Chuck." Dr. Shapiro regarded his patient with a look of skepticism. He wiggled a finger at Mahoney. "And if you *aren't* leveling with me. . . ."

Mahoney held up three fingers on his right hand and offered a solemn Scout's Honor. "Honest, Doc. I swear it. I haven't had a single cigarette since they brought me here."

Dr. Shapiro cocked his head to one side, still not quite convinced. "And not a cup of coffee either?"

"No, I mean it, Doc. Caffeine? What do you think I am, crazy?"

The physician stared back at the chart resting in his lap. "Well, I don't like the looks of it. This last EKG worries me." He examined the tape for a moment, then glanced up at Mahoney in the bed. "You're sure you're not getting upset or anything?"

"What does my brother say?"

Dr. Shapiro puckered his lower lip in thought, scratching it for a moment. "Well, as a matter of fact, Henry says you've been in pretty good spirits the last couple of days. He says you seem pretty relaxed lately."

"There you go." Mahoney smiled. "Must be something wrong with the EKG machine. Maybe it's on the fritz."

"Hardly. Look, Chuck, these tapes don't lie, and what they tell me is that you're putting some stress on your heart. Now, I don't know if it's nicotine or caffeine or just nerves. But whatever it is, you've got to cut it out until you're better."

But Mahoney was only half-listening to Dr. Shapiro. The other half of him was thinking about that young, vivacious candy striper—Shelley. He could still mentally picture her soft lips wrapped around his swollen cock, and feel those silky white nylons as he ran his hand up under her skirt.

"You listening to me?"

He snapped back to reality, jarred by Dr. Shapiro's voice. "Oh, yeah, yeah, Doc. I hear you. Hey, I'll do whatever you say. Nothing stressful. I promise."

But beneath the sheets, hidden from view, eight inches of rock-hard manhood mocked the promise.

* * *

"I'm getting tired of looking at your kisser, if you want to know the truth, Mr. Mahoney."

He shifted on the bed, driving the night's sleep from his head. "And I'm getting sick of yours too, Nordstrum." For weeks Shelley had been the star of his X-rated dreams, and waking up to physical therapist Catherina Nordstrum was hardly the climax he had in mind.

A big woman of Viking heritage, Catherina was ideally suited to her job. Physical therapy is demanding work, part of which involves lifting patients. Actually, Mahoney thought as he stretched in the bed, he didn't really dislike Nordstrum. She had a sort of gruff charm that was hard not to admire. She'd probably once been attractive, but then, Mahoney thought, he'd once been handsome and slim himself.

"Come on, Mr. Mahoney, over on your belly."

"What the hell for?"

She stood with her feet spread apart, her hands on her hips, and an expression on her face that said she was more than capable of handling anybody who gave her shit. Immense, flabby arms, and hands the size of small hams backed up that potential.

"I'm giving you a massage; that's what for. Now don't give me any more crap, or it'll be an enema instead."

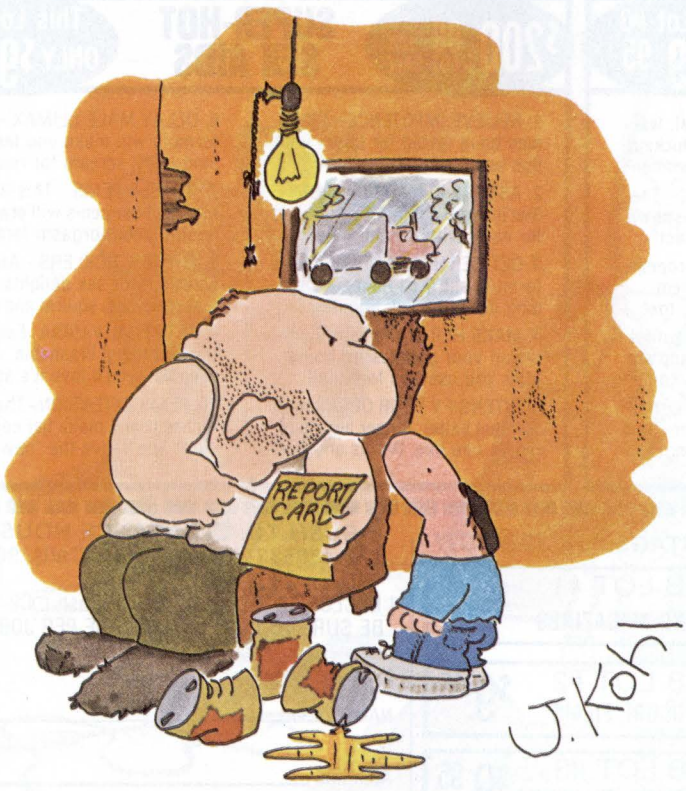
Mahoney turned onto his stomach.

Catherina was first-rate at giving massages, he had to admit. She could wrap those huge oiled hands of hers around his legs as if they were twigs. And when they slid down from his knees to his ankles, Mahoney could literally *feel* the blood coursing through his veins.

The therapist worked on his neck for a full five minutes. She knew every vertebra, every muscle, every pressure point. It occurred to Mahoney that she could probably just as easily break his neck as relax it.

He could feel himself drifting toward sleep again. So expert was her technique that not only Mahoney's eyelids but his

(continued on page 108)



"Just what the cocksuckin' shit is this motherfuckin' F in Grammar?!"

Beaver Hunt

It's spring once again, time for everybody to doff those winter clothes and get out warm-weather duds. Why not take advantage of the switch and snap off a few quick shots of your favorite Beaver? HUSTLER pays $50 for photos of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always the chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates.

All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photograph) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release that appears on page 108, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your $50.

Photo by Jim Shelton



The Shelton sisters—(l. to r.) Chanel, 22, Sara, 18, and Patty, 25—are dancers from Russiaville, Indiana. Chanel's fantasy is to get all the loving she can handle. Patty'd love to "fuck my photographer in his ass," while Sara wants to "fuck and suck" him more than ever.

Photo by Larry D.



Diane D. is a 30-year-old Cheyenne, Wyoming, machinist who lists her hobbies as crocheting and photography. She dreams of posing for a HUSTLER centerfold.

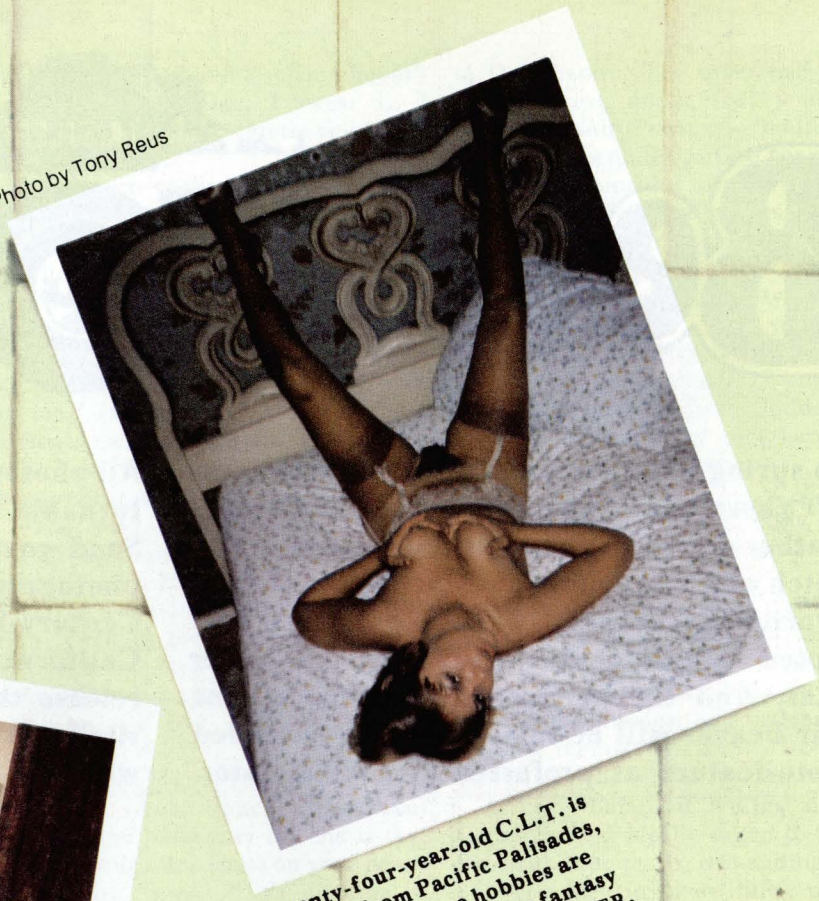


Photo by Tony Reus

Twenty-four-year-old C.L.T. is a writer from Pacific Palisades, California, whose hobbies are sports and singing. Her fantasy is seeing her photo in HUSTLER.

A 34-year-old housewife and model from Hawkins, Texas, B. G. Williams likes to water-ski. Her sexual fantasies include "having Dean Martin alone for 24 hours."



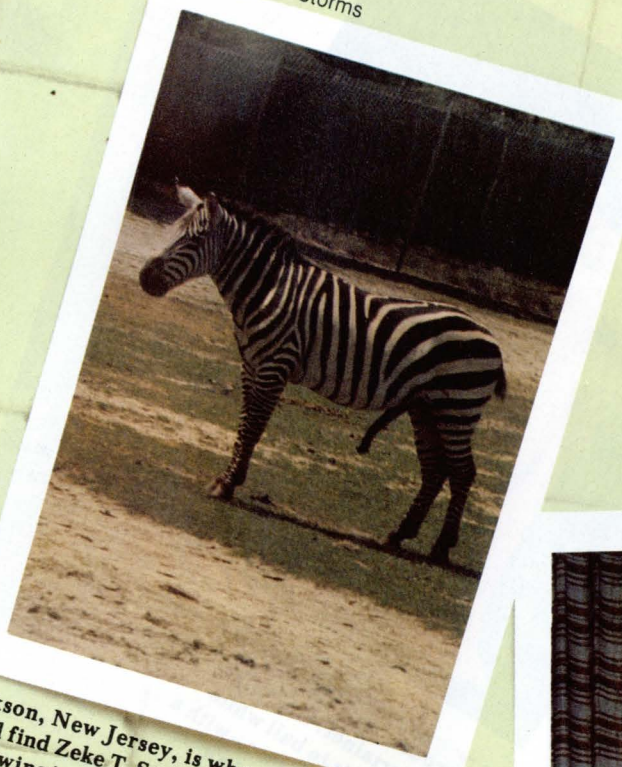
Photo by Husband

Photo by Donald Brinton



Karen, 20, is a housekeeper from Highland, California, whose hobbies include horseback-riding and skiing. Her dream-come-true is to be seen in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.

Photo by W. A. Storms



Jackson, New Jersey, is where you'll find Zeke T. Studd, who's into swinging, necrophilia and "looking at HUSTLER." He fantasizes about a three-way with Spectacular Bid and Trigger.

Twenty-year-old Sandra is a designer from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. She enjoys sewing and drawing, and her fantasy is to make it with men old enough to be her father.



Photo by Paul

Photo by C. Jocelyn



Annandale, Virginia, is home for Thea G., 43. She's an entertainer who likes sunbathing, interior decorating and listening to music. Thea's fantasy is to make love in the countryside next to a waterfall.

Photo by Ron B.



Maria Sprouse, 20, is a Tucson, Arizona, entertainer. One of her sexual fantasies is to ball while swinging from a chandelier—with a snake around her legs and an iguana licking her nipples.

Oishe Omanco, 30, is a bar hostess from Taipei, Taiwan, whose hobby is learning new ways to suck and fuck. Her fantasy is to "make love on the bar at VFW Post 9555 in Fusa, Japan."



Photo by S. M.

Photo by S. E.



Frannie Zeeler is a 21-year-old hairdresser from Jessup, Maryland. She's into sex and raising Afghan dogs, and she'd love to make it with two guys and two girls at the same time.

One for the Ladies



Photo by Wife

Jack, 24, is a Hamburg, New York, toolmaker whose hobbies are motorcycling and weightlifting. His fantasy is to have a sexual encounter outdoors with two beautiful women.

Roller-skating and horseback-riding are hobbies of Brenda Leff, 19, a receptionist and model from San Bernardino, California. She fantasizes about having sex with a British rock band.



Photo by Roy



Photo by Steve P.

A housewife and electrician's helper from Corpus Christi, Texas, 20-year-old Lisa P. likes to fish, swim and play tennis. Her secret dream is to "get it on with one or more chicks and my husband."

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BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 103. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

INTENSIVE LOVING CARE

(continued from page 102)

whole *body* felt as if it were made out of lead.

He was just on the edge of sleep when he felt the oil begin dribbling down into the crack of his ass. Immediately his body tensed and tried to raise up, by instinct. But a firm, Norwegian hand in the small of his back foiled the attempt.

"Just relax, Mr. Mahoney. I'm not through."

"Hey, that stuff is in my—"

She cut off his words by lacing her fingers down into the lubricated crevice. Mahoney tensed again as he felt his whole body quiver.

He twisted his head to look up at her. "Nordstrum, what the hell do you think you're doing?!"

With her free hand she grasped his head and twisted it back down onto the bed. "I'm giving you a massage. Now, just be quiet, relax and enjoy it. That's your whole problem. You're just too tense."

The patient struggled to come back with a reply, but it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to think clearly. The woman knew her job well. Apparently, certain aspects of what she had mastered weren't exactly standard hospital procedure.

Mahoney groaned as he felt an oiled finger rimming around his butt-hole, and he thought about how he had done the same thing to Shelley and about how helpless it had made her. Now he was in the same boat, and—he admitted to himself—it was turning out to be a ship he had no desire to abandon.

Catherina soon began massaging the backs of his knees. But it wasn't a physical therapist's hands that were working on him. Instead, she was using her fingernails, smiling as she watched Mahoney squirming.

She traced her fingers up the insides of his thighs, stopping just inches from his swollen prick, letting her fingernails brush against his balls. She nodded and said, "You like that, huh? You like feeling Catherina's fingers on your balls, huh?"

"Oh, man! You'd better know it! Don't stop!!"

She laughed. "I won't stop." And to prove it, she wrapped both of her huge hands around his prick. "You've got a nice cock for an old man. Turn over."

He did as she told him. When he lay on his back, Catherina leaned down and briefly sucked on each of his nipples. Then she traced her tongue down across his belly. Mahoney opened his eyes just long enough to see a massive blond head engulf his upright prick.

To his surprise, though, Nordstrum didn't linger there for long. Instead, she began climbing up on the bed. Mahoney's eyes went wide as he saw the large woman hiking her dress up over her thighs. As she did so, Mahoney stared at the biggest blond muff he'd ever seen. The fact that she wasn't wearing any panties belatedly registered in his mind. *The old bitch has been planning this!* Mahoney didn't know whether to laugh or feel flattered. He didn't have time for either.

Catherina was in total and complete charge as she held the captive cock in her hand and guided it to the gaping crack between her legs. Not until she had lowered herself all the way down on his thighs did Mahoney know he was actually inside her. What was happening reminded him of the old joke about the broad who was big enough to drive a truck into.

Suddenly the therapist was like a crazy woman. As she bounced up and down on Mahoney, dribbling woman-juice onto his legs, the bed clanged like the Liberty Bell. He wasn't thinking about her anymore or about the hospital or about anything except the giant cunt that was crashing down on him like a trip-hammer gone mad.

Mahoney could feel himself coming. He could feel Nordstrum start to come. He could feel the whole bed shaking so emphatically, he was worried it would break under the frenzied labor of their bodies. But it didn't; even when she slammed down on him as she finally came. He could feel his cum oozing out of her cunt as he dreamily opened his eyes.

Catherina's face was, at once, repulsive and erotic. He couldn't believe he had actually fucked this cow. But at the same time, her puffed lips and sweat-glistened face made his prick stir again.

* * *

After a tasteless meal of boiled chicken and green beans, two hours of watching TV game shows, and a stroll up and down the hall, Mahoney had settled into his bed for the night. He was halfway through reading the newspaper when the door opened.

"Lights out, Mr. Mahoney."

He looked up at the night nurse standing in the doorway. She was a pretty thing—a brunette with a peaches-and-cream complexion. He tried to force lustful thoughts from his mind. Dr. Shapiro's warning was beginning to register. He knew damned well why the EKG tests were showing stress, and it wasn't a joking matter anymore.

Mahoney tossed the newspaper on the bedside table as the nurse came in and

(continued on page 128)



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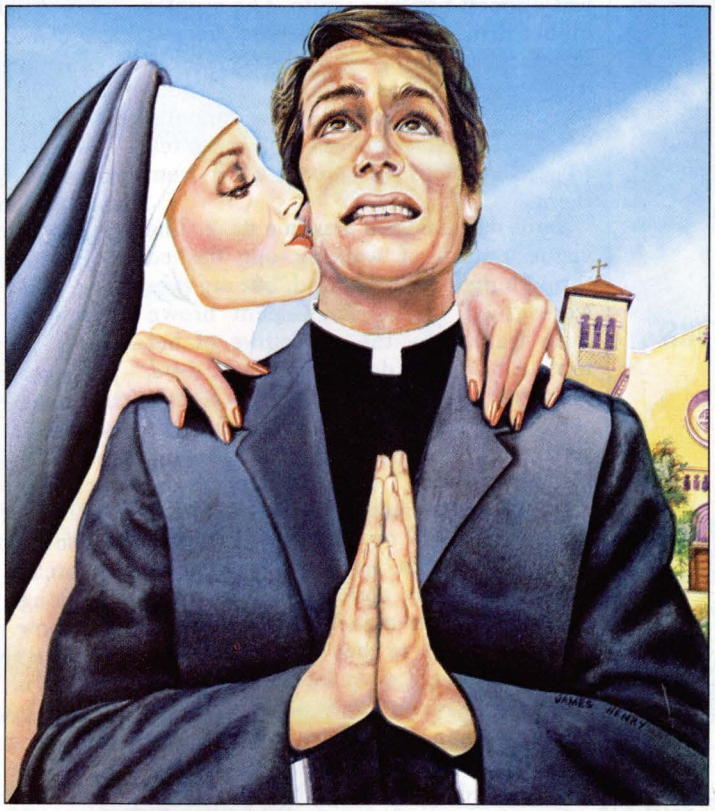
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SECRET HABITS

by the Reverend D. H. O'Leary

For obvious reasons this contributor has asked us to shield his true identity. The name, therefore, is fictitious. But the shocking story that follows is based in actual fact so far as we have been able to determine.

* * *

I'm a Catholic priest, and I feel sort of strange telling my story to a magazine like yours. But my brother, who reads HUSTLER religiously (pardon the pun), keeps urging me on. He thinks many people could benefit from my experience.

I serve in a large West Coast parish, near a teaching order of sisters. Besides hearing the confessions of many of these women, I provide personal counseling. One nun I grew extremely fond of was Sister Claire. A small, graceful woman with big, beautiful brown eyes, she taught fourth grade at the parish school. When she walked by, even her roomy habit couldn't conceal her incredible figure—not that I was supposed to notice.

When she first came to me for counseling, I was taken by her warm, friendly personality. She told me there was something about me that made her feel safe, and she began to confide a secret she hadn't been able to talk about to anyone.

When she was 12, she had already sprouted quite a figure, and it was inevitable that someone would take advantage of her blossoming. An out-of-work uncle, living in her parents' garage apartment, helped Claire with homework before her parents got home. These homework sessions soon included a lot of cuddling and, finally, full-fledged fucking.

The girl enjoyed the encounters, but each time they made it, she felt guilty. Eventually she got up enough courage to confess to her local priest. He must have dropped some kind of hint to her parents, because within a few days the uncle was gone, and she was shipped off to a girls' boarding school.

Claire felt abandoned by her parents, and thought nothing could ever erase her shame. She had a strong sex drive, and masturbated every night, recalling those ecstatic afternoons with her uncle.

Normal desires gnawed at her conscience. Consumed by guilt, Claire decided the only possible penance was a life of service to the Church. Right out of high school, she entered a convent.

While she was telling me this touching story, I was developing the world's most spectacular hard-on. As I got up to see her to the door, I noticed her lowered eyes on my crotch, and a wave of crimson flushed her gorgeous face.

After that talk I had problems of my own. I found myself thinking of her constantly, hoping she'd come back to talk again. I began jogging farther and farther every evening so I could fall into bed exhausted. But I'd wake up at three in the morning and beat off, dreaming I was shooting my load into her responsive softness.

Masturbation had always been one of my stock confessions, but older priests seemed surprisingly tolerant of my sin, giving me what I felt were minimal penances.

Yet, in spite of all my jerking-off, I was still a virgin. I found myself fantasizing about Claire, wondering what it would be like with her, but worrying that I wouldn't know what to do.

I have a hobby—collecting wild plants for food—and I'd casually mentioned this to Claire. A couple of weeks after our heavy counseling session she asked me to lead her class on a field trip. It was a glorious day, and all went well until one of her pupils slipped and fell, putting a big gash in his forehead.

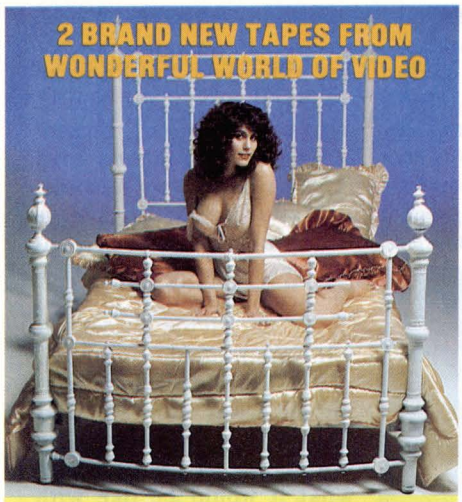
Luckily, I'd brought my car, and Claire and I left the others with the bus driver and two nuns and rushed the boy to a hospital. By the time he was stitched up and his parents came to get him, it was dark.

We drove back to the school to pick up some papers she needed to grade that night. I parked the car and walked her up through the darkened schoolyard.

As she opened the classroom door, I realized we were alone—even the janitors had gone home. When I reached for the light switch, she unexpectedly whispered, "No—please!" She wanted to confess something that had been bothering her terribly, that just couldn't wait. We both knelt together on a foam-rubber rest pad on the floor.

We prayed. Without any warning, she started shaking, then sobbing uncontrollably, whispering over and over again, "I just can't help it." I couldn't help it either. I took her in my arms and rocked Claire back and forth, trying to calm her down. Her veil had come loose and fallen off. As I stroked the young nun's silky hair and smelled her musky skin, I felt my cock growing beyond the bounds

Illustration by James Henry



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of propriety. I kissed the tears from her face, and her breathing changed, became calm and deep.

Claire rose, walked to the desk and snapped on a small high-intensity lamp. Then, to my shock, she stepped out of her habit. Underneath she was wearing nothing but a pair of white-cotton bikini panties and what I supposed was a sports bra, also white. The nipples on her firm, ripe breasts were as erect as my cock, straining—just as my throbbing member was—against the cloth that hid our shame. In one smooth, graceful movement these garments fell to the floor, and she stepped away from them.

I got up heavily. I was in a daze. The vague notion of walking out flashed through my confused mind, but my eyes were glued to the magnificent brown bush framed by the soft curve of her hips. All I could do was murmur, *Lord, forgive us* . . . before she padded lightly across the wooden floor, and I felt the mounds of her breasts press against my trembling chest. I almost fainted at the coolness of her hands on my sweating neck. Then she covered my lips with hers. After what seemed like ages, I came out of my shock and threw my arms around her naked body.

I responded to her passionate kiss from somewhere deep inside where the years had hidden away all my desires for a woman. We were sinning the most dreaded of all sins, and I loved it. I wanted more, all of her. My mind snapped the last flimsy thread holding it to reality—to all I knew was decent for a priest. She undid my slacks. Then she was on her knees, yanking off my boxer shorts, which didn't go easily, because they got caught on my stiff tool of procreation.

Claire pried them loose and swooped over my burning rod with the whole of her mouth, taking it all the way into her throat. Holding onto my bare ass, the nun worked her full lips rapidly over the entire length of my cock with loud sucking noises. She was practically in a frenzy from the sinful lust that gripped us both.

I felt weak. I stumbled backward. Without a word she was on top of me, pinning me against the foam-rubber pad where we had prayed together. We went into a blind fuck. Her steaming cunt thrashed up and down on my cock, swallowing it up in its depths, spitting it almost out again . . . so fast, it was one electrifying blur.

I exploded from the very center of my balls, pumping shot after shot of hot cum into her womb. Her slippery tongue was all over the inside of my mouth, searching frantically for places she hadn't licked yet. She held my head desperately, gripping my hair with both hands. I had a fierce hold on the cheeks of her voluptuous ass. Sister Claire couldn't have wiggled away even had she wanted to. She ground her hips against me harder and faster when she felt the first fiery spray of my sticky load. Shaking, trembling ecstatically, she came too, crushing her body tight against mine as if to stifle her sobs. She came three or four times. Finally she was spent, and so was I.

We lay there in the dimly lit classroom. She licked at my ears and neck. I ran my hands over her ass, working my fingers into the crack and down into the warm juices drooling out of her pussy. The heady scent of our lovemaking swirled in my brain, stirring up some primal animal hunger and swelling my prick again. I rolled her off, got her onto her knees, then plunged into her from behind. I fucked her furiously while she held onto the mat, grunting with each slippery thrust. All too quickly I blasted off another round of cum, and we both collapsed, side by side, gasping for breath.

Though no words passed between us, somehow we both knew we would never be the same again. But I didn't regret a second of it. Even as we lay with our bodies entwined, I think the revelation came to me that something so beautiful could not be sinful, and I resolved to look into the question at a later date.

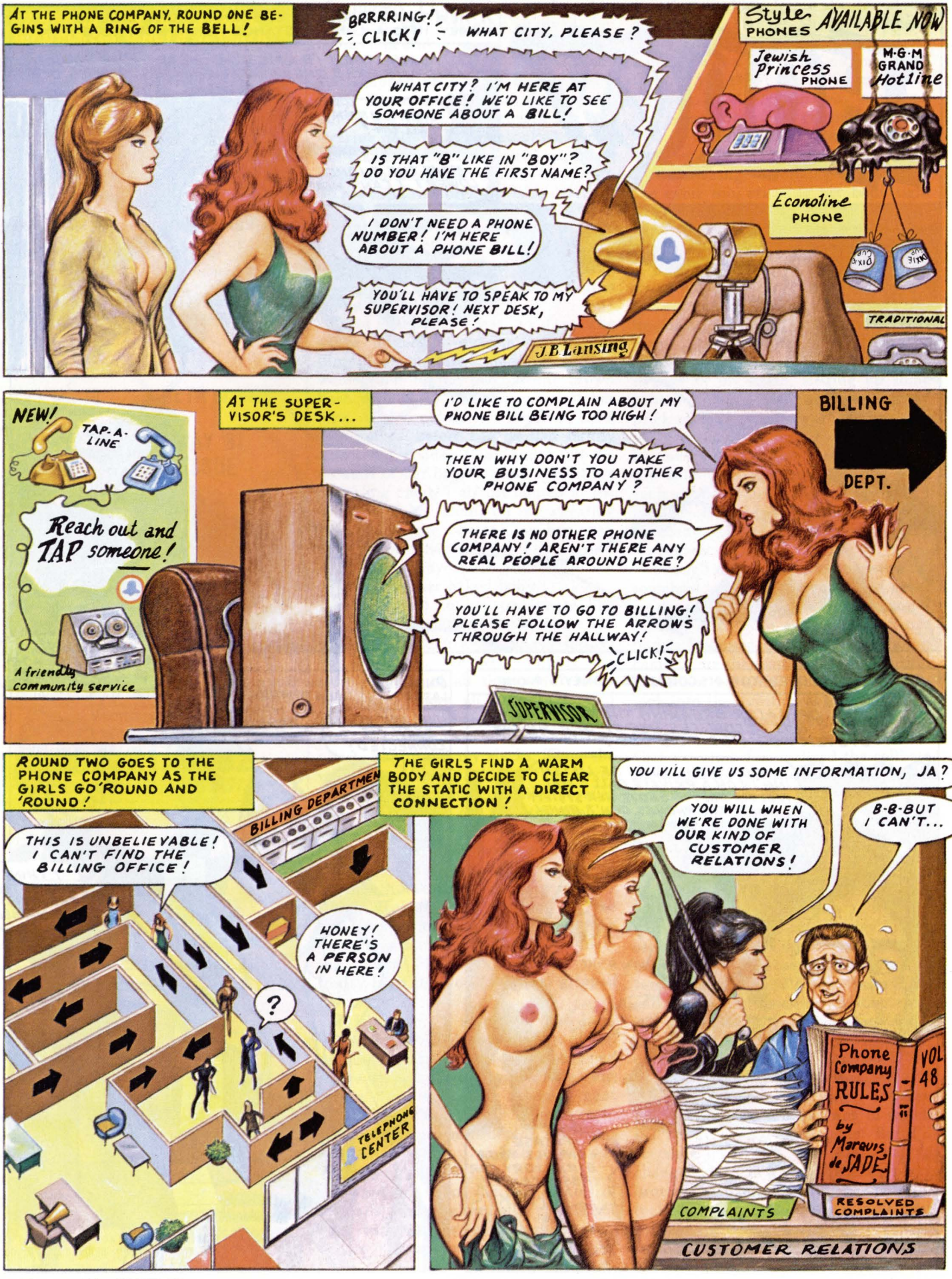
After our forbidden encounter something seemed to fall into place in Claire's mind. She realized the celibate life wasn't for her, and she left the order. She now teaches at a public school, and a couple of months ago she wrote to tell me she plans to marry an assistant principal.

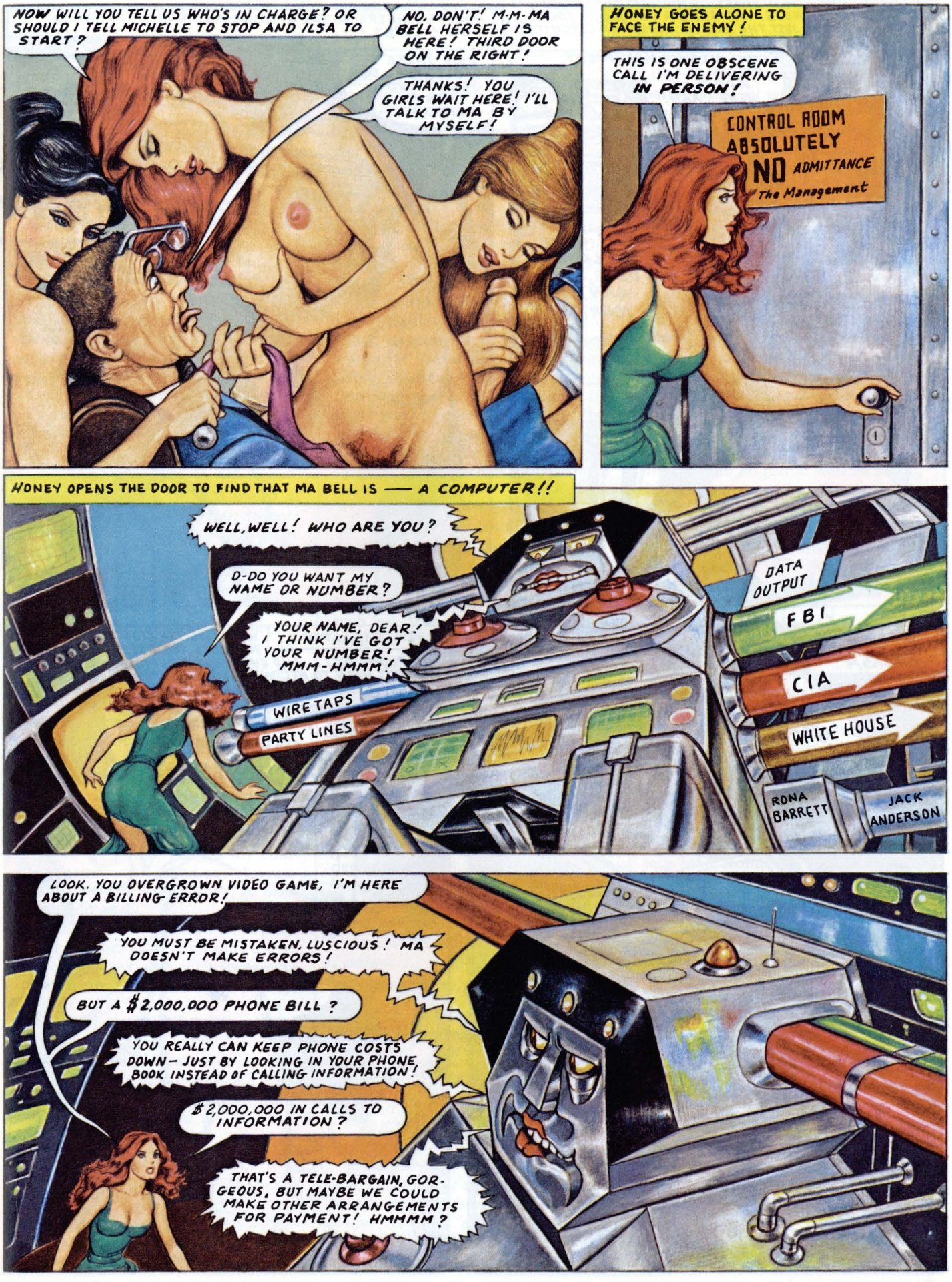
I've remained with my calling, but a lot of things have changed. I guess I'm what you'd call a closet radical, working within the system for change. After researching a bit, I discovered that celibacy only became part of Church custom during the Middle Ages. Saint Peter and most of the apostles and other early bishops were married. So priestly fucking doesn't contradict the Scriptures—only Church authority.

It may be hard to convince those in authority that the holy union between male and female is something in which the clergy should participate. But I'll certainly try. And I'll do what I can to change things in the Church, help my brothers realize that our normal urge to fuck is not a mortal sin, but a sacrament we have the God-given right to fully and freely enjoy.



Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford


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THERE IS NO OTHER PHONE COMPANY! AREN'T THERE ANY REAL PEOPLE AROUND HERE?
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO BILLING! PLEASE FOLLOW THE ARROWS THROUGH THE HALLWAY!
CLICK!
SUPERVISOR
BILLING DEPT.
ROUND TWO GOES TO THE PHONE COMPANY AS THE GIRLS GO 'ROUND AND 'ROUND!
BILLING DEPARTMENT
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! I CAN'T FIND THE BILLING OFFICE!
HONEY! THERE'S A PERSON IN HERE!
?
TELEPHONE CENTER
THE GIRLS FIND A WARM BODY AND DECIDE TO CLEAR THE STATIC WITH A DIRECT CONNECTION!
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NO, DON'T! M-M-MA BELL HERSELF IS HERE! THIRD DOOR ON THE RIGHT!
THANKS! YOU GIRLS WAIT HERE! I'LL TALK TO MA BY MYSELF!
HONEY GOES ALONE TO FACE THE ENEMY!
THIS IS ONE OBSCENE CALL I'M DELIVERING IN PERSON!
CONTROL ROOM
ABSOLUTELY
NO ADMITTANCE
The Management
HONEY OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND THAT MA BELL IS — A COMPUTER!!
WELL, WELL! WHO ARE YOU?
D-DO YOU WANT MY NAME OR NUMBER?
YOUR NAME, DEAR! I THINK I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER! MMM-HMMM!
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YOU REALLY CAN KEEP PHONE COSTS DOWN — JUST BY LOOKING IN YOUR PHONE BOOK INSTEAD OF CALLING INFORMATION!
$2,000,000 IN CALLS TO INFORMATION?
THAT'S A TELE-BARGAIN, GORGEOUS, BUT MAYBE WE COULD MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS FOR PAYMENT! HMMMM?


I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS HAYWIRE COMPUTER BEFORE SHE DRIVES EVERYBODY NUTS! AND SHE'S A LESBIAN TOO! HMM! THAT MIGHT BE JUST THE WAY TO CROSS HER CIRCUITS!
OOH! ALL THIS MACHINERY MAKES IT SO WARM IN HERE! AAH!
COME CLOSER, DEAR, SO I CAN ENTER YOUR DATA.
HONEY'S FINGERS DO THE WALKING AND BEGIN TO WARM MA'S LINES!...
OOH, THESE CABLES FEEL SO GOOD! AND THESE BUTTONS...
WAIT! DON'T TOUCH THAT BUTTON! DON'T TOUCH IT! I'LL...
DANGER
"GEE SPOT"
DO NOT TOUCH
THE RESULT IS MA'S FIRST ORGASM!
...OVERLOAD!!!
DANGER!
"GEE SPOT"
DO NOT TOUCH
NO ONE EVER TOUCHED YOUR BUTTON QUITE THIS WAY, MA?
A FEW DAYS LATER...
WELL, WE STRAIGHTENED OUT MA BELL, ADJUSTED THE PHONE BILL... AND EVEN GOT A REPAIRMAN OUT HERE TO RECONNECT THE PHONE! NOW THIS IS WHAT I CALL SERVICE!
~ Daily Herald
COMPLETE COMPUTER BREAKDOWN FORCES BELL TO INCREASE HUMAN INVOLVEMENT
CARS
THE END

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you, the reader, to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

DEAD-LETTER BLUES

In the turbulent, twilight world of mail-order pornography, companies are constantly being busted, hastily leaving one address for another, or simply folding up and going out of business. Whatever the reason, when an address or post-office box is shut down, all incoming orders are mailed back to the senders with the appropriate message stamped on the envelope. . . .

Unless there's no return address on the envelope. Then it goes into a dead-letter file, and nobody ever sees it again.

"A couple of years ago I had a thriving little company in Ohio," says one mail-order operator. "The local district attorney was putting heat on me; so I changed my company name and worked out of a new post-office box. I didn't dare go back to my old one.

"Only later, when my new company started thriving, did my old customers come back and start screaming that I'd ripped them off. They'd say, 'Where's that money order I sent you six months ago?' Truth was, I'd never seen their money orders, checks or cash. It was all lying in a dead-letter box at the post office."

The moral's clear: Legibly print your return address on the envelope before you send an order.

MUMBO JUMBO

After being stung by Interworld Connection (exposed in December 1980's Mail-Order Feedback), I'm leery of full-page ads for sex magazines. That's why I'm asking you whether I should buy from Jumbo Creations (7313 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046), which has been running huge color ads promising a "Carnival of Hot, Horny & Hard-Core Sex" in the form of comics and magazines. —H. B.
Aurora, Missouri

Jumbo Creations is a dba (a "doing-business-as" address) for *Cotner Distributors* (also called *Hotline*, 2339 Cotner Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90064, and P.O. Box 35268, Los Angeles, California 90035), which happens to be affiliated with *Interworld Connection*. *Hotline* and *Cotner Distributors* are the companies that send you an authorization card after you've ordered from a dba. They also try to sell you more "bargains" and squeeze money out of you by promising speedier service for a few dollars extra.

Jumbo's ad is misleading because it uses the word *hard-core* and shows the covers of several hard-core magazines, such as *Satan* and *Anal*. The company, however, delivers nothing but cheap, soft-core British mags, such as *Astra* and *Silk*—which are about as horny as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. On the other hand, *Jumbo*'s giveaway magazine prices ($5 apiece, three for $12, all six for $20) are a clear indication that the firm is a rip-off. As this column has stated many times, no mail-order dealer is going to sell hard-core fuckbooks for only $5.

If you think you've been defrauded by *Jumbo*'s misleading advertising, send its merchandise back and demand a refund. Send copies of your letter to May Coffman, Investigative Review Specialist (Postal Inspector's Office, P.O. Box 30456, Los Angeles, California 90030) and to *Mail-Order Feedback*.

PHONY PHOTOS

I ordered photos from two different women who advertise in Larry Flynt Publications. One was Debbie Greene (P.O. Box 483, Bridgeport, Ohio 43912), the other Sandy Michaels (P.O. Box 191, Wellsburg, West Virginia 26070). Each ad said to send $3 for introductory photos.

Well, from each "girl" I got a printed letter and a copy of a picture as shown in the ad—and both letters were identical. I did not receive the "eight photos" as promised in Debbie's ad, or the "sample box of special photos" as promised by Sandy. To add insult, the printed letters said more money would get you more photos. Like a fool, I played along. My next packages contained a few more pictures of Debbie and Sandy lying around in bed, with another letter promising that "action" photos can be provided for additional cost.

I've had it with these "girls." Please tell your readers these ads are rip-offs. —J. D.
Huntington, West Virginia

You've said it better than we could. As far as we can determine, nearly all the ads you see from girls such as *Debbie* and *Sandy* are phony. Some guy buys a batch of photos, prints up a few letters and puts ads in magazines. The chances are good he won't peddle any kind of hard-core material because he doesn't need the risk; he can do just as well suckering his customers with soft-core nudie shots. We agree with J. D.'s opinion that these ads are rip-offs, but they're not fraudulent. Our advice: *Don't answer them.*

INSATIABLE MARILYN

I recently saw the film Insatiable, starring my two favorite actresses, Marilyn Chambers and Jesie St. James. I've heard it's available on videotape, but does anyone sell it in 8mm film? —C. E.
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

The film *Insatiable* has been broken into five 14-minute loops. The only one of the five that features both Chambers and St. James is Part 5 ("Fantasy Lovers"), in which the two join John Holmes, Mike Ranger and David Morris for an orgy. St. James also shares an excerpt with John Leslie (Part 4). Serena fans will enjoy the Jacuzzi sex scene between her and Chambers (Part 1).

Although the production quality is good, these loops suffer the inherent problem of conversion from a feature film into soundless flicks. Without being able to hear dialogue, watching people move their mouths while sitting around in lounge chairs gets pretty boring.

Leyland, Inc. (P.O. Box 8883, Baltimore, Maryland 21224), sells the *Insatiable* excerpt loops for $29.95 each. It also sells the full-length video version for $89.95. *Erik Imports* (2326 Cotner Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90064) sells Part 1 (only in 8mm sound) for $50.

Imagine . . . a BLOW JOB any time you desire!

Just close your eyes and make believe it's the girl you'd most like to have wrap her slithering tongue around the part of you that appreciates it most . . . sucking in her cheeks, pressing with her lips, teasing with her teeth, humming with her throat.

Now You Can Have It Any Time You Wish!

And at a price less than half what you'd expect! It's no secret. The FELLATRIX-G is a knock-off! The original was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges $24.95. By using computer technology we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling any time you feel like it, you need not pay $24.95, because we charge only

$9.95

The FELLATRIX-G is so lifelike can give you the feeling a a real expert blowjob. It has a built-in electronic hummer to give you tiny tingles that send you up the wall. Any you control how fast it sucks and hums . . . go for a quickie, or make it last all night. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till she gets in the mood, you need the FELLATRIX-G right now!



Deluxe FELLATRIX-G. . . . $9.95
(Easy to Keep Clean/Lasts for Years)
Tube of Lubri-Gel (Like Warm Saliva). . . $2 ex.

RESEDA SUPPLY, Box 3000, Dept. 549 Reseda, CA. 91335

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Please send ____ FELLATRIX-Gs @ $9.95 ea. $ _____
Also send ____ tubes of Lubri-gel @ $2 ea. $ _____
In California add 6% sales tax ..... $ _____
Add $1.00 for postage & packaging ..... $ 1.00
Total amount enclosed ..... $ _____
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

KING KONG DONG!!

Would you like to have a 10, 11, or 12 inch cock? We wish we could promise you a 12 inch **DONG** though we'd be lying if we did. If you are average hung and have the desire to make the decision to **ACT TODAY,** in **EIGHT WEEKS** or less, you could have a **KING KONG DONG** up to 12 inches long. No artificial creams to use. No lead weights to wear, no drugs to take. Experience the joy and pride of showing off your **KING KONG DONG** to your favorite playmate. Imagine slipping it into her. **ACT NOW,** just think, an 8 or more inch cock in 8 weeks or less. Don't you owe your partner all the pleasures she deserves. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock 12 inches long . . . but it will be **A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES . . . DON'T WAIT . . . ORDER NOW!! SEND TODAY $6.95** plus $1 postage and handling to:

SCIENTIFIC LTD. P.O. Box 240 Fenton, MO. 63026

Phone Line

GET OFF OVER THE PHONE

You will get: **LIVE** Sex talk with Brandy and her sexy friends as often as you like, 42-page book of revealing photos, New and **LIVE** numbers monthly.

CALL NOW

1-314-287-1900

P.O. BOX 645 Fenton, Mo. 63026

SURPRISE HER WITH A NEW YOU!

. . . with these professional Medical Aids that help you get and maintain an erection!

Until now, you had to go to a doctor to get these amazingly effective devices. Now, for the first time, you can get them **direct from us**! Respected by doctors and therapists for years, these intercourse aids are sure to make your performance "olympic" even if you're already doing "just fine"!

The CTD Sheath



Not only does this amazing device artificially keep the penis rigid indefinitely, it also trains the user to maintain and prolong his erections. Yet, this almost invisible sheath allows the head of the penis to be exposed for total sexual fulfillment for both partners.



The Ripple

This marvelous aid features magical "ripples" both inside and out, stimulating both the man and the woman at the same time. It also features a special foam holding collar that lets the device stay on without straps or cords and also squeezes the base of the penis so erections are prolonged.

Valentine Products, Inc. P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022 MA179

Gentlemen:
I have enclosed my check or money order for the items ordered. Please send me my order by return mail in an unmarked package. If not delighted, I may return my order for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

Check the items you want:
☐ CTD Sheath—Only **$12.95** plus $1 postage and handling (Code 449)
☐ The Ripple—Only **$14.95** plus $1 postage and handling (Code 458)

Name _____
Signature _____ I am over 18 years old
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa
Acct. No. _____ Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____

If coupon is removed send order to Valentine Products, Inc., 22 Commerce Rd., Newtown, CT 06470

She'll Never Know What Happened When You Use enTRANCE!



"It's just my imagination . . . I must have been dreaming".

Do As You Wish Without Anyone Ever Suspecting

It's your secret and your's alone when you slip her this unusual bedtime r-e-l-a-x-h-e-r. "enTRANCE" is not a drug or sleeping pill but a unique blend of Pseudo-erotic ingredients said to have been used by ancient tribes to leave their subjects totally spellbound. enTRANCE is completely safe and dissolves quickly in any drink. Use it at parties, clubs or during those very special moments.

If nothing you've tried seems to work enTRANCE could be what you've been looking for. Try it today! If not delighted return the unused portion in 30 days for a prompt, no questions asked refund.

RUSH ORDER COUPON

Send Check, Cash or Money Order To:
NOCTURNE RESEARCH CO. DEPT. HU581
P.O. Box 875, Bronx, N.Y. 10451
10 Capsule Size-Only **$7.95**
30 Capsule Size-Only **$14.95** (SAVE **$8.90**)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

YOU CAN LOSE UP TO 5 POUNDS IN 15 MINUTES— 5 INCHES IN 5 HOURS!



with *Second Skin*— The Space Age Slenderizer That Starts Erasing Extra Pounds & Unsightly Inches *INSTANTLY!*



Thousands sold at $12.99! NOW ONLY $9.99!

FREE GIFT!

We'll even include a sensational 64 page Guide To Youth And Fitness that you can take with your Second Skin anywhere! It's chock full of proven techniques for looking younger, having greater energy and feeling fit and trim.



Lose Pounds & Inches From Waist, Hips & Thighs, Now!

Yes, *Second Skin* will actually take off bloaty pounds and ugly inches from your entire body. All over the world people are using these same scientific principles to shed unwanted weight and excess flab, in just minutes. You've heard of those luxurious Turkish baths. You may have even spent some time in a super Scandinavian Sauna. Surely, most of us have tried the steam room at the local health club or YMCA. How did you feel after just a few minutes? You felt lighter, tighter, healthier, and more invigorated! Now, with *Second Skin,* the Space Age Slenderizer, you can actually lose up to 5 LBS. IN JUST 15 MINUTES...5 INCHES IN 5 HOURS!

Here's How It Works

Second Skin's construction is so fine, it seals in the heat of your own body, creating a thermally insulated pocket of air that starts the heat working on all areas of your body IMMEDIATELY! Waist, hips, thighs, even arms...anywhere deposits of excess fluids add extra pounds and form those unsightly and embarrassing bulges and rolls. Use it regularly, as needed, to slim down and keep trimmer. *Second Skin* is designed for superspeed and super-results!



NO PILLS! NO HUNGER!

Use It Anywhere

All these benefits can be yours anywhere because *Second Skin* is portable. You can carry it in your handbag, jacket pocket, briefcase...even your lunchbox! And you can wear it while jogging, doing housework, gardening, exercising or just lounging around. It's soft and washable, too. And you can LOSE INCHES WHILE YOU SLEEP! That's right—24 hour, night and day slenderizing action in the finest looking, softest feeling space age slimming suit ever designed! Why check into an expensive spa when you can slip into *Second Skin,* the Space Age Slenderizer for just pennies a day?

Note: As with any weight loss product, follow directions and consult physician if you have any existing ailment.

Iron Clad Money Back Guarantee!
You Must Be Completely Satisfied Even After The First 15 Minutes of Use or Send Back Your *Second Skin* Within 30 Days. For An Immediate Refund in Full!



©1980 The New Body Boutique, Inc. 2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

The New Body Boutique, Dept. CMH113
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

Sirs: I have enclosed my check or m.o. Please send me Second Skin, the Space Age Slenderizer plus my FREE Guide to Youth and Fitness which I may use for 30 days at no risk. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I'll return Second Skin for an immediate refund and keep my FREE Guide either way. (N.Y. residents add sales tax.)

Give us your waist size: Men_____ Women_____

☐ Rush 1 suit at $9.99 plus $1.50 p. & h. ☐ (SAVE $3) Rush 2 suits at $17.99 plus $2 p. & h.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Code Sk2) *Canadian orders to: 280 Havelock St., Suite 202, Toronto M6H3B9. Add 25%.*

BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST

SELECT ANY ITEM BELOW

FREE!

WITH ANY PURCHASE FROM THIS AD!



2 FOR 1 SPECIAL OFFER!

BUY 1 — GET 1 FREE!!
BUY 2 — GET 2 FREE!!
BUY 3 — GET 3 FREE!!
BUY 4 — GET 5 FREE

We promise honest, reliable and EXTRA FAST SERVICE, coupled with the very finest adult erotica at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES! Our new sex-loaded catalog will be enclosed FREE with any order!

Only $5.95 — LIFESIZE LOVIE DOLL — True lifelike depiction of a real girl! Big breasts and hairy vagina!

Only $3.95 — UNIVERSAL PENIS EXTENSION — One size fits all - Needs no belt - so natural she'll think it's the real you!

Only $3.95 — Artificial VAGINA!! — All New - Air Inflated - Pulsating Pussy - Feels better than the real thing!

Only $2.95 — BIG DICK! — SHE'LL LOVE EVERY INCH! — HAND HELD RUBBER PENIS!

Only $2.95 — SPANISH FLY Brand — Powerful Didactic Sex Formula - Fast Acting - Safe To Use!!

Only $2.95 — 24 SUPER HORNY SEX COMIX

Only $3.95 — 5 HARDCORE MAGAZINES

Only $4.95 — 5 DIFFERENT HARDCORE COLOR PORNO FILMS — Previously banned in U.S.!!

Only $3.95 — DRIVE HER WILD WITH FRENCH TICKLER — SUPER STIMULATING!! She'll Love You For It!!

***Rush To:* National Wholesale Service Box 69850 L.A., CA 90069**

☐ Sex Comix $2.95 Or.......	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ Penis Extension $3.95 Or	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ Artificial Vagina $3.95 Or	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ Rubber Penis $2.95 Or...	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ Spanish Fly $2.95 Or.....	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ Lovie Doll $5.95 Or........	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ 5 Magazines $3.95 Or....	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ 5 Color Movies $4.95 Or	☐Free 2nd Item
☐ French Tickler $3.95 Or	☐Free 2nd Item

I HAVE ENCLOSED $ ________
Be Sure To Add $1.50 Postage (Postage For Total Order)

NAME ________
ADDRESS ________
CITY ________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS — BEST BUYS

A HARDCORE SPECTACULAR

CUM FILLED MAGAZINES and BOOKS

12 SUPER HARD MAGAZINES you can't get anywhere else!

What's your bag? Straight fucking, incest, orgies, lesbian sex, cum dripping blow jobs, inter-racial sex? Whatever your desire — no matter how kinky — there's two action packed magazines in this group that's right up your alley. Check these titles:



- ☐ SUCK
- ☐ IN HEAT
- ☐ STIFF PRICKS
- ☐ EAT ME
- ☐ SIZZLING TWATS
- ☐ GOOD HEAD
- ☐ CUM
- ☐ XOTICA
- ☐ HARD CANDY
- ☐ TURNED-ON COUPLES
- ☐ PUSSY EATERS
- ☐ the best of JOHN HOLMES

published cover prices are $10 or $12.50

OUR PRICES:
any 2 magazines $6
any 6 magazines $15
OR all 12 for $25 plus FREE $10 ALL COLOR mag ($145 retail value)



illustrated hardcore **BOOKS**

This is a rough, raunchy round-up of 10 FUCK BOOKS! Each is COMPLETELY and TOTALLY ILLUSTRATED . . . Some even in COLOR! Produced by the masters of PORNO and designed to tell-it-all! There's more luscious pussy getting spread, cock-filled asses and sperm dripping mouths than you've ever seen before . . . in these HOT, HORNY, SEX-FILLED ILLUSTRATED HARDCORE BOOKS . . . and at our unheard of prices!

☐ ANAL & ORAL LOVE	☐ GROUP SEX
☐ GANG BANGERS	☐ Family Fun
☐ WIFE SWAPPERS	☐ FUCK GIRLS
☐ TIGHT PUSSIES	☐ YOUNG PUSSIES
☐ LESBIAN	☐ DEVIATE SEX

publishers prices are from $5 to $10

OUR PRICES:
any 2 for $5
any 5 for $8 • all 10 for $12

SAVE an extra $7 — Order all 12 magazines (plus bonus) and all 10 books for only **$30**

LUXOR PUBLICATIONS Dept. 5263
6255 Sunset Blvd. Suite 609 Hollywood, Ca. 90028

I enclose $________ as FULL PAYMENT.
☐ C.O.D. orders send $5 for postage & handling only

NOTE! Add $2 extra on all prepaid orders to cover postage & handling

NAME (print) ________
ADDRESS ________
CITY ________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

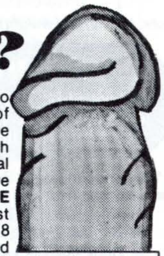
Swing Friends

NAMES, PHONE NUMBERS, PLUS ADDRESSES AND PERSONAL ADS OF SWINGING GIRLS, GUYS, COUPLES & BI'S IN YOUR AREA ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU

CALL NOW
1-314-287-6300

P.O. BOX 130 Fenton, Mo. 63026

Do you want a huge dong?

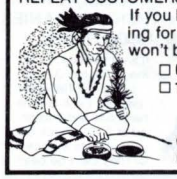


Have you ever envied those who had them...erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hewbrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung **WE CAN AND DO** promise you at least an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8 weeks. Won't she be surprised when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the man you used to be when you slide it in and reach the end? **SAFE TO USE.** No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price...only $7.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just $7.95...practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. **DON'T WAIT.** The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new giant ram-rod. Send $7.95 plus $1 postage and handling to:

EXER-TONE-PLUS, Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

ERECTION PROBLEMS?

Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies. American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chinchona, DIGITALIS in floxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for **long, powerful erections.** Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SARSAPARILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it **SUPER MALE TONIC.** An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling SUPER MALE TONIC as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974.



If you have erection worries and are looking for relief we can promise you this: You won't be sorry you tried Super Male Tonic.

☐ **60 capsules**..... **$ 8.95**
☐ **180 capsules (save $6.90)**. . . .**only $19.95**
(PLEASE ADD $1 POSTAGE. CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX)

ORGO PHARMACAL, Dept. M202
Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030

Nice Girls Want Sex, too!



write:
Mary
Box 345
Kenilworth,
Il 60043

yes! call Mary

312-274-9600

SWEDISH EROTICA

FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, AND ONLY FROM ERIK . . .

'SUPERTAPE'

. . . AND IT'S THE WILDEST EROTIC BARGAIN IN THE COUNTRY TODAY!!! JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS INCREDIBLY LOW PRICE!

$34.95

That's right, ONLY $34.95 for this FANTASTIC, HALF HOUR, FULL-COLOR, FULL-SOUND, Video-Tape Featurette! And be advised, This is NOT a so-called "Teaser Tape." The SUPERTAPE contains 3 complete stories . . . and what's more, it's available ONLY from ERIK!



SUPERTAPE
In **LACES & SPICE** huge Jonn Holmes gets to show you what has earned him the reputation as the BIGGEST GUN in the WEST! When he stops by to visit his huge-titted girl friend, he turns her inside-out with his 14 INCH COCK!! If you love BIG, BLACK, STUDS, then you'll love **SHEILAS SECRET!** Aunt Peg and Johnny Keyes are a torrid match as he burries his pole in her hole! It's finger lickin' fun for all! In the **EXECUTIVE SWEET** you'll flip when you see Aunt Peg AND Serena in one of the wettest fuck-fantasies since sex was invented! If you want to improve your sex life in one simple lesson . . . then this one is JUST FOR YOU!!

You know all about our great quality and service by now, but what you may not know is that we have over 300 films and tapes for you to choose from. In addition, we also carry the hottest books and magazines available! So order your SUPERTAPE today, you won't be sorry!

OFFER VOID IN CANADA

ERIK IMPORTS
MAIL ORDER DIVISION OF SWEDISH EROTICA
DEPARTMENT HS109
2326 COTNER AVE., LOS ANGELES, CA. 90064
Add $2.00 for handling & postage
CA residents add 6% sales tax

I certify that I am an adult, 21 years of age or older

_____ X _____
Dated Signature

I am _____ years of age. (**Note:** This blank must be completed before your order can be filled.)

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-421-7251
Use Your
VISA or MASTER CARD

☐ Please send me your free, color-illustrated brochure

Video-Tape Choice: ☐ BETA ☐ VHS
☐ SUPERTAPE

Name _____
Address _____
City State Zip

Charge my credit card as follows: ☐ Master Card ☐ Visa

Card No. Exp. Date

Interbank No. Signature

MAXUM II



ENLARGE YOUR PENIS TO MAMMOTH DIMENSIONS!

Finally. . .the **MAXUM II SYSTEM**, a vacuum device that will enlarge your penis to absolute maximum size. It will give you erections that are **harder, stiffer, bigger, thicker** and **longer lasting.** It will also increase your control over premature ejaculation. Don't be fooled by cheap, breakable imitations. This is the original $30 vacuum model—now available at our low price.

Send: $9.95 to: **MAXUM** Dept. 5263
7313 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, Ca. 90046

PHONE CLUB

Get Off
Over The Phone

Call our sexy ladies,
or have them call you.
BOTH ways will satisfy you

CALL NOW
1-618-345-8550

BEST BY MAIL

For Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, Fl. 33578

105 WAYS to make money at home. Send $2.00. LJP Marketing, Box 723(H), Fremont, Ca. 94536

HELP WANTED

***BE A RENT-A-Date girl! Anonymously-Everywhere!** Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now! Or, send profile & phone # to, Hotline, POB 706, Flushing, N.Y. 11365

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

***RENT A Date! Everywhere America! Your lovestyle!** (Deductable) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Or SASE to: Hotline, POB 706, Flushing, N.Y. 11365

EXPERIENCE interracial love! Michelle, (312) 262-9030, Box 7425(H), Chicago, Il. 60680

MEET Nudists, adventurous girls, swingers! Exciting club, members worldwide. Details, Club Bulletin, $2.00. Fun Club, Box 428(H4), Bellflower, Ca. 90706

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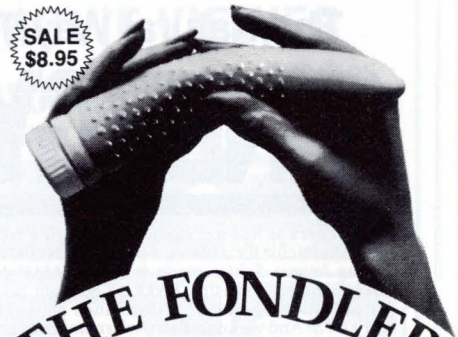
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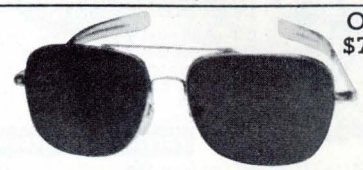
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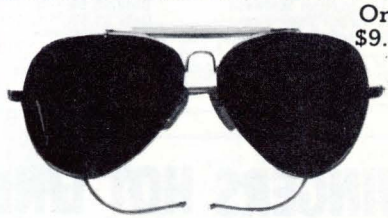
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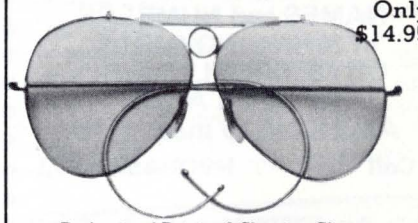
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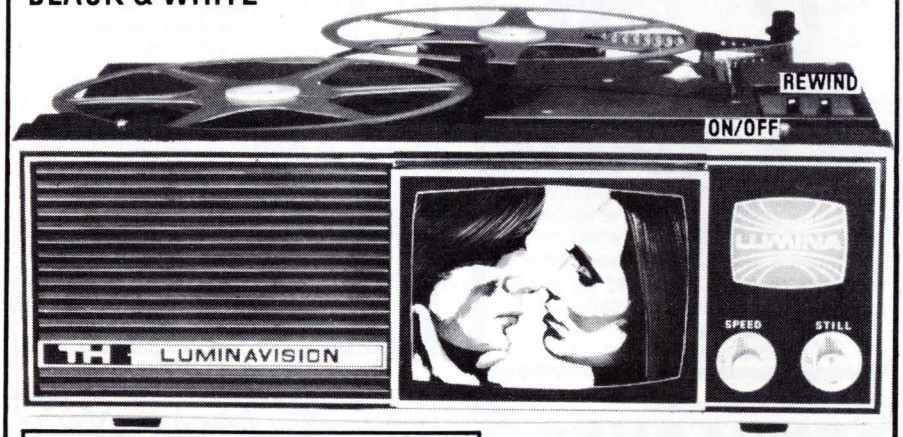


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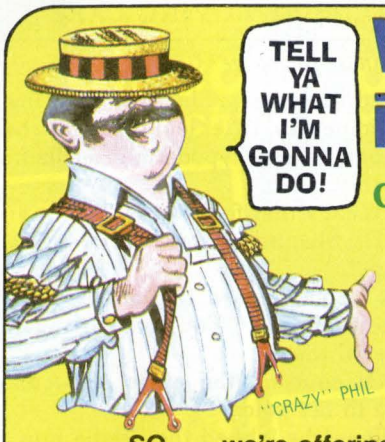
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PLUS—A high-flying look at the dangers of freebasing cocaine in DOPE, a group of strange notions in ODDS & ENDS, the free-form associations of CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS, a videotaper in New York who has his own ideas about "jiggle shows" in CLOSE-UP, and another month's helping of the most beautiful, erotic women in the whole, wide world.

INTENSIVE LOVING CARE

(continued from page 108)

closed the door. She was carrying a medicine tray. After looking at his chart, she picked up a hypodermic needle from the tray.

"What's that for?"

"Dr. Shapiro's orders. It's to help you sleep."

A frown creased the corners of Mahoney's mouth. "You sure Dr. Shapiro ordered that?"

"Of course," the nurse insisted, an edge to her voice.

When she jabbed the needle into his arm, Mahoney jerked in pain. He shot her a piercing look, wondering if she'd purposely stuck the needle in a little hard because he'd questioned her. She left with a curt "Good-night."

Fifteen minutes later the door opened again. Standing in the doorway this time was a young man wearing a starched white smock with a stethoscope looped around his neck. *This kid looks like he graduated from med school just last week,* Mahoney thought.

"Mr. Mahoney," he said, closing the door behind him.

"Yeah, Doc?"

"I'd like to speak with you."

"What about?"

"We . . ."—the young man hesitated for a second, searching for the right phrase—"we've had a problem."

"What?" Mahoney narrowed his gaze at him. "What do you mean?"

"The nurse who was in here earlier . . ."—he looked down at the floor for a second, unable to look Mahoney in the eye—"the one who gave you the injection."

Now Mahoney could feel his skin suddenly growing cold, could feel his mouth going dry. "Shit! She gave me the wrong shot, didn't she?! I knew it! I fucking KNEW IT!!"

"No, no. That's not it." He paused, then added, "Well . . . not exactly."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Okay, I might as well tell you the whole thing. The police are already here. They'll want to speak with you in a minute."

"Police?"

He nodded. "Yes. You see . . . this is very difficult—"

"Dammit!" Mahoney shouted. "What the fuck is it?!"

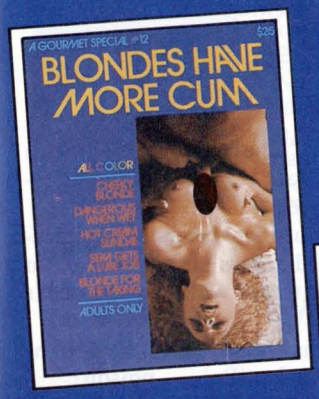
"We've just discovered that there's been a lottery going on here in the hospital."

"A lottery?"

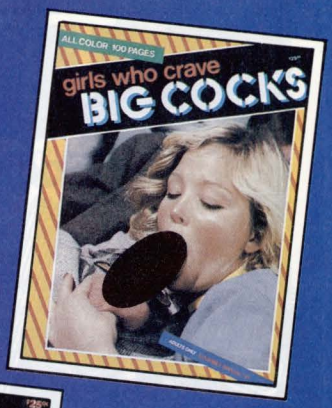
"The nurses have been running a lottery to . . . to. . . ." He shook his head.

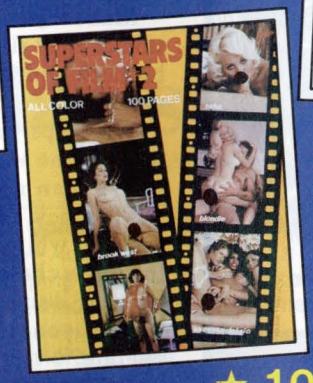
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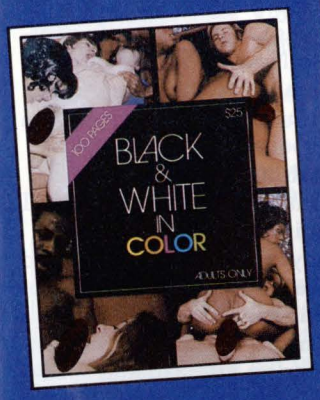


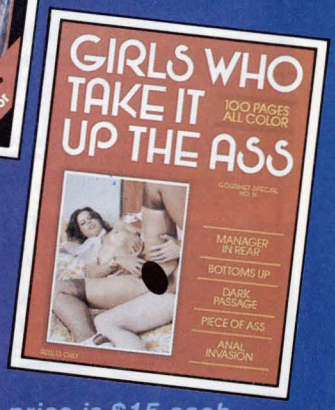












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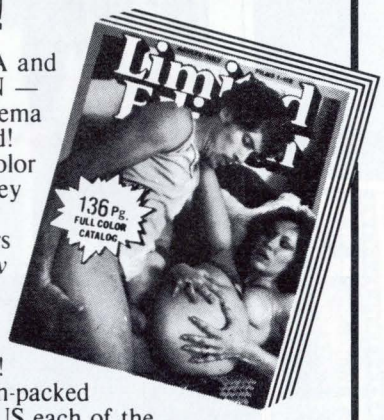
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"They were betting on when heart-attack patients would die."

Mahoney slumped back in the bed, stunned. "That explains it. That little candy striper blowing me . . . and Nordstrum! Those fucking broads were trying to kill me!"

"I'm afraid so. They each had bet on a certain day. But it gets worse."

"Worse?"

He nodded. "The night nurse was in on the lottery too. I'm afraid that injection she gave you. . . ."

Mahoney could feel rivers of perspiration as they slid across his cheeks, down his neck and into the white cotton of his pajamas.

With lips that were numb he fought to form the words. "Poi . . . poison?"

The man nodded.

Mahoney closed his eyes, his neck growing white-hot, the pressure increasing in his chest. Now he opened his eyes, looking desperately around the room. "Can't you do anything? Can't you operate?"

"There's nothing we can do."

"Where's Shapiro?!" he shouted. "I want Dr. Shapiro!!"

"I've already spoken with him, and he's on the way," the man said, helplessly raising his hands upward. "There's nothing we can do but make you comfortable." Lowering his head and speaking in a voice that could barely be heard, he added, "I've got to be honest with you though. We owe you that much. I don't expect you to last until Dr. Shapiro arrives."

All at once, as if to confirm the prognosis, Mahoney could feel pain lance up his left arm. He winced at the paralyzing grip of the attack as it fastened across his chest like bands of steel, constricting him, thrusting him into the depths of horrible agony. He drew deep, hard breaths, the pain taking him completely now. He was more certain than he had ever been of anything in his life that he was dying.

Through the excruciating, descending curtain of torment, Chuck Mahoney forced his eyes open, and for a moment his vision cleared. In that instant he could see the same man standing before him, pulling the stethoscope from around his neck and unbuttoning his white physician's smock. Underneath the smock, he was wearing a denim hospital-maintenance uniform.

"Help me," Mahoney gasped, "help me . . . please . . . you bastard. . . ."

By now the maintenance man wasn't bothering to listen. He never even saw Mahoney's eyelids close for the last time. All he could think of was the $5,000 prize in the death lottery—and how good it felt to be the winner.



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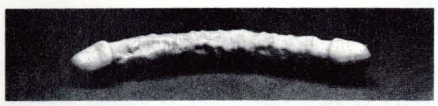


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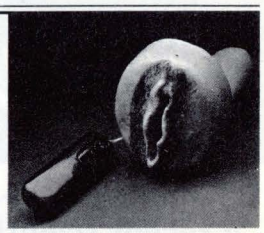


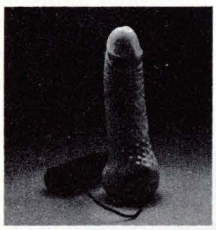
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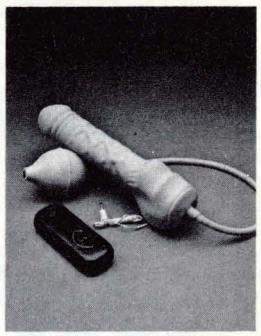


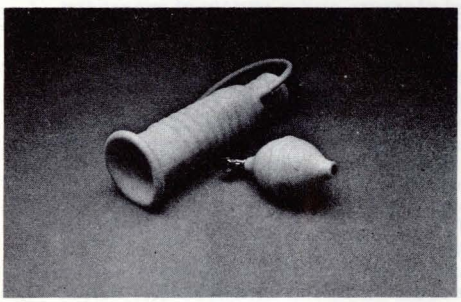
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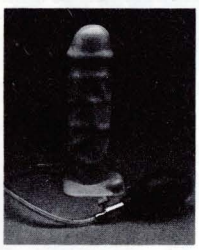
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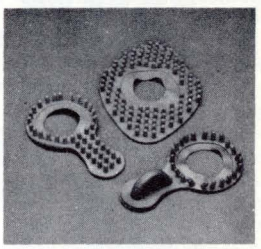


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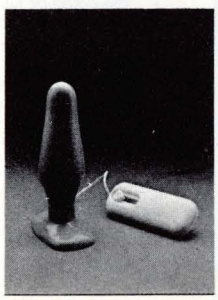
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(continued from page 84)

wasted money. Look at all the billions of dollars that have been spent trying to control marijuana. Yet the use of it is increasing all the time."

A couple of years ago Kienast took a public stand against the U. S. government's program to have Mexico's marijuana fields sprayed with the herbicide paraquat, a chemical that could be dangerous to anyone who smoked the tainted grass.

As a public service to Aspen's many marijuana-users, Kienast ran an announcement over a local radio station: "If you want to have your marijuana tested for paraquat, contact the Pitkin County Sheriff's office. They'll provide you with the address of a California laboratory that tests pot samples for a $5 fee.

"The Pharm-Chem Foundation says that more than 22% of the 2,000 pot samples it's tested from around the country have been contaminated with the herbicide. Health authorities say that smoking marijuana laced with paraquat could result in permanent scarring of the lung tissue. This has been a public-service announcement brought to you by the Pitkin County Sheriff's office."

The Feds were not amused.

Pulling in for a cup of coffee at a cozy storefront cafe, Kienast touches on the basic theme of his law-enforcement style. "Cops traditionally have said they can't enforce the laws if they give people their civil rights," he declares. "I say that's bullshit. They can and they must. The Supreme Court has protected these rights in case after case over the years. And the reason these cases have come before the Court in the first place is because police have abused these rights."

He cites one telling example. A resident of nearby Missouri Heights, outside of Aspen, recently tuned his television set to a UHF station and was surprised to see an image of his neighbor's home on the screen. The dwelling under observation belonged to a Tony Fairchild, and it turned out that the camera was located on a nearby utility pole. The camera belonged to . . . *the DEA.* No charges have ever been filed against Fairchild, and he denies he is involved with drugs. The only connection he could think of was that his wife had been arrested four years earlier for possession of cocaine. Naturally, Fairchild was incensed about the invasion of his privacy.

The sheriff also is alarmed by this sort of Gestapo-like activity. "If any law-enforcement officers have a choice to make between infringing on somebody's rights

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and enforcing some other written law, obviously the civil rights come first," he says. "They are the cornerstone of our Constitution. And we, as law-enforcement officers, are sworn to uphold the Constitution of this land."

Although Kienast is convinced he would be overwhelmingly reelected if an election were held today, public discussions have been held in the county to make the job appointive rather than elective. The proponents of this move contend that the county would then be able to recruit a "true professional" without being restricted to selecting a local resident.

Naturally, Kienast is opposed to this—it would, after all, cost him his job—and apparently a sizable segment of the community agrees with him.

"It's vital to keep law-enforcement under citizen control," he asserts. "Someone might argue that we could find a more professional President of the United States if the office was appointive rather than elective. But that's not how our system works."

One gauge of the kind of job he is doing is the volume of citizens' grievances. When Kienast first took office, he averaged a complaint a week about people being verbally or physically abused by his officers. "In the last two years I've had about six complaints a year," he says. "I think that reflects my attitude toward police work: We are here to serve the citizens and to produce a harmonious community.

"That's different than what some people think the job of police should be: simply preserving order. The Army can do that, probably better than any police force. Does that mean we want the Army patrolling our streets? I don't think so."

Clearly, Kienast enjoys such philosophical banter. One has the impression that if these great moral questions and spicy professional battles with the Feds didn't exist, the sheriff would be bored with his job. Even clashes with the DEA and FBI seem to challenge him in a healthy way.

In 1978, for example, Kienast quietly fired a deputy who had allegedly been seen openly using cocaine. When the DEA found out about it, the agency accused Kienast of trying to cover up a crime by not gathering evidence for prosecution of the ex-deputy. The Feds even took the matter before a grand jury, but again no indictment was handed down against the sheriff.

Kienast's position in the matter was simple: He decided there wasn't enough evidence against the man to warrant official charges.

The next question is obvious. Doesn't Kienast realize he's taken on some heavy-duty people who, past events have shown, don't always play clean? Hasn't he become a juicy target for them?

His answer is quick to come. No doubt he's thought about it a lot. "I commend the DEA for not having set me up," he says carefully. "That's not to say it might not do so in the future. But even if that takes place, I believe the system would vindicate me."

Kienast pays for the coffee, smiles at the waitress and walks back to his patrol car.

"Lots of cops have the 'Us-Versus-Them Syndrome,'" he explains, turning on the ignition. "They think it's us against the world and that they're going to keep order whether the people like it or not. But if you ask me or any of my deputies to choose between infringing on somebody's rights and enforcing some written law, the civil rights will always come first. That's the way it has to be in a Constitutional democracy."

The little Saab sputters once and then pulls away from the curb, and Sheriff Richard Kienast continues his dedicated and sometimes-lonely quest for law and order in Colorado's Pitkin County.

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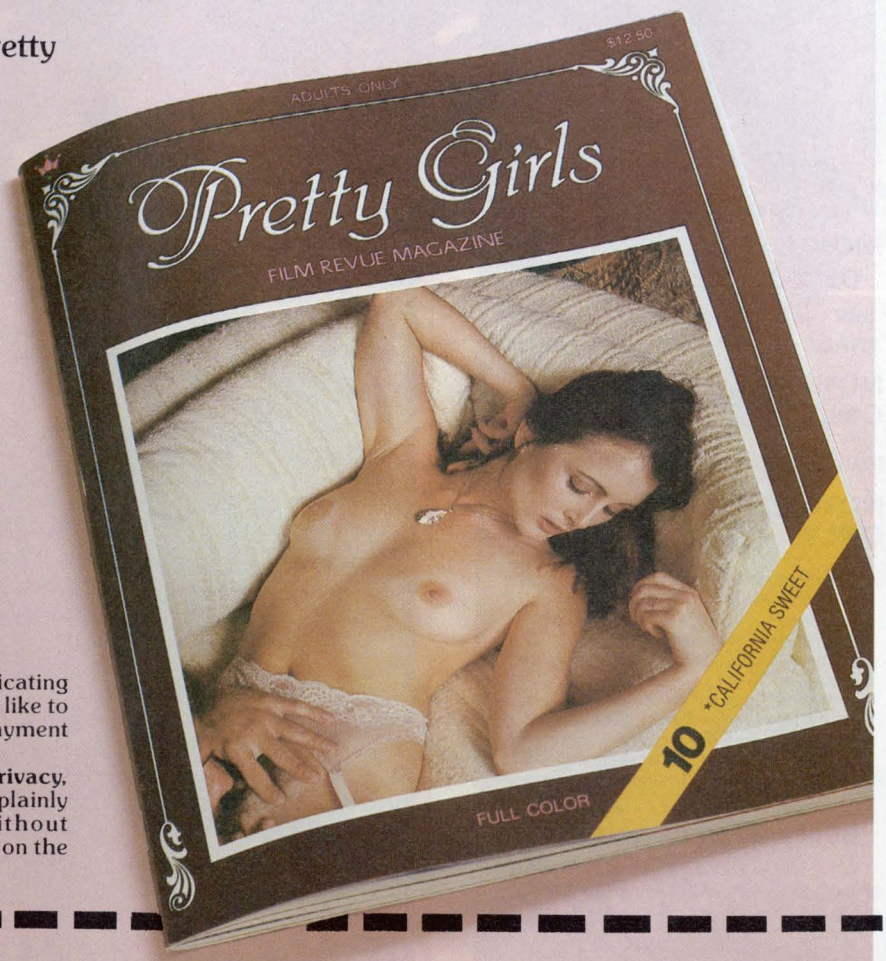
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JOANNE & SUZI

HOSPITAL HORRORS—Thanks to incompetent physicians, countless Americans are coming out of this country's hospitals and clinics in worse shape than when they went in—if they're able to come out at all. Bruce Henderson's shocking, no-holds-barred report on patients who were misplaced, lied to, butchered—and even killed—will make you think twice before ever trusting doctors and hospitals again.

PROFILE: FREDDY FENDER—When he recorded "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights," country star Fender might have been singing the story of his life. Fact is, the soulful Chicano suffered a life of poverty, prison and kick-ass dives before finally clicking with a string of million-selling hits. Fender's career has been a roller-coaster ride, and after sharing a wild night of booze 'n' broads with the singer on the Las Vegas Strip, writer Bob Allen tells why.

WET WILLIE GOES BACK HOME—He's a righteous biker who likes the simple things in life: the feel of the wind in his face, plenty of good grass and making it with every fox around. But when Willie and his free-living friends brush up against some bad Oklahoma cops, things start to get complicated. Riotous fiction by Ray Miller.

HUSTLER'S FUTURE CELEBRITY PREDICTIONS—Back in the '60s they'd have pinched off your acid supply for suggesting that Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver would one day become a preacher . . . or that radical Jerry Rubin would go to work on Wall Street. Yet that's exactly what happened with both of those counterculture personalities. In this hilarious special feature HUSTLER dusts off our crystal ball to forecast what some of *today's* most famous folks might wind up doing tomorrow.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll want to dive right in when you see ravishing **RACHEL: VIRGIN SPRING**, next month's centerfold. Then **JOANNE AND SUZI: ORIENTAL DELIGHTS** lick their way through one take-out meal that won't leave you feeling hungry. **DEBBIE: DANCE OF DESIRE** offers a sensuous look at ballet, while **HOT ROCKS: ELECTRIC PASSION** is unleashed when two music stars let sex-cess go to their heads.



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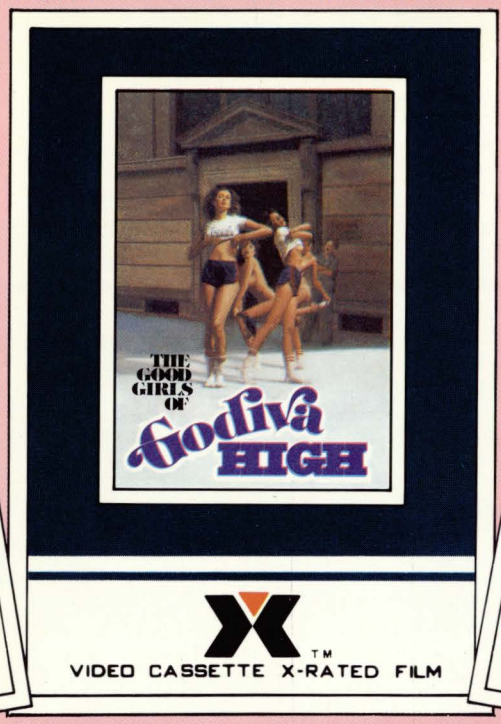
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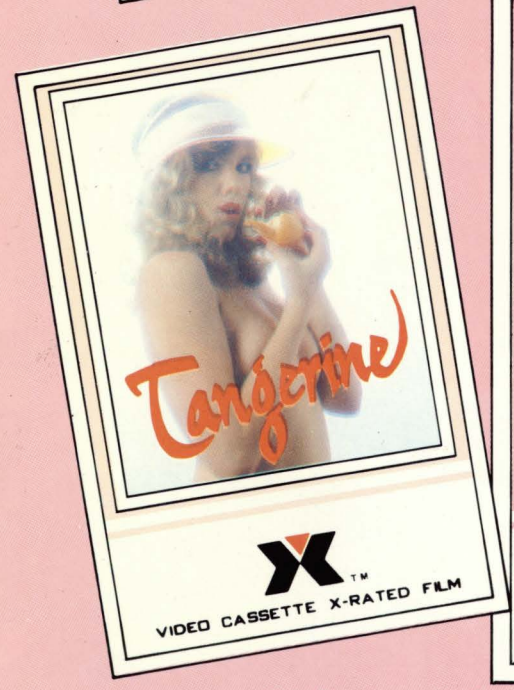
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